

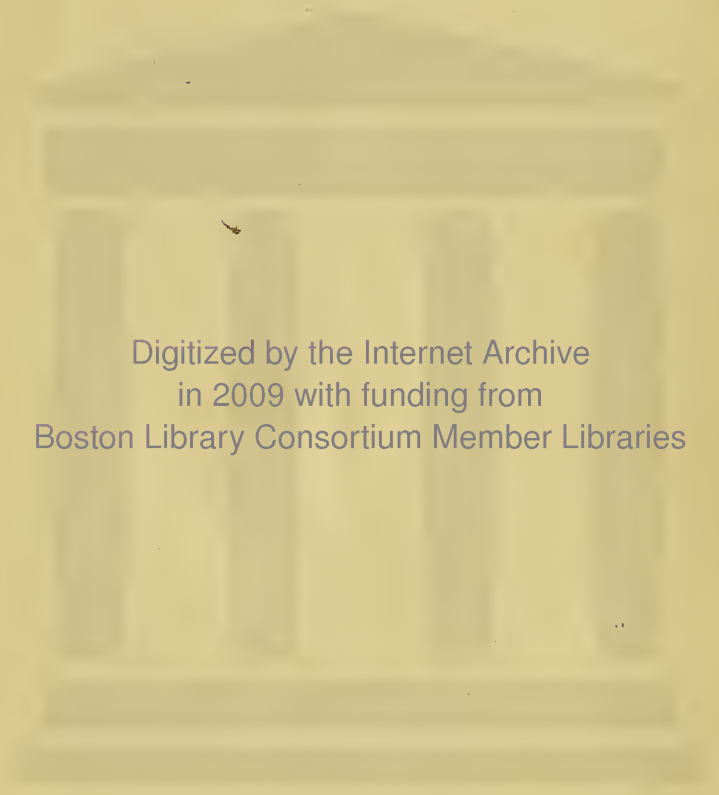




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FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE

VOL. I



Barrow photo.

W. J. Allingham sc.

Lt. Col. Sir John Astley on his 66th Birthday Feb^y 19th 1882

FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT
AT HOME AND ABROAD

BY

SIR JOHN DUGDALE ASTLEY, BART.

"THE MATE"

*The web of our life is of a mingled yarn
Good and ill together.*"—SHAKESPEARE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

LONDON
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED
13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET

1894

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TO
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ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES
THESE RECORDS OF
"FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE"
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J. D. ASTLEY

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

MANY of my readers, and not a few of my casual acquaintance, will wonder how it is that I, "The Jigger" of Eton and College days, and "The Mate" of Regimental and present times, could ever have the audacity (though I don't pretend to be troubled with diffidence) to attempt to commit to paper some of my experiences in this "vale of tears." But the fact is, I have long been wishful to once again acquire possession of one of those pleasant occupants of my pocket which, in days gone by, used to nestle there periodically, and were so welcome, even when solitary—I mean the "merry monk," *i.e.*, the collection of crisp bank-notes that constitute the adorable "monkey," value £500 sterling. The receptacle still exists, but its occupants have deteriorated into occasional "flimsies" (fivers) and very often "nonsies." One day, after a pleasant luncheon in Grosvenor Place, I had been telling several stories in a voluble, and to some of my audience, amusing style, when suddenly an old friend, who, like me, had seen better days (only in a pecuniary sense, be it understood), exclaimed, "Why don't you write a

book? You are constantly complaining of poverty, why you would be a rich man, if you would take the trouble to put on paper the amusing stories you have just been telling us." I replied, "It's all very well, my dear Charlie, to talk. Any fool can tell a story, but it takes a man to write a book. How could I write one when, barring Bradshaw, I never study *any* book?" "Go on," he answered; "you take my tip and you will make a pile." Well! we parted for the time being, but the idea once started was ever present in my mind, and one day I mentioned the above conversation to my old friend Dick Thorold (when dining at his house), and he so cordially took to the idea that he volunteered to lend me his assistance by editing the book for me; this and an extra sharp attack of impecuniosity at the time, decided me to have a shy at literature, and upon Dick introducing me to his Publisher, Mr. Blackett (of the well-known firm of Hurst and Blackett), terms were soon arranged, and I set to work. The result, kind reader, is now before you. If I have written a word in these pages that can hurt the feelings of man or woman, I crave their pardon for unintentionally having done so. That my readers may be pleased, and so assist the "merry monk" to take up his old quarters, is the earnest wish of

Yours truly,

J. D. ASTLEY.

April, 1894.

EDITOR'S NOTE

As Sir John has more than once in these pages kindly alluded to my connection with his book, and the share that I took in persuading him to set to work on it, I trust that I may be allowed to explain one or two points very briefly. First, it has been a great pleasure to me to have been of use to him, and in ever so small a degree to have been the means of inducing him to jot down his experiences, for the amusement of his friends and the General Public. I trust also that it may be borne in mind that I have as much as possible endeavoured to preserve his style of composition, and his peculiar phraseology—not invariably an easy task. His letters from the Crimea I have left precisely as they were written, and without alteration of any kind. I can only trust that the book may meet with the same universal popularity that my old friend so deservedly possesses with “all sorts and conditions of men.” Whatever may be its literary faults I have only to assure the readers of these two

volumes that I have done "my level best," and spared neither time nor trouble in my old friend's service.

RICHARD THOROLD.

LONDON, *April*, 1894.

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FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage—My Father and Mother—Early Days—My Grandfather's Gift of a Pony on my Birthday—Go to School at Aust and Bath, and to a Private Tutor at Winchester—Impressions of Schools in 1836—Go to Eton in 1842—Evans'—Goodford's—Buster Carew—Escapades at Eton—Up to Balston.

FROM "information that I have received," as the police have a knack of saying, I am enabled to state that I was born in a house on the Pincio,* at Rome, on the 19th of February, 1828, and the following extract from the "County Families" gives what details are necessary to establish who I am, and whence I come :

"Astley, Sir John Dugdale, Bt., of Everleigh, Wilts (cr. 1821), eldest son of Sir Francis Dugdale Astley, Bt., of Everleigh, by Emma Dorothea, dau. of the late Sir Thomas Buckler Lethbridge, Bt.; born, 1828; succ. as 3rd Bt. 1873; marr. 1858, Eleanor

* Or Pincian Hill.

Blanche, only daughter of the late Thomas George Corbett, Esq., of Elsham, co. Lincoln. Lord of the manor of Everleigh, patron of 3 livings. Late Lt. Col. Scots Fusilier Guards."

Of my very early days I fear I remember very little, and even that little would not afford much interest to either my friends or the general public ; so I propose to commence these memoirs of my—not altogether uneventful—life from about the year 1836, at which time I had arrived at the mature age of eight years.

From that date to the present time, I think I may say without fear of contradiction that I have had many and varied experiences in most of the "changing scenes of life ;" and, such as they are, after more than one false start, I have at length yielded to the often expressed desire of many old friends, by making a fresh attempt to write about some of the "ups and downs" of my life—sporting and otherwise—just as they occur to me, as likely to be of interest, during a period extending to over fifty-eight years.

I never took high honours, either in English composition or the classics ; so I must be allowed to tell my own "plain, unvarnished tale" my own way, and in my own customary language.

When it is borne in mind that from 1836, the date from which I propose to start these memoirs, till

1894 is, as I have already mentioned, no less a period than fifty-eight years, and that I am writing principally from memory, aided only by a few notes, odd diaries and old letters, the difficulty and labour of arranging anecdotes and events in their proper order and place will, I think, be recognised.

My head is, like the proverbial omnibus on a wet day, "*Full inside*;" but discharging the cargo is, in my case, a serious consideration.

If I could relate *all* I have seen or heard, no doubt I could be more amusing; but I fear that is out of the question, as in that case many of the fair sex—for whom no one has more admiration and respect than I—might object to my book on their drawing-room tables.

Nevertheless, I am proud to think that, during those fifty odd years of sporting life at home and abroad, I have made many friends—*real* friends, who will look with a kindly and lenient eye on my humble efforts to recall scenes past and gone; mutual dear old pals, "no longer nigh;" and a few sporting events, in which I took part, that may have long since faded from their memories.

Taking this view of the case, then, I will do my best; but, as at present I have not got much "for-rarder," I must take the advice of the immortal John Jorrocks, and say, "*Time's up! Let's be doin'.*"

I was born at Rome on the 19th of February, 1828. My father and mother were a wonderful good-looking pair—at least, so I have always been told by those who knew them, and especially by a friend of the celebrated Count D'Orsay, who knew them well.

My earliest recollections are connected with a wasp which resented being interfered with, and stung me in consequence. As I yelled with pain, I was consoled by a large slice of cold plum-pudding to heal my injured finger, and assist in drying my tears, the result being that I made myself ill, called down my father's wrath upon my devoted head, and caused the doctor to be sent for to attend to me slightly lower down. I cannot say that I have ever been violently attached to cold plum-pudding since that time.

The next thing that I remember connected with doctors was, that I had a terrible toothache, and was only appeased by being told that a "nice, kind man" was coming from the town to make "*Master Astley*" quite well. So he did; but he pulled my tooth out, and gave me such excruciating pain that I devoutly hoped I might never see "this kind gentleman" again. On another occasion I very well remember coming down to dessert at my grandfather's, old Sir John Astley, who represented North

Wiltshire in Parliament for upwards of fourteen years, and seeing one of the footmen who had just returned from Andover, where he had acted as one of the bodyguard to Sir John Pollen, who was standing for that borough. This great, strapping flunkey was decorated with two splendid black eyes—the result of a slight difference of political opinion with the Radical ruffians of that town.

My old grandfather at once poured him out a bumper of port and eulogised his conduct, telling him that he had no sort of doubt that he had given his opponent a good dressing over in return. As to that, I cannot say, and can only hope that he did. He seemed to like the port.

My first acquaintance with the Turf may be said to have commenced on the day that my grandfather presented me with a beautiful little black pony called “Dick.” I *was* happy—in fact I look back upon that day as one of the red-letter days of my young life. Of course I wanted to ride him at once, but I hardly realised how many falls lay before me ere I should attain any great proficiency in the saddle. Talking of saddles reminds me that I was not allowed one. I was taught to ride upon a rug with a surcingle strapped round it, and, of course, no stirrups or anything to steady me. By degrees I learnt to ride by balance, in much the same way as

a cavalry soldier is taught to do, and managed to stick on fairly well, except when Dick was a bit above himself ; then my father used to lunge him in a long rein—with me on him—round and round a big circle, with the result that I was continually finding myself seated “on the floor.”

Nevertheless I shall always maintain that that is the way to teach a lad to ride. Let him begin with a rug, and learn to stick to his mount first, and give him a saddle and stirrups afterwards.

I remained at home, doing much as other boys have done from time immemorial, getting in and out of the same juvenile scrapes, till at last I was “told off” for school, which event took place in the year 1836, when I was but eight years old.

I may remark that going to school in 1836 was not the same kind of thing as going to school in 1893. No well-warmed first class railway-carriage, with rugs and footwarmers, and half a dozen fond relatives to see you off, after, maybe, an extra good dinner in preparation for the journey. Instead of this, a shivering little mortal bundled up on to a coach, after a four or five miles' drive to the trysting-place ; a hurried goodbye, “Take care of yourself !” and there you were, left to shift for yourself as best you could, and make friends with any genial-hearted fellow-passenger who cared to take notice of

you, and nothing very gaudy in the way of comfort to be expected at your journey's end.

I was sent to a place called Aust-on-the-Severn, nearly opposite to Chepstow. Such a school as it was, and such a master! I regret to say that his name has escaped my memory, although I have the best of reasons for recollecting him personally. He was a real first-class brute: I can find no more suitable terms for him. I was not over-brilliant, and, above all, I hated arithmetic, and whenever I made a mistake on my slate he used to come behind me and lift me off the form by my ears. Well! I wasn't quite so weighty as I am now, but, still, the process was not only very painful but made my ears stick out at an angle of forty-five degrees, besides rendering me perfectly deaf in my left ear—a calamity from which I still suffer, as most of my old friends have probably discovered before now.

The only satisfaction I have with regard to this fiend in human form is, that I have every reason to believe that he ended his days in a lunatic asylum, and I assuredly think that it was the best place for him.

I will only briefly relate that I next went to school at Claverton Lodge, Bathwick Hill, Bath, my brother Hugh joining me there soon afterwards. Rounders and marbles were our principal amuse-

ments ; though I do not know what the rising generation would say to playing marbles in this advanced age. We used to smoke some stuff called "Old Man," which is in reality the stem of the wild clematis. I need not explain that in most instances the result was disastrous in the extreme. Snail-shell battles was another great game. It consisted in pressing the point of one shell against the point of another till one gave way, the victor then tacking on to his own shell's score the amount of previous victories won by his defeated adversary. Shells of 100 and 200—or, in other words, conquerors of that number of battles—were esteemed of great value among the boys, and many a coin changed hands over a noted champion.

At this time I used to spend my holidays at the Buries, near Warminster, a small place belonging to my grandfather ; but I have nothing very interesting to record as to my visits there, or how I contrived to pass the time.

After leaving Claverton Lodge I went to read with a tutor at Winchester, to prepare me for Eton. This may appear strange—going to Winchester to prepare for Eton, when Winchester College was, of course, so close ; but, nevertheless, there I went, and there I remained till I was considered sufficiently

grounded to go to Eton, and thither I was sent in the month of September, 1842.

Eton! what boy does not remember going to Eton for the first time? Who also does not recall the day upon which, with keen regret, he said good-bye to his old school. I do not mind venturing a little wager that there are very few men who do not look back with some pride, and much pleasure, to their Eton days.

I went at first to Mr. Evans', a dame's house (now kept by Miss Evans and still one of the best houses at Eton), he was father of the present drawing-master of that name, who at that time was in my remove. I subsequently left there and went to the house of the Rev. Charles Old Goodford, who became Head Master, and, eventually, Provost, of the College.

I was placed in lower fourth, full low down for a lad of fourteen; but I made up for it by taking a double remove the next term. This exploit, perhaps it is unnecessary to state, I did not "make a practice of," for fear that too much might be expected of me in the future.

I was present at the very last Montem ever held at Eton, the gathering taking place at "Salt Hill," close to Slough. I remember thinking it rare fun, but an uncommon strange sight, to see the boys

(some of them being in the lower school) got up as Turks, sailors, Spaniards, gipsies, and almost every sort of costume ; while the salt-bearers, as they were called, levied black-mail on all visitors, even Royalty itself. Large sums of money were frittered away by boys over their costumes, and this and other reasons I believe caused its discontinuance in 1847. There was a considerable amount of eating and drinking done on Montem days, and one or the other had a very peculiar effect upon some of my tutor's boys. I presume it was "cold salmon," as usual—anyhow, several were uncommon lucky to get in doors before lock-up.

No boy was allowed to go on the river until he had passed in swimming ; but, after a little practice on the strict Q. T., I thought I should like to try my hand ; so I sculled up to Monkey Island, which was most exciting and slightly dangerous : for, had I been caught, I should have been swished, to a moral certainty. I passed two masters on the bank, and, on the principle that a guilty conscience makes cowards of us all, I made sure I should be nailed. I was not, however, and rowed boldly on to Monkey and got back again in time for absence—not a bad performance for a first attempt.

I was very fond of football, and our house used to play in Angelo's field. We were a big, strong lot

of lower boys at my tutor's, and we played one match quite worth recording. We played an eleven composed of lower boys from the whole school and beat them. I well recollect that Codrington, the captain of the boats, an enormously powerful boy, took me up in his arms and carried me round the field, to show what amazing thick boots I had on, so as to strike terror into the hearts of our adversaries before play began.

I used to play cricket in the summer half in Sixpenny, and other days I would spend on the river (having passed ere this). I was very fond of punting, and used to have a rare time killing rats in Cuckoo Weir and the adjoining backwaters. As is nearly always the case, when a lad attempts to be both "a dry and wet bob"—that is, to play cricket and boat on the river—he seldom excels in either, which was my case; but I enjoyed myself none the less for that.

I must now relate one or two of my escapades while at Eton, and have no sort of doubt that I was not singular in doing many foolish things, but at the same time it was great sport.

For instance, one fine summer afternoon, some of the big functionaries of the City of London were passing up the river for the purpose of swan-hopping, or marking the Thames swans belonging

to their special Livery Company. The barge in which these big-wigs were journeying was moored to a post just above Windsor bridge, while the City magnates visited the Castle. When they returned, a boy named Moseley, and, of course, Astley, were taken with a violent desire to cut the enormous rope which attached no less than sixteen horses to the barge. This rope was lying on the top of the posts and rails just opposite Tolladay's boathouse, and the horses were all yoked and ready for a start to pull the barge up the river. Moseley and I had only our small pocket-knives, but we took it in turn to saw away till we had cut the rope half through, and without our proceedings being noticed by those on board or ashore, as the one not at work had to cover the operations of the other. We then repaired to a safe and convenient distance to watch the sport; thinking that, directly the strain got fairly on the rope, it would break and land all the party on their heads; but, unfortunately for us, we had cut too far through the rope, and the horses snapped it before it was barely taut; consequently they did not half tumble about; neither did the swan-hoppers. However, the Civic authorities were most indignant at having to wait while the rope was made good, and they searched everywhere for the culprits, and we were most assiduous in helping them; but with-

out any satisfactory result, as far as they were concerned.

Deer-chasing in the Home Park was another little pastime I used to indulge in. We used to run the deer about in May, when it was the horn-shedding season, and, by making them jump the drains, we often made them shed their horns, and then we picked them up; but the difficulty was to convey them home, for it must be remembered that an Eton boy's short jacket is not the best hide for a crooked and uncommonly sharp deer's antler. Then the keepers had to be dodged as well; for they had strict orders to prevent us taking the horns. I have had many a most unpleasant experience of running through the Park gates with the sharp end of one of these horns excoriating my person till I could have almost found it in my heart to throw it away.

Another time I went hunting about and found a pheasant's nest in the Park, and, like an idiot, I not only took the eggs and blew them, but I strung them up over the mantelpiece in my room. My tutor happened to come in, and spotted them at once, giving me a heavy punishment, and, what was worse, told me that I was not only a thief, but a poacher. All the same, I enjoyed the excitement of getting those eggs home.

I cannot recollect who the two boys were who did it—possibly they are still alive to testify to the truth of what I state—but I well remember poor old Dick Meyrick, the watchmaker, having his face blacked and then well polished with his own brushes.

I never was one of those who frequented the Christopher to drink beer, &c. &c. ; but I have often had a run down to Slough, to share a friendly bowl of punch with three or four pals.

The fagging at Eton in my day was not so bad as I believe it was earlier, and, being as strong a lad as my fag-master, he seldom interfered with me if I did not please him. I hated scraping ham—that was a job I did bar ; for, in the first place, it isn't easy, and the next, you are more likely to scrape your knuckles with the scraper than the ham. I was never really a first-class cook either, which may create some surprise among those who know that I can appreciate a good dinner ; but it don't follow that you cannot eat a good dinner because you cannot cook it !

The toast I made was very middling, and I generally forgot the eggs till they were like bullets ; but that was a mere matter of detail, as I used to pop 'em on the table, and bolt before they were cracked.

I used to nip out of school as quick as possible,

and chapel also, to avoid being caught to fag behind a fives court—a sport that had no attractions for Astley on a cold day.

One of the most remarkable boys at Eton with me was McNiven minor ; he was a real wonder. He was in upper sixth, in the football team, in the cricket eleven, and in the eight, and upon my life I don't know in which of the three games he most excelled. He was a brilliant football player, but a terribly untidy fellow, and his shoes were always down at heel, so much so indeed that I have often seen his shoe fly after turning the ball, or when he made a kick. I once saw him catch and eat a cockchafer for a bet of one shilling. I hope he liked it. Poor old fellow ! he came to a sad end. He was staying with his brothers in the Isle of Wight, and was driving a dog-cart to some place where he was going to shoot, and his dog was tied behind the cart ; he turned round to encourage the animal, which was quite a new purchase, and somehow he lost his balance, fell over the back of the dog-cart on to his head in the road, and broke his neck. So ended poor old Snivey, as we used to call him.

I could go on for a long time recounting stories of boys that were with me ; but as I think I have read elsewhere the book could not be written that

would contain all that should be said about "Eton and Eton boys."

I must say a word about the boys at my tutor's. One, a very fat boy, Carew—whose nickname was Buster—found to his cost the first day he arrived that his somewhat rounded proportions were very tempting to boys who were good shots with a fives-ball. After one day's experience he decided that it was a rash proceeding on his part to go outside while other boys were about: so he used to stop in his own room, and take his exercise while the rest of the boys were in school or chapel, and, curiously enough, being a new boy, it was eight or ten days before he came under the Prepositor's ken.

I never saw such a boy to eat and drink. When he had a hamper from home—as often happened—he would stow it away under his bed, and eat the contents at night. I have often seen him swallow the whole contents of his washing-jug before turning into bed, and then vociferate for the unfortunate old boy's maid to bring more water.

The said boy's maid was called "Bobby," a dear old soul and an excellent creature; but we all did our best to send her to an early grave, I am afraid. Many a time, when she had set the tallow dips in their respective candlesticks ready for use, and left them for a few minutes—she would return to find

them all rammed in topsy-turvy ; or else, perhaps, she would be coming up the stairs with a tray full of them to distribute, and very pleased to see "all correct"—when lo and behold! down would go a mat over the balusters and the whole bag of tricks would be knocked out of her hands, and she would shriek out: "I knows yer: that's *Robberson, Morrerson, Jervers, Pagit, and Hastley* at the 'ead of it. I'll let yer tutor know about it, I will!" Poor old soul! she never did, and we knew it.

My fellow-pupils at Goodford's were a very good lot, and several of them are to the front now, so I will not say too much about them; but only mention, in addition, the present Lord Portman, Lord Middleton, Ethelston, major and minor, Sir William Welby Gregory, and Stuckey Wood. Many also who were with me will recall the names of John Watkins, Toby Hodgson, Tom Mills, A. Paget, Watson, Codrington, Harkness, and Bob Honeywood.

I was precious idle, I am afraid, and did no more than I was obliged, and as little of that; but I was always very punctual, and, as friend Jorrocks observes, "Punctuality is the *perliteness* of Princes." At any rate, I found favour in consequence in the eyes of Mr. Balston, who took

my division in school, and, to my astonishment, he suggested "sending me up for good;" but the event never came off, as he was unsuccessful in finding a copy of my verses which contained more than the regulation minimum of twelve.

CHAPTER II.

Eton Days continued—Trials—Missing Verses—Goodford and I Disagree—An Evening Raid—Rheumatic Fever—Leave Eton—Water-Cure at Malvern—Assheton Smith—Doctors all Wrong—Go to Tutor in the Isle of Wight—Go to Oxford—Hunting—Tandem-Driving—Dodging the Proctors—Dungannon Arch—A Cooler in Mercury—Nearly Rusticated—Breaking out of College—Also Breaking in—My Dog Pepper—Discover that I can Run—Bullingdon—The Drag—Matches and Sweeps—Collections—The Dean's Advice—I take it—Contemporaries at Oxford.

VERY soon after this I narrowly missed taking my remove—it happened in this way. I never was a flyer at verses, but Welby—who was at my tutor's—was, and I had arranged with him to be ready to do my verses for me when I went into trials. Of course I had to go into school, and was then handed some English prose to turn into Latin verse of the ordinary type, dactyls and spondees every alternate line. Well, I looked at the paper and saw that it was a bit beyond me ; so I went up to the presiding master and asked leave to fetch my Gradus, which I had purposely left at my tutor's. He said "Very well, but be quick or you will not have time to do your verses." No, I

thought, but some one else will, and off I started as hard as I could pelt, handed the paper to Welby, who soon knocked off twelve or fourteen lines, with which—as I fancied—I bolted back to school. Now I had conceived the idea of putting them into my shoe for safety's sake, thinking that by so doing I should not be so easily detected. This I did, and flattered myself upon my ingenuity.

When I got back to my place I busily began to turn over my Gradus with my left hand, while I proceeded to scratch my foot with my right, and at the same time search for my verses; but, oh dear! oh dear! they were gone, and I was in a nice mess! However, I just managed to scrape through trials, but took a terrible bad place, whereas with luck I should have done nicely if those verses of Welby's had not worked out of my shoe and fallen into the gutter just outside my tutor's door; where I found them on my return, after trials were over.

I am afraid I used to get very savage with old Goodford, as he was always pitching into me in pupil-room. One day I took him up a copy of what I considered first-class verses, and one line ended in a spondee composed of two monosyllables; he promptly put his pen through it, saying, "Not allowable, not allowable." I quoted a similar case out of Virgil as an excuse. He looked at me for a minute,

and then exclaimed : "When you can make verses like Virgil, sir, then you can do as Virgil did ; but not till then."

I recollect one night, when we were all playing at cards, that he sneaked along the passage very quietly, with his small oil-lamp, and almost caught us in the act. It came to the same thing : for the lower boy who was on guard had gone to sleep or slunk off, and never gave warning till it was too late to do anything, except cover up the cards with a newspaper and put the seats back in their places. I think my tutor must have had information how we worked it ; for he walked straight into the room, calmly looked about him and noted that there were five or six of us present, and then went to the table where one boy was diligently reading the newspaper aloud, with his elbows resting upon it. It was no sort of good, however ; my tutor pulled the paper open and out came the cards. He then smiled grimly, and placed the only two chairs in the room at each side of the table, pulled out the drawer of the bureau to make a third seat, turned the coal-box up on end for a fourth, and said with a gleam of satisfaction : "That is what you were doing and how you were sitting when you heard me in the passage. I shall complain of you all to-morrow morning and have you well flogged." As far as I remember, he kept his word, and it came off.

It is nearly fifty years ago since this happened, but I can see the whole scene before me at this moment—the fiendish joy that lit up the old boy’s face, and the despair which pervaded our countenances at the result of our evening’s amusement.

I never got on well with my tutor, and I do not think he liked me. It seems to me now that he went the wrong way to work. He always wanted to catch you out through his own cunning, instead of appealing to your honour to avoid doing wrong.

However, I had a real jolly time at Eton, and I am proud to think that I had the chance to send my boy there, but I am getting on too fast now; still, I must say there is no school in the world like Eton, and I hope that my son’s boy (now eight years old) will follow his father and grandfather at the old place, where they turn a boy out a gentleman and a man of honour, if not always a great classic or mathematician; though, mind you, Eton can boast of a few top-sawyers in that line also. If you cannot manage to combine all, I am game to bet long odds on the two former qualifications.

Up to this time I have not said anything about shooting, or how I learned that sport which has afforded me so many pleasant days, and been the means of introducing me to so many pleasant people. I always took to shooting like a duck to water—

indeed I may say there was very little in the shape of sport that I did not take to. My good old father objected to my carrying a gun till I was sixteen, or, at all events, in his presence, which made all the difference as far as I was concerned ; and I believe I first tried my hand and eye upon the swallows on the downs, not sitting, mind you, but darting to and fro after their morning meal of flies. I soon became a deadly shot at wood-pigeons when they came in to roost of an afternoon, and I had put several screens near the ponds on the downs, where the birds used to come to drink ; for in this open country there were no streams—in fact the nearest running water to Everleigh was four miles off, at Netheravon, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's place, where there was some fairly good trout-fishing, and an occasional pike or two.

When at home for my holidays I would spend hours in our woods, and many a rabbit, hawk, and even squirrel, fell to my trusty single barrel. I also learnt much of the manners and customs of a litter of cubs that one of the keepers had wired in, in a thick young fir plantation, where an artificial earth had been made for them, and where they were taken as soon as they could feed themselves. More than once I have tried them with wood-pigeon, rabbit, and rat : they almost invariably took the rat for

choice ; for I have often waited in hiding to see them come out of their earth and select the one or other of the dainty morsels proffered for their acceptance.

Of course, when the hunting began and the hand-reared young pheasants were able to take care of themselves, the wire was removed, and whenever the hounds met at E^yverleigh it was curious to see this happy family race back to the spot where their artificial home—now, alas ! closed—had once been. Both the old keeper and I knew each of these cubs (five I think) by sight. The biggest we called “Lion,” and another we christened “Curly-tail,” because, whilst in captivity, he had by some means got a kink in his brush. I do not recommend this mode of preventing foxes preying on young pheasants, for when these cubs were found by the hounds they seemed to have no notion of taking to fresh ground and making for any distant covert, but kept ringing about our own woods, and I verily believe they all suffered martyrdom before the first of November.

I had to miss one term at Eton owing to a bad attack of rheumatic fever, caused by jumping into a ditch full of water after the ball, when playing football, and, of course, never changing my clothes till long after. This happened just before the

Christmas holidays began, and I first felt the effects of my folly a few days later, when out shooting at Everleigh. Before night I was in great pain and very ill. The doctor was sent for, one of the old-fashioned sort who believed that bleeding was a sure cure for all ailments. At any rate he bled me in both arms till I fainted. The next day the rheumatism flew to my heart and they cupped me. It seemed to me as if they had drawn the last drop of blood out of me, and I was on the point of death for several days. I remember, quite well, hearing the doctors say, "What a pity it was such a promising lad should die so young!" So I thought; but I was worth a dozen dead boys, and, thanks to old Dr. Tatham, of Salisbury, who, by-the-bye, used to drive twenty miles to Everleigh and twenty back to see me, I pulled through.

When I got strong enough I travelled up to London in grandfather's old chariot, and that pretty near finished me off. I consulted several doctors, who all said I should never be able to go upstairs or walk fast without having palpitation of the heart, which shows that those learned gentlemen are not always right, seeing that I have played many a good game at football and cricket since, and few men have run more foot-races than your humble servant.

While I was so bad with rheumatism, the

celebrated old Tom Assheton Smith, of hunting fame, and who kept the hounds at Tedworth, four miles from Everleigh, persuaded my father to send me to Malvern to try the water-cure. He swore by it—in fact, it was a regular hobby of his. I was sent to the famous Dr. Gully's establishment there; and a nice journey it was, as I had to go nearly the whole way by coach. When I did arrive I was never much more inclined to have a good long sleep; but, instead of that, I was roused up at 6.30 A.M. the following morning, and told by the attendant to get out of bed; he then calmly spread a wet sheet for me to lie on, afterwards wrapping me up in it as tight as a drum. It was just as if I was bandaged, for I could not move my arms; he then placed two or three blankets over me and informed me that "he would be back in half an hour." I was then unswathed and put in a cold Sitz bath for ten minutes, after which I had to drink two tumblers of cold water. I was next told to go for a walk and then come to breakfast. As all this took place in winter, with snow on the ground, I leave it to my readers to imagine how thoroughly I enjoyed it (?). I have never thought much of the Rechabites ever since.

Be that as it may, I believe the treatment did me good in the long run, as, though I had occasionally a

touch of lumbago, I have never suffered from rheumatism to any extent from that time.

I had now left Eton, after being there close on four years, and sorry I was to go; but I had to prepare for Oxford, so I went to a tutor at Brixton,* in the Isle of Wight, not far from Blackgang Chine. There I had rather a good time of it; but any one who has been to that part of the Isle of Wight knows what a beautiful spot that Undercliff really is.

I went to Oxford University in the autumn of 1846, and matriculated as a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, which distinction—for the sake of the uninitiated—simply means a few trifling privileges, and a slight difference in your cap and gown, in addition to one great advantage—viz., paying double for almost everything connected with the College. Old Dean Gainsford insisted upon my being a gentleman commoner, one reason being that I was the son of a baronet, and a second, that all the Astleys were so troublesome he was in hopes that the extra expense might have a deterrent effect on my father, and cause him to send me to some other College. It did not, however, and I was shortly installed in my father's old rooms in Peckwater Quad.

* Also spelt "Brighthelmstone."

The sudden change from a boy's life with a small allowance of pocket-money to a magnificent income of £400 a year *and a servant*, had a bad effect on my previous economical style of living, and I launched out uncommon; but I have regretted it ever since: for I honestly look back on those twelve months I spent at Oxford as the worst time of my whole career, or, at any rate, the most wasted. I knew that I was only there for a short time—in fact, until I got my commission in the Guards; so I did but little work, and verily believe I knew less when I left than when I went to Oxford.

I used frequently to shirk chapel, for I could not see the benefit likely to accrue from hearing a few prayers mumbled in Latin by some College official who seemed in as great a hurry to get through his task as I was to get out of chapel again. Sometimes my servant forgot to call me, then I had to provide myself with the prescribed *pœna* of 100 lines of Latin, or 200 of Greek for a change. All these punishments could be bought ready to hand of a worthy of the name of Boddington, and at the following rate—1s. 6d. per 100 Latin lines, 2s. per 100 for Greek. I seldom went near "Lectures," and consequently cannot recollect anything that went on there. Every Saturday I had to write a theme on some subject or other, and more than once I

copied an article out of *Bell's Life*, thereby showing the sporting instinct that lay dormant in me even in those days. Occasionally the old Dean found me out, and I paid the penalty with five or six hundred lines of Latin or Greek, all supplied at retail price by the faithful Boddington. At other times I would sally forth to Randall's, the hosier in the High Street, who, with the assistance of his talented wife, produced an essay which was much appreciated by the Dean, price—a crown for the job, and cheap at the money.

Of course I went in for hunting. Every sort of sport has always had its attractions for me, and this particular pastime is second to none, and though expensive, is not to be compared with racing in that respect, as, alas! I know to my cost. I used to hire horses from Charles Symonds, who was well known at Oxford in my day and long afterwards. I also got horses occasionally from Tollit, another livery-stable keeper. I generally sent my hunter on to covert, and would drive to the meet, with a friend, in a dog-cart, also hired. We frequently sent a leader on in advance, and, when well clear of the town, would put him to, and complete our tandem; but, as I knew very little about the art of driving tandem, we often came to grief: for our leader had an awkward trick of turning round and looking you

in the face, with the result that both horses became restive and smashed something. On one occasion they broke the shaft between them, and as we were a mile from the meet, at the very least, we had to toss up who should drag the cart into Woodstock—not much catch with top-boots and breeches on! When things went smoothly it was great fun, and especially with a tandem; for, of course, it was forbidden, and we had to dodge the proctors, who were constantly on the look-out for us at the toll-bar, just outside Oxford, as we were returning home.

My first term at Oxford was remarkable for the very heavy floods. The Thames overflowed all the meadows for miles, and while the water was still out there was a severe frost, which produced some first class ice. We had some real good hockey—one of the best games, in my humble opinion, that a man can play.

There was a precious mischievous lot at Christ Church in my day, and we used to take a pride in annoying the old Dean in every conceivable way. On one occasion there was a heavy fall of snow, and, after a council of war, we decided to stop up Duncannon archway which led from Peckwater to Tom Quad. We began collecting snow about 11 P.M., when all was quiet, piling it up on teatrays and tipping the contents into blankets, which were then

conveyed and emptied in the archway. Finding that solidity was necessary, we borrowed chairs (without permission) from unpopular men's rooms, likewise tables, doors from outbuildings—till we had a fairly good barricade formed; then we poured water on the whole work, and very soon it froze hard and solid as a rock; so we contemplated our four hours' work with considerable satisfaction. Our reason for carrying out this feat of engineering was that, as long as the archway was blocked, we could not get through to go to chapel; consequently, could not be punished for non-attendance.

We were done "like a dinner," all the same; for, when my servant called me in the morning, he said that "a gang of navvies had been brought into College and had cut a way through the arch, leaving a gangway quite sufficient for us to pass through": so we had all our work for nothing, and there was a tremendous row about it into the bargain, though I think no one got nailed.

It will easily be conceived that, among the undergraduates of Christ Church, there were some obnoxious individuals. One man in particular was selected for summary punishment, on account of his possessing a slight failing in the shape of "telling tales out of school," as the saying is. We determined to

be level with him; so a few choice spirits—need I say I was one?—sallied to his rooms, pulled him out of bed, and, hurrying him across the gravel Quad in his nightshirt and with bare feet, we pitched him neck and crop into the basin of the big fountain called “Mercury.” Unfortunately, I was too tender-hearted, and, fearing the poor devil might drown, I assisted him out: but in return I suppose he must have reported me, for I was sent for the next morning by Dr. Jelf, the Senior Censor, who informed me that “I was the head of this disgraceful and dastardly proceeding.” Not quite relishing the gentleman’s language I got a trifle short with him, and I remember telling him “that, if he had not been a Master of Arts and an official of the College, I be shot if I would not send him flying through the window”!—which happened to be open at the time, and there was a fair drop down into the courtyard below.

He turned white with rage or fear, I can’t say which, and complained to the Dean forthwith. In company with two or three others, I was ushered into the Dean’s presence shortly after, and I only escaped being rusticated through the dear old gentleman’s love and esteem for my family, some of whom he had known in Somersetshire; and, though two men actually were

sent down, I was only confined to walls (much the same as what is known to soldiers as C.B.*) for the rest of the term.

I had to employ all sorts of stratagems to get out of College without being detected, and one of my favourite dodges was to slip into Christ Church meadows, which were considered in bounds ; from thence into a boat, in the bottom of which I laid snug, and covered by a sack or something of the kind, till a waterman rowed me down to a convenient spot for disembarkation, and out I would step when all was safe and make my way into town by a circuitous route. This was all very well as far as getting out went ; but I had to get in, and as the College gates were shut at 9 P.M., and a porter was always on guard there, his vigilance had to be diverted by a pal, who would call his attention to the Great Bear or some equally interesting constellation, or perhaps an imaginary chimney on fire, and as soon as he moved sufficiently far from the wicket to admit of my making a dash for it, "through" I used to go with my gown over my head, so that he could not recognise me, and make for anybody's rooms but my own, and, the oak once "sporting" (all College men know what this means), Cerberus was baffled and I was safe ; but,

* Confined to barracks.

bless my soul ! it took a lot of trouble and entailed a deal of hard work.

One of the rules of Christ Church was that no dogs might be kept by the undergraduates ; now it so happened that my friend Baillie (now Lord Haddington), whose rooms were exactly opposite to mine, always kept a terrier, and this same terrier had a family, one of which he gave to me. In course of time it became a most intelligent and agreeable companion, and I christened him "Pepper." One morning, when I was coming out of chapel, I happened to be walking with Dr. Jelf, the Senior Censor, and, to my horror, I saw "Pepper" approaching us with every sign of unbounded satisfaction at meeting his master. Naturally, Dr. Jelf saw that the dog belonged to me, and told me that I must not keep the animal in College, and that the next time he saw it I should be discommoned. Well, I hoped for the best and that fate would keep "Pepper" and Dr. Jelf apart ; but I could not part with the dog, come what might ; and, as luck would have it, I managed to keep "Pepper" out of sight for some considerable time. The evil day came, however : for, one fine sunshiny morning, "Pepper" selected the steps leading up to Dr. Jelf's door for his siesta, and very shortly after I got a notice to say that I was discommoned for keeping a dog contrary to the

statutes. This meant my not being allowed to have my breakfast (or commons) brought from the College kitchen, which was situated at the extreme end of Tom Quad. and adjoining the large banquet-hall. I at once made up my mind that it would never do to go without breakfast, so that I had better go and fetch it myself. I watched my opportunity, darted into the kitchen, seized half a chicken and hurried off to my rooms with my prize, and it was thus that I discovered that I possessed a fair turn of speed ; for, though two men cooks (both young and active fellows) raced after me, I easily left them behind and gained my rooms, where I devoured my breakfast in peace. This course I had to pursue for something like a fortnight, which, fortunately, brought me to the end of term.

During the summer we had plenty of cricket, and, though not a finished performer, I got my fair share of runs in most matches that we played. The scene of action was Bullingdon Common, where we had a club, and round the outside of the cricket-ground there was a good stretch of turf, on which we used to ride races. I was fortunate in hiring rather a useful mare, that I christened "Ochre" on account of her having managed to secure me a certain amount of gold in the various matches and sweepstakes in which she took part ; and, although I was

not quite as good as poor "Fred Archer" in the saddle, and not a *very* long way in front of "George Fordham," I contrived to pay my expenses, which were somewhat heavy.

We had a dinner club connected with the cricket club, at which we made merry—as far as I can recollect—about once a week. To write about the Bullingdon Club and its peculiar features would be waste of time, as all Oxford men are more or less acquainted with the ins and outs of that celebrated social gathering. I will only say that we used to meet there about once a week, and as it was some little distance out of Oxford, we not infrequently raced back in our dog-carts after dinner—a by no means safe proceeding. Although I never quite got upset, I went very near to it several times, more especially at the toll-bar.

Talking of Bullingdon Common, I was present one evening at dinner when a bet was made that no horse in Oxford could jump thirty feet. The backers of the horse had several animals to choose from, but not one of the lot succeeded in clearing the required distance, which was attempted over a low hurdle. Just as all present had given up the idea of finding any horse that could accomplish the feat, Frank Barchard rode up on his horse "Sailor," who had frequently distinguished himself when

ridden with the drag, and the very first time that he was put at the hurdle the horse cleared the thirty feet and landed the money. This, it must be allowed, was an extraordinary performance in cold blood; although I am aware that the celebrated steeplechaser, "The Chandler," is credited with having cleared thirty-nine feet over a small brook at Warwick steeplechases. This horse "Sailor" was an excitable pulling animal, and one that always jumped as far as he could over ever so small a place.

Talking of the drag, I omitted to mention that a good lot of men, over a country, used to risk their necks at this exciting amusement. I well recollect Lords Darnley and Ribblesdale, Ned Burton, George Lawrence (author of "Guy Livingstone," &c.), Jemmy Allgood (who holds a living somewhere in the North, I believe), and Frank Barchard, besides heaps of other good men and true, fond of excitement and sport; and, mind you, a fast spin with the drag over a stiff country is not quite child's play, even if you are well mounted, which was not always the case with some of us.

I generally drove a dog-cart to the meet of the drag, stored with creature-comforts for the benefit of those who took part in the sport, and to be handy for picking up the wounded or those who had lost

their horses after a fall, and I need not say that falls were neither few nor far between on most occasions.

At the end of the summer term (1847) I had to go in for "Collections," which was a sort of rehearsal of the work supposed to have been done in "Lectures;" but as I had persistently shirked "Lectures" to the best of my power, I felt that only a piece of real good luck could pull me through. The old Dean and three or four other learned divines sat in a line on one side of the table, and on my being called up I was told to turn to a certain page and line of some Greek play—I think Euripides—and ordered "to construe till stopped." I glanced down the page and at once discovered that the subject was entirely unknown to me. However, I picked out two proper names and at once decided in my own mind that they were the names of a soldier of the period "courting his gal," and proceeded glibly to fit in the context to suit my supposition; but, alas! I had not proceeded more than about five or six lines before the old Dean and his coadjutors were convulsed with laughter, and the former stopped any further progress of my interesting narrative by addressing me in these solemn words: "Sir, you are a most extraordinary young man, and evidently are not aware that you

have mistaken the names of two famous warriors setting forth to battle, for those of a man and woman ardently attached to each other. You are doing no good up here, and I really should advise you to go down." I replied : " I am entirely of your opinion, sir, and will readily support any statement to that effect that you may think proper to send to my father."

The good old man did write to my father, and my visit to *Alma Mater* was thus brought to a somewhat abrupt conclusion ; for I left Oxford very shortly afterwards, and, as I have already stated, I confess that I spent a most unprofitable time there. I found, on reckoning up, that my bills amounted to about four hundred pounds, and as I was well aware that my father would be seriously inconvenienced to pay them, I had to borrow the money from our family lawyer ; thus laying the foundation of an amount of indebtedness that I have never really recovered from.

I here append a list of a few of the names of well-known men who were at Oxford University in my day :—

Lords Northbrook and Kimberley, Johnny Bulteel, Ashley Sturt, Peter Dyne (of Merton), Hon. George Lascelles, Hon. Francis Lawley, Tom Connolly, Colonel Luttrell, Archibald Peel, George

Glyn (second Lord Wolverton), Lords Darnley and Ribblesdale, Jemmy Allgood, E. C. Burton, George Lawrence (author of "Guy Livingstone," &c.), J. Hurst (now Edge of Strelley), Packington (Sir John), Robert Hay Murray (son of the Bishop of Rochester), Frank Buckland (the well-known naturalist and M.D.), Stumpy Dick (now Rev. Richards), Shiney Lyall, Jemmy Naper (a crack rider), Bob Hole (now Dean Hole), Henry Lambton, Stony Ethelstone (now Peel of Bryn-y-Pys), and several others, too numerous to mention, all of whom will, I feel sure, forgive my sin of omission.

CHAPTER III.

Go back to Oxford to Settle up—Go to Switzerland—My Life There—Tobogganing down the Slopes—Hotel at Vevey—Ordered Home—Gazetted to Scots Guards—Chartist Riots—I Outmanœuvre the Colonel—Drill with Coke—Much pleased at becoming a Full-blown Soldier—Brown Bess—Wellington Barracks—Go on Leave—Hunting from Everleigh—The Old Squire and Leo—Go on a Sporting Tour—Fall into Good Hands—Kill my Horse over a Stile—Forty Gone—Men I Met.

I WENT back to Oxford for a few days of the following term to settle up matters and pay my debts. While there, I ran a race over hurdles with H. Blundell, at Bullingdon. As I waited a little time for him to appear, I proposed a sweepstakes amongst those present, that we should put in five shillings each, and promising to give them all five yards start. Some eight or ten toed the scratch and I won very easily. Then came the match with Blundell. I also won that, but got beat at the third attempt by Fred Eden, with whom I had a match some time after with the same result.

In the month of September, 1847, I was sent to Switzerland by way of brushing up my French,

and lived with an old *Pasteur* at Basset, near Clarence, between Vevey and Chillon on the Lake of Geneva, in the Canton Vaud. The house was charmingly situated in a vineyard overlooking the lake, with the snow-capped peaks of the Dent du Midi in the distance, and immediately behind our dwelling were the pine-clad slopes of the Dent de Jaman ; so that, cast my eyes in which direction I pleased, I was rewarded by a sight of some of the grandest scenery in the canton. I was, by way of learning French from a native professor, at Lausanne, and for a time I attended regularly, and acquired a certain amount of knowledge of the French language ; but the charms of those beautiful mountains were too much for me, and, instead of walking the flat road to Lausanne, I used to spend most of my time upon the summits of the lower range of mountains. Whenever the weather permitted I rose an hour or two before sunrise, so as to reach those parts of the pine-woods before the sun made its appearance in the heavens, the effect as seen from where I stationed myself being grand in the extreme. There were some birds called *gelinottes*, a species of tree-grouse, which frequented those pine-slopes, and I spent hours trying to discover their whereabouts : for, although I could hear them calling to one another, it was no easy task to

find them, hidden as they were in the thick and tangled undergrowth amongst the black pines.

There were several *chasseurs* in the district. One of these, a wonderfully keen sportsman named Jenton, used to join me at a *chalet* high up in the mountains, and we frequently spent the whole day looking for these birds and an occasional hare. Jenton's French was a broad patois of the country, as you may readily gather when I tell you that he called a hare a "*loivra*," instead of *lièvre*, and that this somewhat interfered with my acquiring a genuine Parisian accent. I thoroughly enjoyed, above all things, spending a day entirely alone on these mountains with my gun, and accompanied by an old pointer called "Brilliant," whose only merit was his nose, and whose one idea consisted in running in and chasing anything alive, no matter what.

When the cold weather set in and the whole district was covered with snow we had some rare chases after hares, by tracking them in the snow to their forms. They often led us a long dance up the mountain-side, and oftener still we had to make a long *détour* to get above them, so as to secure a shot. I had very good fun at this time with a species of toboggan or small sledge, which the natives call a *lougine*. The young men of the neighbourhood used

to make up parties and climb up the mountain tracks where the snow had been rendered hard and well caked by the downward passage of the pine trunks, which, earlier in the season, are cut down and trimmed and then eventually started down these shoots to the shores of the lake. Of course these said shoots made a capital track for our toboggans, and down we used to go at an appalling pace. There were two methods of placing yourself upon these toboggans, which were about three feet long and about two feet wide. You could either sit and guide yourself with your heels in front of you and holding on with your hands; or you laid down on your stomach on the toboggan and guided yourself by sticking your toes into the snow behind you as you went down head first. The pace was regulated by the amount of nerve that you possessed, and I soon found that I could go just as fast as my neighbours. On rather larger machines of this description we used at times to carry a lady on our laps, but there were not very many of the fair sex who cared to risk their necks in those rapid descents.

During my sojourn on the Lake of Geneva a disturbance between the Conservatives and Radicals of that part of Switzerland broke out. The Swiss having no standing army, the militia were called out, and a very fine body of men they were, I must say.

I often went to their camp in the Canton Valais, not far from where the river Rhone empties itself into the lake, and indulged in a friendly glass with my neighbours from Basset. The opposing forces never came to blows, as their differences were all amicably settled; but, as the militia had been called out at the time of the vintage, all the able-bodied men, from sixty down to eighteen, had to join the colours; so that there were only women and boys left at home to gather the grapes and carry them to the cellars. The old gentleman with whom I was *en pension* asked me to superintend a number of the large wooden tubs that were filled with pressed grapes, and brought by those employed to the large vats in the cellars, and thus I acquired some insight into the method of manufacturing Swiss wine. I used to go round every Sunday afternoon with the *Pasteur* and taste the liquor that had been made, and at last I became quite a connoisseur of the "home brand," and, though some of it was not bad, yet I never tasted a real good glass of Swiss wine. It has a certain potency about it, for I have often seen the men very unsteady in their gait after a couple of bottles of it.

At Vevey there was a capital hotel, Les Trois Couronnes, at which most of the tourists used to stay, and every Sunday afternoon I used to walk into

the town and dine at the table d'hôte, and met there many acquaintances either coming from, or returning home to England. The six months I spent in Switzerland were some of the pleasantest of my life, and the grandeur of the magnificent scenery, often reflected in the waters of the lake beneath, lent a charm to my existence which I never have realised in any other clime.

One day, early in February, 1848, I received a letter from home, telling me that I should very shortly be gazetted as ensign to the Scots Fusiliers Guards. My many friends gave me a parting dinner, and with a fond adieu I left as honest, hard-working and natural set of men as ever existed, and, though I lived a rather less polished life among them than I did when an undergraduate at Oxford, yet this life with them was far more suited to my taste than the other, and I shall always look back to my sojourn *en Suisse* with lively satisfaction, one great beauty of it being that I ran up no bills.

I duly arrived at Everleigh, and found all my people flourishing, and, after remaining a few days and till my name appeared in the *Gazette*, I went up to London and joined my battalion, then quartered at Portman Street Barracks, where I had already commenced my drill prior to the outbreak of the Chartist Riots in April, 1848.

All the troops in London were confined to barracks during the day as well as at night. One evening an order arrived that all officers were to be confined to barracks also, and, as there was no accommodation for us all, we had to sleep on the floor of two rooms set apart, as a rule, for the adjutant. Our commanding officer, good old Billy Ridley, who was celebrated for his love of eating and drinking, ordered in a plentiful supply of solids and fluids, and, after we had done ample justice to both, dear old Billy thought that he would gauge the capabilities of the new ensign and test his liquor-carrying powers. In the innocence of his heart he had forgotten the fact that I was not a boy fresh from Eton, or some other public school, but a man of twenty, who had been to College and, therefore, was in a position to judge how to mix my liquors; consequently, when the Colonel graciously invited me to join him in a friendly glass of brandy and water, I had sufficient sense to observe how very much more alcohol he was good enough to put into my glass than his own, before adding the water; but, his attention being momentarily distracted by some one or something, I took the opportunity of changing the two tumblers, and when he pledged me in a bumper I took mine down with a gusto which I have no doubt much pleased him, as he

thought that I had got the stiff glass; so, when he followed my example and took a good long pull at his allowance, he very nearly choked, and was considerably riled when he saw me laughing, and soon tumbled to the fact that I had had the audacity to change the glasses which he had mixed with so much cunning and forethought, I thought to myself—though I did not dare to say so aloud—that it was a clear case of “biter, bit.”

Apropos of the Chartist Riots, I remember what a quantity of preparations, offensive and defensive, were made on this occasion, principally in the houses of the “bloated aristocracy” of Belgravia and other fashionable quarters; for it was upon this class of the community that the Chartists had given out that they intended to wreak vengeance. It will hardly be credited, yet I can affirm that in more than one half-open window of a house might be seen the muzzle of a small cannon (supposed to be loaded with grape and canister), ready to pour forth death and destruction into the close ranks of the mob should attack be threatened. All these alarming preparations may possibly have had a good effect, although they were never actually brought into action, as, after a week or ten days, the riots were at an end, and tranquillity reigned supreme.

Wenny Coke joined about the same time, and we

were drilled together ; but he had the advantage of me, seeing that he had exchanged from another regiment, and therefore found the drill far easier than I did, being more alive to the instructions of Drill-Sergeant Mills, a most excellent, stalwart and genuine type of what a non-commissioned officer in the Guards should be. I used to get very sick of the continual morning and evening drills : five or ten minutes of the goose-step, which consisted of first balancing yourself on the ball of one foot while you pointed the other at an elegant angle in front and behind you alternately, without, as it is termed, "gaining ground," was most wearisome. However, "all's well that ends well," and in time I finished my drill and blossomed out into a real live Ensign, fit for duty, to say nothing of death or glory. Well ! no dog was ever prouder of a new tin collar, or peacock of the elevation of his tail, than was I when first I decked myself out in my beautiful lilywhite ducks, my brand new swallow-tailed coat with its rich bullion and gorgeous epaulettes, the whole surmounted with the shaggiest of bearskins, my then slim waist—it has increased slightly since that day—being encircled by my sword belt, from which dangled my well-polished skewer ; and it was a proud moment indeed when, at my first guard-mounting, I had the honour of carrying the Queen's colours.

I think at my first guard I was under the watchful eye of Colonel Onslow, commonly known in the brigade as "Dick." He was a man of considerable resource, and with great kindness of heart and forethought for his own advantage, and he undertook to teach me the aristocratic and bewitching game of shove-halfpenny. This game needs a considerable amount of practice, and I was surprised by the few points that my commanding officer managed to defeat me by ; but as I improved, so did he, and I very soon discovered that, to use his own term, "he could shove a pretty halfpenny." I thereupon made up my mind that, if I wanted to increase my income, I had better leave the intelligent Dick alone, or play for honour and glory only.

My time whilst on duty in London, passed I suppose, much in the way as that of other young officers. Morning drills in the Park, a week of barrack duty, an occasional court-martial—such was the usual routine. The Prince Consort reviewed the regiment on one or two occasions in Hyde Park, and I think it was in the following autumn that we moved to Windsor.

Of course, the drill in those days was a very different business from what it is now. We were only provided then with the good old "Brown Bess," which was loaded from the muzzle, and the

cartridges forced home with a ramrod, the men having to bite the end off the cartridge and shake the powder into the barrel—a rather neat performance to manage without getting your mouth full of saltpetre; and yet, though it was a long process, it was extraordinary to note the precision with which the whole manœuvre was executed of ramming home the ball, the two smart taps, the withdrawal of the rod and return of the same—all this being done with the precision of a machine. This fine old weapon did not carry above fifty yards point blank, yet I fancy that the men took more pains with their aim than they do now, and for this reason: they knew well enough in those days that, having once fired, it would be a certain length of time before they could put in another shot, consequently they did their best to make that shot tell; but now, in the era of quick-firing weapons, especially in action, the loading is executed so rapidly that precision of aim suffers in proportion—at any rate, in my humble opinion, Tommy Atkins nowadays wastes a terrible sight of cartridges. I do not think we practised much at the ranges in those times, and Chichester is the only place that I can call to mind at which we did so.

On the 1st of September, 1848, the battalion moved to Wellington Barracks, at that time only capable of accommodating one battalion of Guards,

and I think my turn for leave came in the winter months. I used to hunt from Everleigh with the Tedworth when old Squire Assheton Smith used to show such rare sport in that open country. There were parts of the vale of Pewsey which were stiff enough to suit any glutton, but all the so-called Salisbury Plain required was a horse with a good turn of speed and no special fencing powers. The old Squire used to ride some rare good horses, giving long prices for them, too. I well recollect a chestnut horse of his called "Fire-King": the old gentleman always rode him in a gag, and, as he had undeniable hands, he managed him right enough; but everybody had not his gift, and Fire-King was not every one's horse in consequence.

I came to the conclusion that, if I wanted to hunt, I must attain the dignity of keeping a horse of my own; for our friend of Handley Cross fame says that "a horse of *your own* is one of the first things to see to when you propose to go hunting; as two men on a horse do not look sportsmanlike." Therefore I went to Tattersall's, and became the proud possessor of an animal called "Leo." I believe this same Leo had won the Debdale Stakes at Warwick two years following. He was none too sound, and his temper was simply awful. He never would stand still a second to let you mount him, and

your only chance, without two men to hold him, was to let him get his head down and nibble the grass : then, if you were very sharp and watched your opportunity, you might nip on to his back before he realised what you were about. I merely mention this to show that he was not the sort of horse to suit old Squire Assheton Smith, who I believe, at the time I speak of, usually mounted his horse from a chair in the large conservatory (or winter-garden, as it really was) at Tedworth. However, he was fairly active for his years, as I have often seen him change horses by having the fresh horse led close up on the near side of him, and then vault from one horse's back to the other without touching ground. This, of course, is a common trick amongst huntsmen, &c., but it takes a bit of doing all the same.

Apropos of Leo and Squire Smith : we one day found a fox under Sidbury Hill, on the open downs ; he got about a couple of hundred yards' start of the hounds, and we ran him in view nearly the whole way for four miles over the open, just skirting one plantation and a small patch of gorse, finally running him to ground in one of our Everleigh coverts called "The Ashes." In this really sharp gallop I happened to be off at the "fall of the flag" with my old screw, which, mind you, had only cost

me nineteen guineas, while the Squire on his four-hundred guinea Fire-King could never catch me. After we had run about two miles I heard a voice calling out : " Here, I'll buy that horse." " No, you won't, Squire," I shouted back. " I'll give you double what you gave for him, do you hear?" he yelled out. I made no reply. Then he shouted again, " I'll give you *four* times as much for him," and when we pulled up at the covert-side he was real keen for a deal ; but I said to him : " He would be no use to you, sir, if you bought him, for if you had him a month you would never be able to get on his back." Here I jumped off and showed him all the artifice and cunning, to say nothing of activity, that it required to get back into the saddle. The game old gentleman laughed heartily, and I am inclined to believe thought a good deal more of me from that day forth, and was very kind and civil to me, which, mind you, was saying a good deal for him ; inasmuch as his temper was uncommon queer, to say the least of it, and very few days passed but what he exhibited it in the field.

One day when his hounds were running hard they swung to the left, having overrun the scent a trifle, and an old Colonel, Wroughton—who lived at Wilcot, in the Pewsey Vale, and had hunted many years, and always been on the best of terms with the old

Squire—could not pull up his horse in time to prevent touching one of the hounds, who sang out lustily. The Squire rode up and used the most fearful language, calling the Colonel every name under the sun. The old man, who was a real good plucked one, was not to be beat, and let him have it back, and I verily believe, if they had not run short of breath, the two old warriors would be there now. I, happening to be nearest to them, was called upon by the Colonel to testify to the opprobrious epithets that had been applied to him. But, “all’s well that ends well,” and before the hounds went home peace was made by a third party, and these two fine old sportsmen were as good friends again as ever. Nevertheless, I do not think I have ever seen two old gentlemen quite so angry with each other before or since, and I fancied every moment, one or other would have a fit, and I will take odds it was very nearly coming off.

At that time several men used to keep their horses at Andover and hunt with the Tedworth ; among them were old General Shubrick, and Colonel Lascelles, commonly called “ Bacchus ”—I presume from the rotundity of his person and his ability to stow away an unlimited amount of liquor in his capacious barrel.

At that date he commanded the Grenadier Guards.

He always rode the same class of horse—strong, underbred, bony animals, given to trotting rather than galloping; and when doing his level best, standing up in his stirrups, and urging on his steed in wild career, he presented the queerest figure imaginable, his legs being very short, and his horse's very long, which made it look still funnier. If he got off, he could never get on again, unless the nature of the ground or a heap of stones assisted him to reach his stirrup; and on these occasions, if my brother and I were out, we used to flip stones at his horse, to make him fidget and prevent the poor old boy getting up. He had a patch over one eye, so that we used to exercise a certain amount of caution and ingenuity in order to get the blind side of him when titivating up his horse with small pebbles.

General Shubrick nearly always used to ride thoroughbred horses, and amongst them was one he was very proud of—a stallion who had run third or fourth in some Derby, I forget which—and on this horse in particular he would fancy himself a goodish bit when got up without spot or blemish at the covert side. But his day for riding to hounds was over, and he used to content himself with cantering about, and amusing himself, without any special regard for the line of the fox. He often had

as many as four horses out, each ridden by a groom as faultlessly attired as his master. These two old worthies, General Shubrick and Colonel Lascelles, used to put up at the Star Hotel, which was quite an important house in those days, but must now have degenerated from want of trade.

I think it was in the early part of 1849 that I went on what I have always called my "Soapy Sponge" tour. I again made a journey to Tattersall's, and bought a very clever trapper, a bay mare that had belonged to a Captain Jocelyn (now Lord Roden) in my regiment. I gave very little money for her, as her fore legs were none of the best, and she pulled like a demon when in harness. Johnny Jocelyn used to drive her in his cab, and, as the story goes, whenever he whisked round a corner he had to sing out to the little boy who did tiger behind, to know if he was still there—for, though I believe he never quite quitted his post, he very often was seen dangling with his legs in the air, and holding on the loops with his hands for very life.

Well! I put this said mare into the cart and drove her to Swindon, where two hunters which I had hired from old Figg, or Charley Symonds, met me, and I had some real good fun out of them, too, in the vale of "White Horse," with Lord Gifford,

who was then master of those hounds, and a right good sort he was. I think that the first place at which I made a halt was "The Lawn," where my cousin, Ambrose Goddard, lived, close to Swindon; and he lives there now, "more power to him." From thence I went on to stay with an old Oxford chum who at Christ Church was known by the name of Cozens, but since that time he has added Grimwood to the end of it. He put me up at Highworth, and a very good time I had of it while with him. From there I passed on to Colonel Tom Stracey—now Clitheroe—at Elm Green, and here misfortune overtook me; for one of my hired corks had bad luck.

We had found a good straight-necked fox of the right sort, and, there being a good scent, the hounds ran for something like thirty-five minutes at racing pace over a fine line of country. I can see old Peter Miles even now, the best heavy weight I have ever beheld in a cramped country, literally pushing his horse through a hairy fence by sheer weight of metal. The pace was too good for my poor grey, and no wonder, for I learnt afterwards—when too late—that he had only been lately bought of a Yorkshire dealer and was, consequently, short of condition; but our fox was very nearly done, and was only one field in front of the hounds, so I was

bound to go on, notwithstanding the grey was about cooked. Seeing a stiff stake and bound fence before me, I looked about for a safer exit, and thought a low stile preferable and safer, hoping that my horse would have the good sense not to meddle with the top rail; but there I was mistaken, for he never rose an inch, and we both went the most almighty cropper into the next field, where the hounds had pulled down their fox. I was clean knocked out of time for a bit; but my poor grey had hurt his back badly. Lord Gifford kindly sent me home in his carriage, and the local doctor and vet. were summoned to Elm Green. I received two "pellets," and recovered; but my poor grey was treated to a "whole charge" and died. It was a sad blow to me, for by my agreement I was to pay forty pounds in case either of the hired gees died.

From Elm Green I went to stay with Bob Morritt, who was lodging with a clergyman at or near Fairford, and there also I had good fun. Thence I drove on to Kingscote and stayed with the present Sir Nigel's father, a splendid old man, with a wonderful nice lot of children—first and foremost of whom was my worthy brother officer, then young Nigel. He was a real good fellow then, and he has not altered a bit since; for he is a topper now, and

so is his good wife, Lady Emily. Take them all in all where can you beat them? This brings me to the end of my hunting tour, and I do not believe any one ever enjoyed six weeks' or two months' holiday more than I did mine, and I commend the same style of trip to any young officer short of chips and fond of "the chase." I used to pay twelve guineas a month for the horses; I had but one groom, who rode them on from place to place as required, while I drove the dog-cart on with the kit for both horses and self; and I hired a helper by the week whenever I put up.

I do not say that if you have a large balance at your banker's you might not have provided yourself with a better class of animal; but I doubt your seeing more sport or having better fun than I did with my screws. Of course I was singularly fortunate in getting on the line of such comfortable houses owned by such right good men, who one and all gave me the heartiest of welcomes and the best of everything they had. Who could wish for more?

I can hardly believe that it was upon this very tour that I first made the acquaintance of Bob Chapman, who was then busy courting his future wife (Miss Hogg). If he will allow me to say so, I think he must have won her heart almost as much

by the daring—but at the same time judicious—leads that he gave her over the stone walls of Gloucestershire, as he did by his “bewitching” manners when *à pied*. Good old Bob! he don’t look a year older now than he did then.*

While staying at Kingscote, I forgot to mention that I had a day or two with Lord Fitzhardinge’s hounds, and enjoyed a bit of chaff with “the giant,” as the present Lord was nicknamed in the Blues. He was a most popular man in this district; and so he is still, and rightly too, bless him!

* Poor Bob Chapman died since these words were written.

CHAPTER IV.

Battalion moves to Chichester—Hunt with the H.H. —“ Gentleman Smith ”—Cricket-matches in Neighbourhood—Coaching Experiences — Tennis-court at Goodwood — My First Betting Transaction — Goodwood Races — Chicken-rearing—Chicken-racing—New Method of Harnessing my Mare—Proceed from Chichester to the Tower—The March—Quartered at the Tower —Bank Guards—Escapes of being Shut out of the Fortress—Football at the Tower—Running Match with W. W. Beach—A Close Thing.

IN March, 1849, my battalion moved to Chichester, where I got a day or two now and then with the H. H., hunted by “ Gentleman Smith”—a rare old warrior who was said to know the line of every fox in his country, and although at his advanced age he could hardly be expected to ride to the tail of the hounds, yet whenever they checked he was very soon on the spot to help them, and it was seldom indeed that he ever gave them a lift or made a cast in the wrong direction. There were no hounds at Goodwood at that time, nor for some years afterwards ; so we had to ride long distances to covert, and as it was near the end of the season and none

of us had more than one horse, or at the most two, we could not get out as often as we should have wished.

I do not suppose that there is another part of England where troops are quartered that boasts of as many cricket-clubs, and as the summer advanced we had great fun with our eleven, made up of officers and men, with which we drove to the following places and played their local teams: Midhurst, Arundel, Petworth, Cosham, and Havant. The last four all produced useful cricketers, but at Midhurst was to be found the best cricket in this part of the country. The Priory ground at Chichester was quite one of the prettiest cricket-grounds I have ever met with in any town, and of course we used to practise there constantly. Round-hand bowling was not thought so much of then as now, and we had a private who could bowl fast left-hand grubs, which were very deadly at times. To be at his best he required about half a bucket of beer in him, and then he could bowl alarming! I have often heard the crack bat of our opponents' team retire growling, at his middle stump having been sent flying by a well directed left hand shooter from the said private. I always used to bat left-handed, and got my fair share of runs, I believe; but not by reason of my elegant position or playing with

a straight bat, but simply from having a pretty good eye, and swiping at every blessed ball, "middle stumper or wide." After luncheon I generally used to challenge the best man of the district to a spin of a hundred yards, and was never loth to accommodate the gentleman with a little bit of start just to encourage him if he seemed at all doubtful of his prowess, and I do not remember ever having been placed number two.

We had splendid fun with a coach we hired, and in which one of us drove a scratch team to all these different cricket-grounds, and we always considered ourselves in great luck if we arrived at our destination with the four horses in *front* of the coach, as very often, what with the wheelers kicking or the leaders jibbing, we had to hitch off the front pair and tie them on behind the coach, and thus make our triumphal entry on the scene of action. Still, all this only added to the fun of the thing, and, beyond costing us a small fortune in repairs to harness, and tin plates to put over the holes kicked in the boot, which was well ventilated before we had done with it, it did not cost us much anxiety.

What a merry lot we were! with our eleven, odd man and umpire, all averaging from twelve to thirteen stone, when ready to start on one of the afore-mentioned expeditions! A glorious day, of

course, given in, and then, full of health and spirits, with no parades or drill, it is no wonder we took a lot of beating. When we were next at Chichester—or else at this very time, I quite forget which—the kind old Duke of Richmond (as gallant an old soldier as ever buckled on a sword, and sire of the present Duke) lent us the tennis-court at Goodwood, on condition that we provided the marker and balls, and, as it was only a short stretch from barracks we used to play many a set there. I think I have said enough about our quarters here to convince any man fond of exercise and sport that he could hardly find a more pleasant quarter than Chichester.

Up to now I have not said a word about a sport that I purpose to enter upon more fully later on in this work, and that is horse-racing, and how I first began to take a fancy to the game—and a very expensive game it is, although a monstrous pleasant one. I believe the first bet I ever had was when I was at Eton: I think it was on a horse called “Woodpigeon,” a horse of Lord Exeter’s, that won the Ascot Stakes in one of the forties; and, though I suppose I must admit to having had some slight experience in the excitement of betting since that time, yet I do not think I ever felt more keen over a wager than when I tossed up with another boy at

my tutor's which should have "first pick in a division." Now perhaps many of my readers may not be aware what "a division" means, and so I will explain. We boys used to take the names—and, mind you, only the names—that had just been published of the horses entered for the Ascot Stakes. No weights had even been apportioned, of course, let alone acceptances, and yet we lads had the unblushing audacity to imagine that very much depended upon getting first choice in naming, alternately, till we had run through the list, the particular horse that we fancied would win this stake. The amount at issue was, I believe, a whole shilling, and it was with immense care and forethought that we ran down the long list of entries, thinking very small beer of our last few selections at the tail of the string, but feeling quite confident that the lucky one who had won the first choice had procured an immense advantage over the other, and almost looked upon the "bob" as in his pocket. I merely mention this to show that I, thus early in life, took an interest in this class of sport, and it may be taken for granted that few races of any consequence took place without "Astley" had a monied interest in the result.

Not the least charm about dear old Chichester was the knowledge that in the last week of July we should be handy for Goodwood Races, and

we assembled a large party in barracks for the meeting.

It is curious to look back forty odd years to the Goodwood meeting of 1849 and note the changes in racing matters that have taken place since that time ; and, on glancing over the Racing Calendar to refresh my memory, I observe that the added money at Goodwood in that year was but £860 or thereabouts, of which sum £300 was added to the Stewards Cup, run, then as now, on the T. Y. C. course, while only £100 was added to the Goodwood Cup. In the Stakes the second day of the meeting there were one hundred and fourteen subscribers and twenty-one runners. No added money, merely a sweepstakes of 25 sovereigns each, 15 forfeit, or 5 if declared. In 1849 class was well represented in this race, for Chanticleer, Collingwood, Maid of Masham, Wenota and Van-Dieman ran. The Goodwood Cup conditions were : "Cup value £300, the rest in specie by *subscription* of £20 each, with £100 added by the racing-fund." It was won by Lord Stanley's brown mare Canezou, 4 yrs., 8 st. 11 lbs., ridden by F. Butler ; Mr. Merry's Chanticleer, 6 yrs., 10 st., second (Rogers) ; Sir G. Heathcote's Black Eagle, 7 st. 4 lbs., third (Mann).

The conditions of some of the stakes were certainly peculiar. For instance : "The Members of the City

of Chichester Plate" of £50 and £50 added by the ladies" and £10 *from the fund!*—for the second horse; then, again, "The Duke of Richmond's Plate free for all horses;" and the "Anglesea Plate, to be ridden by officers, or members of some specified clubs." This highly attractive stake only obtained *three* subscribers and but two starters, Mr. Osbaldeston's Chat, ridden by his owner, beating the Duke of Richmond's Buffalo Gal, ridden by Captain Pettat, and thus securing a hard earned thirty sovereigns. The March Stakes was still more peculiar, the conditions being £10 each (five if declared) to be ridden by members of the Goodwood Club. Heats of three-quarters of a mile. The winner had to run four times that afternoon before he had a right to handle this big stake!! In four races the winning owners were mulcted in sums of £25, £15, £25, and £10 respectively, as payments to the judge—not bad in four days!

The only two horses I recollect much about as running at this meeting were Chanticleer and Canezou, the former a beautiful grey horse showing a lot of quality. Canezou was a splendid dark brown mare, and I think the finest I ever saw win a race. Brown Duchess (winner of the Oaks) was something like her, but had not the same scope or power over the hips that Canezou possessed in so remark-

able a degree. She looked fit to carry such mares as Wheel of Fortune or Bal Gal, and half a dozen such as Siffleuse, which I saw win the One Thousand the other day. Plenty of money was lost and won at Goodwood this year (1849), no doubt; but I don't recollect how I or my comrades fared. We had a rare good time; and how could we help it with a right cheery party, and a lovely race-meeting like Goodwood only three miles from the barrack-gate?

Talking of betting reminds me of a little incident that took place while I was at Chichester, and which was rather a doubtful attempt on my part to best my brother officers. There are shoals of people who inveigh against those who bet on horse-racing, and call it a demoralising sport, &c., &c., on account of the gambling it leads to; but allow me to acquaint those said narrow-minded individuals that betting is by no means confined to horse-racing. I have seen considerable sums lost by betting on inanimate as well as animate objects; for instance, a yacht, a bicycle, a snail or a chicken; and it is with this last species, as affording a means for gambling, that I am about to relate a little story.

I recollect that my little bit of "sharping" at Chichester was connected with chickens, and I always kept a few while there and paid great attention to them, more for something to do than anything

else, though I was always fond of poultry. Well, I had one or two clutches, to which I devoted much time and care in a space behind my hut (we were in huts, not permanent barracks), and one day, being on barrack duty and finding that time began to hang rather heavily on my hands, I be-thought me that I might test the speed of my chickens ; so I kept them a bit short for one morning, and later on I put them all in a basket and conveyed them off about fifteen yards from the old hen, who was in a coop. I then fed her, and she began to "cluck" and "cluck" for the darlings to come and partake of the delicate morsels that I had provided ; so I upset the chicks out of the basket and off they scuttled to their fond mother at best pace. I found that one young cock was an easy winner ; but, "ever cautious," I tried them over again next day, and with the same result as far as the first three were concerned (there were nine or ten of them altogether); of course some three or four of them were regular selling-platers.

The next day, after parade, I suggested in a casual way that we might while away a quarter of an hour by putting in a sweepstakes of a bob all round, each to take a chicken and let it go to its mother when the word was given. We got six or eight chairs out on the parade, all scrupulously placed in line,

the chickens were caught and handed indiscriminately to each man in the sweep, save and except the long-legged gentleman that I happened (?) to hold myself. The old hen was duly fed, and at the word "Two," amid breathless excitement, each holder of a chicken let go his bird, and, *curious to relate!* my bird won in a canter, and I took the sweep. My brother officers were sufficiently crafty, after two trials with similar results, to wish to handle my cockerel; but to this I demurred, but made a match, there and then, that I would run one of the beaten lot against the previous winner, in two days' time. Those two days—I being still on barrack duty—I devoted to practising flipping pellets of bread to a given spot, and after a time I got pretty accurate in my aim. The match came off, and long odds were betted on the winner of the previous sweeps. The word was given, and off they started; but I had arranged that the birds were to be started from different angles, so as to avoid any cannoning in the race, but my real object was to flip an atom of bread in front of my opponent's bird. It, fortunately, came off as I had hoped: I dropped the bread nearly in front of his nose, he stopped to eat it, and my far inferior biped walked in (literally). There was some little wrangling about the propriety of this transaction, and possibly not altogether

without some reason ; but, as far as I recollect, the "objection was overruled," and the money paid. There was an ingenuity about all this, worthy, I venture to think, of a better cause. Still, it afforded us a great deal of amusement at the time, and furnished material for a good deal of chaff. I think all will gather from what I have said that there may be both gambling and sharpening without the presence of racehorses.

I mentioned previously a bay mare that I used to drive in the dog-cart during my hunting-tour. I had this animal at Chichester and she used to pull tremendously hard. I generally drove her in a ring-snaffle, and as I often observed that the collar was wobbling about on her shoulders, while the traces were quite slack, I came to the conclusion that they were unnecessary appendages if there was no load behind, and the hills not too steep ; so I put her in the trap with only the belly-band, reins, and bridle on her, and found it answer admirably ; but, though this novel piece of coachmanship caused much surprise in the neighbourhood and town of Chichester, I cannot recommend it, unless the animal you are driving keeps a nice steady pull on your arms, and, even then, it is a bit risky, and you need to be more than usually well acquainted with the animal that you are driving ; otherwise, I should be sorry to

guarantee that you would not find yourself and trap in a somewhat dilapidated condition after experimentalising in this manner. Still, "all's well that ends well," and my plan most certainly answered in the case of the mare I have mentioned; and I have given my method for those who wish to try it.

At the end of August we received orders to proceed to take up our quarters at the Tower of London, and we were directed to march to Horsham, and take the train from thence to New Cross. The weather was uncommonly close and hot, and, notwithstanding that the men were in fair marching condition, owing to the numerous field-days that we had held on the Downs between Kingley Vale and Halmaker, yet we had not proceeded above half the distance between our barracks and Petworth before the men commenced falling out. They were, of course, in heavy marching order and carrying their full kit, besides haversacks well filled with odds and ends, to say nothing of the cumbersome, though handsome, bearskins on their heads, and to the latter I attribute much of the distress felt by the men on this hot march. I was with the right flank company, so had all the best of the road, as we were in front throughout, and were not troubled with the dust half as much as the rearmost companies must have been. When we halted, and served out rations

to the men, I observed that all the white pipe-clay belts were white no longer, but completely discoloured from the heat of the men's bodies; so it is easy to imagine what a state their uniforms were in.

Petworth from Chichester is, I think, about twelve to fourteen miles, and on the last four or five miles of the march I carried one of my men's knapsack and firelock. Our right hand man of the company was a splendid specimen of a soldier, Jack Dowell by name, and he also carried one of his comrade's knapsack, as well as his own. I must diverge from the line of march and tell you what sort of man this Jack Dowell was. He stood six feet four inches in height, and as straight as a gun-barrel, his only failing was an overfondness for liquor, and many a hundred extra drills for absence from roll-call did Jack get through taking just a glass too many. Still, it was a treat to see him do his punishment, for he always turned out spick and span, and his carriage and wheeling were a pattern for all young soldiers to envy. On more than one occasion, when he was a trifle the worse for liquor, he was also rather short of the needful, and he became possessed of the idea that he ought to be able to draw a little coin on his own account. One night he went to our regimental agent's bank (Sir John Kirkland, in Pall Mall) and

created considerable disturbance by knocking and ringing at the door. The police did their best to quiet him, and make him move on ; but he put his back against the door and floored them one after another with his right, and eventually it took no less than six men to lock him up.

We arrived at Petworth in a very draggled condition, and, to make things worse, my company was ordered to march a mile further to a village beyond, and this caused a deal of grumbling, which took no small amount of tact on the part of the officers to put a stop to, and finally land the men at their respective billets. However, the British soldier soon forgets little disagreeables of this kind, and we quickly settled down for the night, and were up again with the lark in the morning. Next day we reached Horsham, and there entrained to New Cross, from whence we marched to the Tower (about four miles), and real glad we were all to get there and have, what is vulgarly termed, "a wash and brush up." Several of the men were very poorly the next day, and more than one case of supposed cholera was detected among them ; but they soon got all right again.

I am aware that it does not sound very well that a battalion of Guards should suffer so much from a march of about thirty-five miles in two consecutive

days ; but it must be borne in mind that the heat of the weather was abnormal, and that the dust turned up by the march of the column was as bad as if a flock of one thousand sheep were on the move along the road.

I had never been to the Tower before, and, though fully impressed with its ancient appearance, it was a precious ramshackle pile of buildings to put officers or men into, and not at all suitable or fit quarters.

Life at the Tower was not over-lively, and after parade we usually scattered about the town. We had to find the Bank of England guard every night, going on duty at 6 P.M. and coming off at the same hour on the morning following. Some of my readers may not be aware that the Bank authorities provide the men on duty with one shilling each by way of pay, and a very fair dinner is furnished from the same source to the officer in charge of the guard, and to which he is permitted to ask two guests. Often after a bowl of turtle-soup and a plentiful supply of champagne, backed up by a bottle of port (the latter supplied by the Bank authorities), it was not so easy to find your way about the numerous passages and bullion cellars, while visiting the different sentries dotted about the building, and the assistance of the intelligent drummer with his

lantern saved a good many from getting hopelessly lost.

The Tower gates are always closed at eleven o'clock at night, after which hour no one is allowed to enter the fortress. This led to some very narrow squeaks in my day (and no doubt does so at present), for many a time, after dining out in the West End, I have cut it rather too fine as to the hour, and been obliged to persuade cabby, on the promise of an extra *douceur*, to ride inside, while I mounted the box of his hansom and drove for bare life, accomplishing the distance in remarkable good time, but with equally remarkable near shaves of a collision with vehicles of all sorts and sizes.

We used to play at football in the Tower ditch during the winter. Perhaps everyone does not know that the so-called ditch which encircles the fortification on three sides—the river, of course, forming the fourth—is always dry, and the surface is composed of sharp, hard gravel, and when you did get a cropper there was no mistake about it; for some part of your body—let alone your kit—suffered from contact with this same gravel with which the playground was covered—not at all like the nice, soft playing-fields at Eton. One peculiarity of the place was that, being surrounded with high walls, the ball was constantly in play; so that there was little breathing time or

chance of getting a rest during the hour allotted to the game. We picked up sides at starting and I soon got to know the play of all the men, who used to delight in a good "rough and tumble" game. Of course the officers who took part in this pastime used to stand the men a good allowance of beer after it was over—that is to say, if they had played up well; but any duffers who did not, had to look on while their keener or more plucky comrades had a drink. These frequent games kept us all in condition and rendered our residence at the Tower rather less monotonous.

I think it was in the spring of 1850 that I ran my first match for money; the distance was 150 yards on the flat. My opponent was W. W. Beach, one of the members for Hampshire: he had been staying with Lord Eglinton in Scotland and had there beaten all the men with any pretensions to run that Scotland could produce. Lord Eglinton was prepared to back him against any amateur, so I took him on, and the race came off at Copenhagen Fields, commonly known—to all pedestrians—as the "Old Cope:" an open part of London in those days, but now the site of the present cattle-market. In the days I am speaking of it was an enclosed ground with a cinder-path, and it was put to various uses—such as cricket, pigeon-shooting, running, &c.

I remember that it was a very cold day ; but, notwithstanding this slight drawback in point of weather, a numerous party of Beach's neighbours from Hampshire, besides a vast concourse of ordinary spectators, were present to witness the match, some of Beach's Hampshire friends having travelled to town on purpose. I had taken some trouble to get myself into condition and had practised at some of the various running-grounds round London, besides running two or three different trials against the watch.

Beach was favourite, and I think ought to have won ; but, as we neared the tape, he put out his hands and caught it, so that I really breasted it first. There was considerable excitement as to who was actually the winner, and the referee finally decided that we must run the race over again that day week. I put in some good work during the interval and was, I think, close on a yard better when we toed the scratch for the second race ; however, it was a very near thing and I just won, though Beach at the time was not satisfied quite, and said that a dog had got in his way. I never saw the dog myself until the match was over, and then I discovered that a cousin of mine, Periam Lethbridge (long since dead), had a dog with him and I was told that he had broken the slip he was being led by and

got away ; but I cannot help thinking that, as we were so close together, if the dog had interfered with Beach I must have seen him. At any rate, some six years afterwards, we ran another match together at " Salt Hill," when I again won ; but of this, more later on.

CHAPTER V.

Move to Windsor—Football with 1st Life-Guards—Match 150 Yards with Pack—I Win Comfortably—Match between Martin and One of the 1st—A Lucky Kick—I Drive to See the Race—An Awkward Dilemma—An Amicable Settlement of what might have been Unpleasant—Lose my Watch—Match with Vane against Time—Windsor and the Neighbourhood—Start for Spain with Edmund Ethelston—A Day's Sport—Home by Candle-light—St. Sebastian to Madrid—A Good Postillion—François's Pantaloons—Boxing the Bulls—A Bull-fight—Activity and Skill Required—My Opinion of the Sport.

ON the 1st of March, 1850, my battalion was ordered to move to Windsor, and the exchange of quarters suited me down to the ground. Most of my readers are, doubtless, aware that the river Thames is the line of demarcation between the towns of Windsor and Eton, as also between the counties of Berks and Bucks; so once over Windsor bridge I felt quite like an Eton boy again, and delighted in visiting my old tutor's house, the playing fields, and many of my favourite haunts.

We had not been quartered long at Windsor before we got up a football match between a team of old Etonians and the boys. I rigged myself

out in a suit of scarlet flannel, which was much admired *previous* to the commencement of the game, but the fine rich colour was considerably altered before the match was concluded ; for the boys had given us a good hiding, and I had come some severe croppers more than once, through relying too much on my turn of speed ; for I made several determined charges at the boys when in possession of the ball, and as they very nimbly got out of my way on nearly every occasion, I naturally went to grass through having too much steam on to be able to pull up in time.

The 1st Life-Guards were quartered at the Cavalry barracks at this time, and we played many a good match at football with them. I challenged the regiment, and made a match to run one of their bandsmen, named Pack, 150 yards. I see in the account of the race published at the time in *Bell's Life* it is there reported that "Mr. Astley backed himself at a sovereign a yard to win, although the odds were 4 to 3 on his opponent, the Life-Guardsman." Dear me ! what an excitement there was over this race. Each regiment backed its respective champion freely, and we were both of us as fit as our trainers could make us. The Life-Guardsman was a slender, lissome little chap, I should think not above 10 stone weight. I was about 12 stone.

Both regiments had provided a heavy luncheon at their barracks, and there was a tremendous crowd of all the notabilities and residents in the neighbourhood, besides not a few of the big-wigs from the Castle, Her Majesty and the Prince Consort being at Windsor at that time.

I well recollect walking down from our barracks to the Long Walk, where the distance, 150 yards, had been carefully measured, accompanied by my beautiful cousin Mrs. Wells, the mother of the present Lady Brougham and Vaux. When we got to the ground, Lord William Beresford was sitting in his cabriolet, with the Life-Guardsman by his side enveloped in rugs, and he was rather hard on me for having kept his man waiting; however, I soon divested myself of my superfluous clothing and turned out in a suit of flesh-coloured silk tights. We soon toed the scratch and again to quote from *Bell's Life*—"Pack on starting got an advantage of about two yards, but at about half the distance they were abreast of each other. Lieutenant Astley then drew ahead of his opponent and won by three yards, amidst great cheering." The race excited considerable interest, and the Long Walk was thronged with the military in garrison, and most of the residents of Windsor, as I have already stated. I know that my own battalion were there to a man,

with the exception of those on duty, and I had to pay a considerable sum for broken slates after the race, in consequence of the men left in barracks having climbed on to the roof to see the match. There was a lot of betting on the result, and some of the men in my company told me afterwards that they had wagered more than a month's pay on me. The Life-Guardsmen were so confident, that I was told of a select coterie of them who had borrowed no less than forty pounds of the landlord of the "Merry Wives Hotel," the night before the race, and had made a faithful promise to pay it back with interest after the conclusion of the match. I heard of one stalwart trooper, with more money than brains, who went up to old Berkeley Drummond, who was then honorary colonel of my regiment and amongst the crowd looking on, and offered him 2 to 1 on his comrade—I rather fancy ten pounds to five was the bet.

No doubt the loser had been well tried, and possessed a good turn of speed; but he could not stay "one little bit," for when I once got to his head, about half-way in the race, it was all over but shouting, and I won "anyhow." There was a deal of chaff between the two regiments after the race, and the same night I offered to back our next best man against their next best for 100 yards, but no

further ; for I knew our man could not stay an inch beyond that distance. The match was duly ratified, and, if I recollect right, was arranged to take place that day fortnight—at any rate it was not long after.

The very next week our battalion played a match at football against the 1st Life-Guards, and beat them, I being so badly kicked on my right knee during the game that I could hardly put my right leg to the ground for some three weeks, and used to drive about in a low four-wheel pony-carriage with my leg in splints. I mention this because, unfortunate as my accident appeared at the time, it turned out to be quite the reverse, owing to my having to sit in my pony-trap to see the second race. This was a most providential circumstance, and I verily believe saved a deal of bad feeling, not to say bloodshed, between the two regiments, and I will explain why.

On the morning of the race I drove down to the Long Walk, and together with two or three Life-Guardsmen I saw the distance, 100 yards, correctly measured with a tape, and a deep crease across the gravel road defined both the start and finish. Benjamin Martin was the name of our man ; but I really forget the name of the Life-Guardsman. There was a huge crowd again, as usual, and I stationed my

pony-trap opposite and close to the winning-post—having been selected as referee. The result of a very close race was that our man just won, but by little more than a foot. This was a heavy blow to the Cavalry, and, though I do not believe for a moment that the troopers were the culprits, yet some one who had lost his money must have taken considerable pains to fill up the crease at the 100 yards end, and make a fresh one exactly similar at 90 yards from the starting-post. Well! about an hour after the race was over, I was sitting in my pony-carriage in the barrack-yard, when some half dozen Life-Guardsmen came to me, to tell me that the distance had been wrongly measured, and that the men had only run 90 yards, instead of the full distance of 100, and they asked me to come and see for myself. Several of us repaired at once to the Long Walk, the tape was produced, and, sure enough, when we had measured 90 yards we came to a crease that looked remarkably like the one we had made in the morning.

Now comes the reason why I said before that my being obliged to drive in my pony-cart to see the race proved such a providential circumstance: for, when we were all at our wits' end to imagine how it was possible that the distance could have been measured ten yards short, I, happily, remem-

bered that my pony, impatient at the long wait I made before the race came off, had become fidgetty and restless, and had pawed up the ground exactly opposite the finish, where I had stationed myself. I recollected that I had several times been obliged to give a good jerk at his mouth to try and keep him still, and from cutting up the turf ; so I told the man to measure another ten yards, and, though the gravel there did not look unlike the rest of the road, yet it was almost too smooth. However, sure enough on the grass at the side of the road were the marks of my pony's hoofs, and where he had cut up the grass. This was good to see, and I called the Life-Guardsmen's attention to it, and reminded them how long I had been there. They were, happily, at once convinced that some miscreant, for his own ends, had filled up the original crease at the 100 yards mark, and had made a fresh one at ninety. They asked me to drive to their barracks and explain to their comrades how we had satisfied ourselves that the proper distance had been run by the men. Of course, I did so at once, and I had no sooner entered the gate of the Cavalry barracks than the men came flocking round me, and when they heard what I had to say, as well as the report of their comrades "that they were quite satisfied that their man had been fairly beaten at the right

distance," there was an end of the matter, and everything passed off most amicably ; but had it not been for the marks caused by my pony's feet, it might—and probably would—have led to a lot of bad feeling between two of the best regiments in the Service, and I was quite satisfied that the kick I received at football was a most happy circumstance. What do you think?

I believe that it was during this summer that I became a member of the "Zingari," and played many a good game at cricket. The Foot Guards had no ground of their own to practise on in our old barracks, so we often went over to the Cavalry barracks and played there. Many a good hit have I seen on that ground, sometimes clean over the men's quarters, and oftener still, hitting the wall a rare smack and rebounding almost back to the wickets. The glazier's bill was also pretty heavy, seeing that the men's rooms and the stables all looked out on the cricket-ground.

We used to keep our hands in at rowing, but my favourite amusement on the river was punting, and you had to "shove a pretty pole" to get up to Surrey Hall, which was kept in those days by "Ducky" Grantham, who was a very good long-distance runner, and it was just about this time that he ran a match of ten miles against a man called Levett.

I forget the exact time, but it was a good bit under the hour. I went up to London to see the match, and getting among a crowd of first-class ruffians on the ground, I was eased of my watch, and did not miss it for some time afterwards, when I went to the entrance and told the police of my loss. This was bad judgment on my part, for I subsequently told one of the "fancy" that I would give him a couple of pounds if he could get it back; but he shortly came to me very crestfallen, and said, "You have made too much noise about it, captain, and you can't have it." I spotted a man I thought likely to know about it, and offered to share the quids with him if he would get it, but he told me it was impossible; for though he knew that his brother had taken it, he had to pass it away for fear the police would "feel him over." So I said good-bye to my ticker, and felt relieved that it was only a moderate one.

Windsor is a charming quarter, and I know of no better town where an active man, fond of exercise, can enjoy himself to his heart's content. The river runs so handy that you can go on it when and where you like. You had plenty of choice; for you could either scull up to Maidenhead, make one in a four, or even an eight, lounge about at our Guards' Club for an hour or two, or punt down stream as

far as the Bells of Ouseley. Then again if you felt inclined to play at cricket, you had nothing to do but to go to Eton and join the boys in the playing-fields. If you preferred to ride, you had but to get on your hack, and ride up the Long Walk between the avenue of grand old elms, to the Royal Park, and have lunch or tea with one of the charming and hospitable families who lived on the outskirts of Windsor Forest. In other words, you could hardly go wrong for an afternoon's amusement.

The people I knew best in the neighbourhood were old Daddy Seymour at Englefield Green, where also lived the Barnetts, Drummonds, Paulet Somersets, and Francis Seymour, afterwards Lord Hertford, also the present Lord Bridport (Hood) and Peter Wells, besides numerous other hospitable friends on the opposite side of the park. We used to have plenty of drills and field-days in the park, but our only other duty was finding the Castle guard—not a very irksome one either, as the officer on duty might always saunter about on the terrace, or, if it so pleased him, mount the steps of the Round Tower from which there is one of the grandest views in England on a fine day, and when the atmosphere is clear you can see a very long distance into the bargain.

In July I made a match one night at mess to walk a mile and run 100 yards in ten minutes. I think it was with Dolly Vane, the present Lord Londonderry's uncle, and the next day it came off on our old battle-ground, the Long Walk. I won this match with thirty-eight seconds to spare.

I took first leave this year, and started on the 13th of August for a tour in Spain with my old Eton and Oxford chum, Edmund Ethelston (now Peel of Bryn-y-Pys). *En route* we stayed a few days in Paris, and then we took the train to Bordeaux, thence to Bayonne and Biarritz; the latter was, even then, a lovely watering-place, though, of course, immensely improved of late years. What used to amuse me most was the sea-bathing, for both sexes used to bathe together; and, to tell the truth, that was about the only fun I saw in it, for I hate getting a mouthful of salt water every now and again, not to mention a fair chance of gulping down a piece of jelly-fish or decayed lobster. We stayed two or three days at Cambeaux, a place at the foot of the Pyrenees, and at early dawn one morning I started with a *braconnier*, a sort of poacher and smuggler combined, who had given me a glowing account of the grand sport to be obtained in the mountains. He hired for me an old-fashioned,

rickety fowling-piece, though I must do him the justice to say that I believe it was safer than the one he carried himself. We took our provender with us, and had a tremendous climb up the mountain, but never saw a head of game all day, though I believe one of us had a shot at a dove. Long before we got home it became pitch dark, and it was impossible to see a foot in front of your nose. I was dead beat, and the track was as rough as possible, and so, after several tumbles, my companion produced from his pocket a small bit of candle, by the aid of which I at last succeeded in groping my way home. Although the view from the mountains—especially looking over into Spain—was magnificent, yet wild horses could not have dragged me up that mountain pass again.

I think it was from Bayonne we took the diligence to St. Sebastian, where we stayed the night, and it was a place well worth seeing, and justly celebrated in the annals of the Peninsular War. From there we climbed a very rough road up the Pyrenees, our team being composed of six bullocks, two abreast, and two horses in front, the near one being ridden by a wonderful clever little lad; and it was only owing to his ingenuity that we were not shaken out of our lofty seat, over the driver's head, in the *banquette* of the diligence,

for there were huge boulders sticking up in the road on all sides of us.

When we arrived at the summit of the pass through the Pyrenees the bullocks were detached, and six horses were harnessed in their place ; but the same boy continued to ride a fresh pair of leaders. As far as I remember, it took our slow, old conveyance three days and two nights before we arrived at Madrid. Burgos was about half-way, and we stopped there an hour or two ; but at no other place where we changed horses did we remain more than about twenty minutes. The same boy rode the leaders from St. Sebastian to Burgos ; consequently he must have been about thirty hours in the saddle, the weather being piping hot and plenty of dust, so that it was no mean performance. At any rate, I should not like to try the same ride with five halts, let alone all at one stretch.

Whenever we had occasion to pull up our coachman used to take an earthenware pipkin of water with a small round spout at the end of it. This always swung at the side of the "dilly,"* and the boy, while sitting on his horse, would hold the pot above his head and let the water trickle right down his throat without swallowing—a feat that I never could accomplish, even with the best liquor to

* Dilly—*i.e.*, diligence.

experiment upon ; and a good job, too, for, if the fluid never touched your palate, you would never be able to tell whether it was P. J. 74 or four-penny "'arf and 'arf." Both Ethelston and I were uncommonly glad when we arrived at Madrid ; and so was our poor Courier François, a stout, burly Frenchman, who was one of six men tightly wedged into a small compartment in the interior of the "dilly." One morning during the journey, seeing that François was much upset at something, I asked what was the matter? He replied with several forcible epithets—which I think I had better omit—that a skunk of a Spaniard, sitting opposite to him, had a goat-skin full of the red wine of the country, and of which he partook too freely, forgetting to fasten up the neck of the skin after the draught ; in consequence of which omission, whilst François was sound asleep, he was deluged with red wine, and his pantaloons fully bore testimony to the truth of his statement.

We put up at a very smart hotel, and were treated to some magnificent apartments, the price of which was something appalling ; so I never allowed our courier to select rooms for us on any subsequent occasion.

Of course I could say heaps about Madrid, and many other places that I have visited, but, probably,

it is all to be found somewhere else; and I only wish to speak about matters and places actually in connection with my own personal experiences. Therefore, if my description of some large towns of interest or places of note is deemed skimpy, it is because I do not wish to travel over old ground, well trodden before and since by abler men with the pen.

The only expedition we made from Madrid that I cared very much about was that to the Escorial, about twenty-five miles north-west of Madrid, the palace of the sovereigns of Spain. I believe it was built somewhere about 1563, though not finished till twenty years or more afterwards. It is a wonderful old pile of buildings, built in the form of a grid-iron, and I was told—though I don't vouch for the truth—that there were eleven thousand windows in the building; as for doors, I am afraid to say how many there were, but certainly quite as great a number of them as windows.*

Of course we were bound to do the proper thing and see a bull-fight, and on the morning of the show we went to see some eight or ten bulls driven into

* Sir John is perfectly correct in his statement. The Escorial (or Escorial) is reported to contain 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows; while the rooms are estimated to cover an area of 120 English miles.—EDITOR.

their separate loose-boxes, and they managed this job very cleverly. An old cow or a bullock with a bell round its neck led the troop of bulls through the boxes, which opened from one into the other. We, with two or three of the men who were well accustomed to separating the herd, were stationed on a gallery immediately over the boxes, which were open at the top, and from their safe position up above the men closed the doors in the face of the rearmost bull ; and, after some two hours' hard work, all the eight bulls were located in their respective boxes, so that only one could be let loose into the arena at a time. After this was successfully accomplished, the old cow with a bell, proud of having gulled the herd, calmly walked into her own stable, there to enjoy her *dolce far niente* till required again for a similar purpose—namely, to allure another batch of male companions to their doom.

This morning's work was the only part of the bull-fight that interested either of us ; for in my humble opinion it is a most sickening performance when once the butchering of the wretched, half-starved horses begins.

When the afternoon's performance commenced, after a great deal of ceremony and marching round the arena, the keys of the door confining the bulls are thrown down from the royal box or by the chief

personage present, and, amid loud cries of "*Bravo !*" the first bull is let into the arena, and as he passes beneath the archway over the door a rosette of the colours denoting the province from whence he comes is adroitly fastened on his back. I presume it has a barbed shaft to it like an arrow-head ; at any rate it is cast from above and remains firmly fixed on the animal's back during the whole time. The first bull was a grand beast and came galloping into the arena, tossing the sand and sawdust into the air with his hoofs, shaking his splendid head, and staring wildly round him. All at once he seemed to concentrate his attention upon one of the Pica-dores, enclosed in a sort of tawdry armour, his only weapon being a long wooden spear, with sufficient point to goad but not materially injure the bull. He was mounted upon a sorry old quad who looked as if he had been respited for the job from the knacker's yard, and at him went the bull full tilt ; but his attention was at once drawn away by one of the active little Banderilleros, who dart backwards and forwards like swallows, waving gaudy coloured cloths and flags in his face, and when pursued in their turn they nimbly nip behind a sort of screen at the side of the arena, or run up some steps—placed for the same purpose—only just in time to avoid the bull, whose horns are buried in the woodwork of the

barrier, often only a moment or two too late. After a little of this he made a fresh rush at a Picadore, and with more success, for he lifted both horse and man fairly off the ground and sent both sprawling on to the floor, while the bull's attention was once more speedily diverted from his fallen foes by the Chulos to some other part of the arena.

It is wonderful to see the activity of these men on foot, who often spring right over the bull's neck, and execute all sorts of daring feats too long to describe. So far, no great harm was done, except it is not a pleasant sight to see the wretched horses ripped up by the bull's horns and stretched half dead about the arena, till they are dragged off by a team of mules, which is brought in for that purpose. After several mad rushes and ineffectual chases after his tormentors, the poor bull had to realise that he possessed no chance with his crowd of assailants; then, too, his strength began to fail him, and at last he commenced to sulk, and it took more and more baiting to get him to move. Finally, a wonderfully smart fellow called the Matador advanced into the arena amid loud cheers from the spectators; for he was a celebrated character who had distinguished himself in many previous bull-fights, and after bowing and doffing his hat, he advanced towards the bull with a red *capa* in

one hand, and a long straight sword—very sharp—in the other, and cautiously approaching the animal he waved the red cloth immediately in front of his face close to the ground. The bull lowered his head to charge ; but before he could do so (weakened as he was) the Matador with one straight, swift thrust, drove the splendidly tempered steel into the back of the neck of the bull, severing the spinal cord, and in an instant the animal dropped dead at his feet. The mules once more arrived on the scene, were attached to the dead beast, and he was swiftly dragged out of the arena, amid flourishes of trumpets and vociferous cheering.

I must here observe that there was an enormous concourse of spectators assembled in the building, who were sitting on seats rising one above the other like an old Roman amphitheatre, and there was certainly a preponderance of women over men, many of the former being ladies of rank, and holding the best social position in Madrid.

A second bull was now let loose into the arena, and a splendid specimen he was. He at once charged one of the Picadores and drove his horns into the unfortunate horse's stomach, and then lifted both horse and rider some feet into the air, almost disembowelling the horse, whose entrails protruded from a long lacerated wound. The poor brute got

on his feet with difficulty, and moved slowly away, actually stepping on his own entrails as he walked. This truly disgusting sight gave the large majority of "so-called" women present intense delight and satisfaction, and they shrieked out their approval of the ghastly orgie by clapping their hands and vociferating "*Bravo, toro!*" "*Bravissimo, toro!*" for some minutes, during which time the wretched horse was removed and all traces of his gore obliterated from the ground of the arena, by shovelsful of sand and sawdust.

This truly cruel exhibition fairly settled both of us, and we left our *loggia* in high dudgeon; the softer sex of "sunny Spain" falling in our estimation to close on zero. I look back with loathing when I think of the ecstatic joy shown by those female fiends as they witnessed that poor horse's sufferings without showing the smallest compunction or feeling, and I vowed there and then that nothing should ever induce me to witness another bull-fight where a horse had no sort of chance of escape.

I believe, after we left the building, that five or six more bulls were baited by the Banderilleros and Chulos, and then despatched by the Matador; but we had seen quite enough for one afternoon.

Amongst the Chulos and Banderilleros were some very smart and active specimens of humanity, and

the pace at which they bounded up the steps of the barrier, when the bull's horns were close behind, gave me the impression that some of them must possess a "good turn of speed;" so I became anxious to find out if they really could go as fast as I could—I mean without the privilege of having the sharp horns of an enormous bull within such exceedingly close proximity. The result of my experiment I will leave to the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

François finds a Flier—The Result—The Royal Stables—Malaga—Ronda to Gibraltar—A Terrible Rough Ride—On to Seville—Seville Tobacco-Factory—The Narrowness of the Streets—My Opinion of Spain and Spaniards—Arrive at Cadiz—Meet with Friends—Decline Dining on the Sea—Take Steamer for England—Arrive at Southampton—Part from Peel, after Two Months together—A Spin Round St. James's Park—Advice to others how to keep Fit—Croydon Fair.

WELL! I told François (our courier) that I would give any man in Madrid a fiver who could beat me at 100 yards. He was delighted of course at the prospect of a bit of sport, and I believe fondly imagined that he could easily find one of these men who would stand him a big drink after winning my fiver, and the next morning he announced that he had found a veritable flier; so it was arranged that early in the morning the Spaniard and I should meet and run a match. In due course we drove out to a nice level, smooth bit of road in the Prado. When we arrived there, to my astonishment there was a nondescript crowd of a hundred or more, consisting principally of English grooms and horsey-

looking sportsmen of all nations. My antagonist was a smartly-made, likely-looking customer, and I found out 'that he was a native of the Basque Provinces—a locality, I was informed, justly celebrated for its athletic inhabitants.

The 100 yards having been duly measured, we stripped and prepared for action, getting off to a very even start ; but we had not gone twenty yards before I found it necessary to exhort my young friend to “hurry up a bit,” if he could. I then quitted him, and literally walked in. I subsequently offered him ten yards' start if he felt disposed to have another try for the “flimsy,” but he would have no more of it ; and although I announced that the money would be handed over to any man who could beat me during the next four days of our sojourn at Madrid, no one came to claim it.

The royal stables were quite worth seeing, and there were a good-looking lot of Arabs, barbs, and mules. The stud groom, who showed us over, pointed out a saddle that had been specially made in England for the Queen (Isabella), and I remember being much struck with the vast width between the two pommels, but was assured by our cicerone that the vacant space was none too large for his august mistress, and I consequently came to the conclusion that the Spanish Queen's thigh and a Spanish bull's

neck must be of about the same proportions; but of course I was only guessing!

Our next journey was to Malaga, a place possessing very little interest, but famed, I believe, for its raisins. I saw nothing here worth recording, except that the grapes were the finest that I have ever seen growing out of doors.

From Malaga we returned to Ronda, and from thence we rode to Gibraltar, notwithstanding the fact that the accounts of the mountain-path were anything but encouraging. This was to me a terrific day's work, and not without a certain amount of excitement, for we passed through a very wild tract of country, where, not very long before, some tourists' luggage had been appropriated by the peasants of the district. The pack-horses were obliged to start before sunrise, and we followed at 6 A.M. in order that we might reach the outer fortification on the land side of Gibraltar before the gates were closed at dusk, which is a hard and fast rule where a state of siege is always rigorously maintained as it is in "Gib." Our two palfreys were Barbs and their best pace was a sort of amble, and as the bridle track was very rough and for the most part rocky, we were unable to change our pace to any appreciable extent, especially as our guide rode in front so as to select the best of the ground. We only halted

twice, but nevertheless barely managed to reach the gates before gun-fire. We had overtaken our courier with the pack-horses in the Cork Woods, and it took us all our time to urge them on; otherwise we should have had the extreme felicity of sleeping outside the lines. I never was more done up in my life than I was with that fourteen hours' horrible ride, my ribs ached as though they had been welted with a single-stick; but my self-esteem sustained a severe shock when I observed that my companion (Peel) was apparently quite comfortable, and could have gone on for hours without the smallest inconvenience.

We put up at a very good hotel, and I was most thankful to arrive there; but it was late the next day before I could get about at all, and then not without much pain. We stayed three days at the "Rock" (or, perhaps four), and explored that wonderful stronghold, with its numerous halls and galleries, from which, at various points, you get a rare view over the bay. From the Signal Tower the view is second to none, and well worth riding out to see, for the road is a good one. We met several friends at Gibraltar; but for the life of me I cannot at this length of time manage to recall their names.

Our next ride was to Seville, another very long

day, but the track was much better, and the cattle we bestrode were more springy in their action ; still, much of the country was ugly and flat during the journey and a great contrast to our picturesque, hilly ride to "Gib." Seville is a pleasant enough town, and the orange and olive groves all around are beautiful, but the dust and heat were overpowering. Of course the great sight of Seville is the Cathedral, and after that the Alcazar (King's palace); but both these places have been so often described, that I shall pass on to the tobacco-manufactory, an enormous building, in which some five thousand people (mostly women) are employed. It was then a monopoly in the hands of the Government, and they make close on 100,000,000 reals per annum profits out of this establishment. In one room that we entered, devoted to the manufacture of cigars, the whole of the delicate work was carried on by women, and a very curious sight it was. Several rows of young girls were seated at long narrow tables, on which they rolled the damp tobacco into cigars of various sizes, with astonishing rapidity and skill. Many of the girls were evidently overcome with the heat of the room and the fumes of the noxious weed, for they were leaning forward, with their heads on the table, fast asleep.

We were not specially struck with their beauty,

but we had a good opportunity of judging of their charms ; for it was evident that many of them had only one outer garment on, and as it is the invariable custom to take this off as they enter, and hang it up in the passage outside, or over the back of their chair, there was nothing much to interfere with the circulation of what little air there was around their lightly clad persons, this being, I presume, the object to be gained by removing their skirts and working in their petticoats.

I was much surprised, a day or two later, when, it being a holiday, all the factory girls turned out in the Park or principal promenade, to notice how many of them appeared quite good-looking and smart in their gala attire. Several of them displayed great taste in the way they dressed their long black hair ; the prevailing fashion being to coil it upon the top of their heads, with here and there a piece of lace entwined among the shining tresses ; but nearly all of them wore some bright flower to lighten up their already picturesque appearance. I quite omitted to mention that the town of Seville is open to improvement, or was when I last saw it ; for the streets are so narrow, that there are not above three or four in which you can turn a carriage, and therefore it is next to impossible to do much "on wheels," for if you

have to make a complete circuit of the town every time you want to turn round, it not only takes a deal of time, but is slightly monotonous.

From Seville, that city of which it has been said :

“ Quien no ha vista Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla,”

which, I believe, is much the same as “ See Naples and die,” we went to Cadiz, I think by “ dilly ” ; but, not being violently attached to Spain, I am afraid my memory may be a bit shaky on this point.

I was real sick of Spain, and shall not trouble to visit those parts again, unless under very pressing circumstances. Of course it may be that we went there at the wrong time of year ; but the dust, heat, and glare were simply intolerable. It struck me that the male population were a smart, well-made race, but, as a rule, extremely lazy and uncommonly vain. The women had fine eyes and plenty of long black hair which they knew how to put together to the best advantage, but the colour of their skin was a shade or two on the dark side for my fancy, and I doubt if Messrs. Pears would have done much of a trade there with their soap ; for, to my thinking, the majority of them were like the proverbial stocking “ that shrinks from washing ; ” moreover, I could not forget their fiendish joy when the unfortunate horses were so terribly gored at the bull-fight.

Just prior to our leaving Cadiz, Henry Webster brought his yacht into the harbour, and he and "Jollity Wingfield" landed and called on us at our hotel, at the same time asking us to dinner on board. We went to the quay with the intention of doing so ; but when I beheld the graceful undulating motion of the yacht, it suggested to me that I should have no chance of retaining my dinner even if I had the luck to get it down ; so we wished them a fond good-bye, and returned to dine at our hotel.

The next day we took our passages in a steamer bound for Southampton ; but as is usual with me when upon the briny ocean, I was so horribly seasick that I recollect little or nothing of the events of the journey home, except that the gulls took especial interest in me every time I looked over the vessel's sides ; it might be either to search for the sea-serpent, or possibly from a cause known to those who, like myself, suffer from *mal-de-mer*. I have an idea that we stopped at Lisbon, at any rate I have a recollection that it was a bright, clean town, although I did not think the port wine anything like as good as what is to be got in London.

We got home about the middle of October, and I can safely say, what very few friends can under the like circumstances, and that is that my old chum Edmund Peel and I, though constantly together for

two months, never said a cross word to each other the whole time. He was thin, I was fat, and yet what suited one seemed to suit the other. He returned to his charming home at Bryn-y-Pys, near Ruabon, to hunt with good old Watty Wynn's hounds, and, if I recollect rightly, married my lovely cousin Annie Lethbridge not long after. He was very useful with a gun, rode well to hounds, and was a first-class oar, having rowed both in the Eton and Oxford eights, and I was very pleased to hear only the other day that he had seen a good day's sport with the present Sir Watkin's hounds, accompanied by two of his daughters. Long life to him ; for a better pal, parent, or landlord it would be hard to meet with, and so say all of us.

On my return, I found my battalion in Wellington Barracks, and I suppose passed my time in much the same manner as most young Guardsmen do, under such similar conditions. I used to lodge over old Mother Sweetland's dairy in Jermyn Street, and used to keep myself in fair condition by running round St. James's Park, two or three times a week, before breakfast. Now, for the information of those who wish to try the same exercise, I may state that the gravel walk inside the railings is about a mile in circumference, and if you want to feel light and corky, take my tip, and put on a set of sweaters,

not forgetting a woollen wrap round your neck, and a good thick pair of worsted gloves, to keep you nice and warm ; then jog down to the Park, so as to get your pulses gently beating before you start really running, and when you begin, jump off at a gait of about a mile in six minutes (faster, if you can), only mind this, you must not pull up till you have completed two circuits and find yourself once more in your bedroom, then off with your top clothing and get in between the blankets, and if you don't perspire real freely, then blame me, or go to your doctor and ask him what is the matter with you? After about twenty minutes of this treatment get your servant to rub you well down with a rough towel, get into your tub, and when dressed and ready for breakfast, you will feel, not only that you have a good balance at your banker's (no matter how hard up you are in reality), but also fit for any amount of brain work or physical exertion. At the time I am writing of, Turkish baths were unknown, or, at least, I never heard of them, and I am morally convinced that the opening of the pores of the skin by strong exercise is far in front of the process of melting yourself in a very highly heated atmosphere. The one tends to develop your muscles and expand your chest and respiratory organs, while the other only pulls off adipose matter, and leaves

you limp and listless for the rest of the day—at least that is my experience of the two methods usually employed to assist you to keep your figure.

A well-to-do friend of mine, perhaps the least bit in the world too fond of good living, once asked me how he could best keep his weight down ; he was then nearly as round as a barrel, and gradually getting worse and worse. He seldom walked in London, and spent a fortune in cabs ; so I recommended him every time he hailed a cab, to catch hold of the iron-guard rail behind, and run instead of getting inside, and I have not the smallest hesitation in saying that, had he followed my advice, he would have been alive now ; but as he did not, he has been gathered—poor old Jim, he was a real good sort, and uncommon partial to Piccadilly.

Some time in the year of 1850 I was sent down to Croydon for a fortnight's duty, in charge of recruits, and in those days Croydon Fair was celebrated for sport of all kinds ; so I asked a few choice spirits amongst my Ensign friends to come down and dine with me, and though the food was only moderate we had a middling tap of "Pop," and when we arrived in the Fair we were about fit for anything, and you may bet that we had a real

lively time of it, particularly in the dancing booths. Croydon was not half a bad place ; for the " Surrey staggers " always met within easy reach, and as I had my old hunter Leo down there, I got some real good gallops with them.

One evening, after hunting, I came up to town, and dined at the Guards' Club, and our Adjutant, who was sitting at a table near, heard me describing the sport of that day, and, can you believe it? the next morning I got an order to attend at the regimental orderly room to explain how it was that, in my report, I had stated that I had seen the men's messes at 1 P.M. when it was well known that I was out hunting at that very hour. However, the C. O. let me off with a caution ; but I made a note to be more cautious with my tongue when officials were about.

Some time after this I happened to be on duty at Wellington Barracks, and had no business, of course, to leave barracks after tattoo ; but I knew there was a *bal masqué* at Drury Lane Theatre that evening, and, wicked though it was, no doubt, I could not resist joining the party. Now, in one of the stage-boxes we espied some very fascinating young ladies, of course accompanied by some youthful gallants, whom we at once decided must be turned out ; so, watching our opportunity when the garrison

was weak, we made a dash and carried the position. We were engaged in getting up a mild flirtation with the fair ones, when the rightful occupants of the box returned, and at once tried to eject us ; and, while I was taking part in the defence, and standing on the cushioned front of the box, resisting all efforts of the foe to enter, suddenly one of our own party gave me a violent push forward, and I pitched head foremost out of the box on to my shoulder on the hard floor. I was horribly afraid that I had broken some bones ; but be that as it might, I was bound to get back to barracks again. This I eventually succeeded in doing all right, but in the morning, when I ought to have inspected the bread and meat, &c., at 9 A.M., I found I could not get any sort of uniform on, so had to summon the doctor ; and I do not think that I ever saw a man more puzzled (he was a good chap, too) to understand how such a severe contusion of the muscles of the shoulder could have been caused by tumbling out of a bed about two feet high ! However, I got a friend to take my duty for the remainder of the week, and was not tried for breaking out of barracks, as I *ought* to have been ; but, luckily, we do not always get all we deserve in this world.

One night, when on Buckingham Palace guard, I had a very narrow squeak of being severely singed.

After going the rounds at eleven o'clock, and before going to bed, I thought that I would read myself to sleep, so I put one cane-bottomed chair on top of the other, and on it placed the candlestick containing the regulation tallow-dip, close to my bedside. How long I read I cannot say, but I never slept sounder, and when I woke in the morning the transformation scene was peculiar. There had evidently been a thief in the candle, which had caused the wretched dip to burn all sideways, and it must have toppled over and then burnt the bottom of the top chair out, then fallen on to the bed against the blanket, and, after smouldering a certain time, had quietly gone out; at any rate, when I was roused—partly by the sun's rays, and partly by the horrible smell of burnt blanket—I discovered that I had had a lucky escape, and have never trusted to tallow-dips since, and—don't you, reader!

I was always taking a lot of exercise, and therefore, I suppose, was a very sound sleeper, as the following anecdote will amply bear witness. I had been home to Everleigh on leave for a day or two, and, as was my wont, I ran and walked the fourteen miles back to Hungerford, then our nearest station. Before getting into the evening train for London, I took a sup of real old brown British brandy at the "Three Swans"; then ensconced myself in a

corner of one of the old double carriages on the broad gauge line, and, the train not being due in London till about 10 P.M., I just shut one eye and then the other, so as to steal forty winks before changing into the express at Reading. Well, the next time I opened my eyes I found myself in total darkness, and on looking out of the window I at length discovered that my *voiture* was in a siding, and the hour 1.30 A.M. I crawled out and found the station deserted, with the exception of one sleepy porter, who told me that the mail train would be along in about two hours, and so it was, and I arrived in plenty of time for parade. "All's well that ends well," but these two instances of sound sleeping might have caused me a lot of trouble.

The year 1851 was that of the Great Exhibition, when an enormous glass-case was erected in Hyde Park, nearly opposite where the present Life-Guards barracks now stand. All the country people were crazy to go up to London and see it, and, amongst others, our yokels at Everleigh were very keen to have a peep at the show; so my brother Hugh and I chartered two large omnibuses, which were well filled inside and out. We started at 3 A.M., and did not get back till the same hour next morning—twenty-four hours of real hard work. When we

got to Páddington we put our excursionists on the roofs of some omnibuses, and they were driven down Oxford Street as far as the Bank of England ; then we turned them out and gave them a good feed all round and drove them back by Fleet Street and Piccadilly to the Exhibition, and I venture to think it speaks well for our management that we got them altogether at Páddington on our return, when you remember that hardly one of them had ever been on a railway, and *not* one of them in London. For years afterwards that trip was the most interesting topic in the village public-house. I fear, however, that there are but few of those highly travelled villagers above ground at the present time.

The death last Sunday (May 7th, 1893) of that grand old lady, Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, reminds me of the many pleasant days that I spent at Tottenham, when she was not only one of the best looking, but one of the cleverest of her sex, and a kinder-hearted hostess I never wish to meet. Her maiden name also brings back recollections of one of the most enjoyable days I ever spent upon the Thames. Some good soul had arranged a picnic in the grounds of Ham House, and all the food, as well as many of the party, went down by road ; but four of us young Guardsmen had the

privilege of rowing the good old Lady St. Germans, Miss Lygon (afterwards Lady Raglan), and Miss Graham (subsequently Mrs. Charles Baring) in a four-oar, starting from Westminster Bridge, where at that time the Guards' boats used to be kept.

As long as we had the tide with us we slipped along right comfortably, but about Mortlake the tide turned (a way it has got!) and we had a hard pull right away to Twickenham. I for one wished most heartily that the chaperon of those two beautiful girls had been more of a feather-weight. However, we had a real jolly party, and in the evening we rowed our fair freight back again, and never have I heard any more fetching melody than those two lovely women trilled forth under the light of the moon. Fortunately, they were both so charming that it was quite impossible to give the preference to either, and no matrimony was the consequence of that moonlight trip.

CHAPTER VII.

Return to Chichester—The Battalion Harriers—Old Ewens and his Hare—The C.C.C.—My Black Cob—Lord Chewton's Discretion—Fish-carts and Dogs—Hippy Damer's Dog—Just a Bit Timid—Employment for the Glazier—Good for Trade—More Cricket—Two Miles best Pace to a Fire—Match with Jim Gorham over Hurdles—Match with Roger Mostyn—The Conditions—The Result of Diplomacy—Colonel Colville—Field-day on Downs—Late for Parade—A Novel Excuse.

ON the 2nd of March, 1852, I was delighted to find myself back at Chichester, a real pleasant change from the sombre old Tower of London. This spring our battalion started a pack of harriers, which were hunted by Buckley, a son of the old General whom I mentioned as living near Salisbury, and we had some capital fun with the "Jelly" dogs. We invariably used to whip off when we came to the large beech-woods that extend pretty well from Goodwood to Petworth, and many a hare escaped in consequence.

A real good old type of the tenant-farmer, named Ewens, lived at Singleton ; he used to ride a very clever old mare, though she was all but blind, and

when he got to a fence he used to pull up and shout out to her "Hold up, old gal!" and she would rear herself up on her hind legs and give a spring forward, and, as there were no ditches in that country, would in this manner contrive to land the old man safe on the other side. The game old fellow always declared that she was "a rare safe conveyance," but I never heard of there being any great rush to ask for a mount on her. Old Ewens was a very early riser, and would ride round his farm most mornings before he had his breakfast, and generally managed to spot a hare in her form. There was one bit of fur in particular that was nearly always to be found on the hillside not four hundred yards from the old farmer's door, and many a time, after refreshing ourselves at Ewens' hospitable board with home-cured ham and the freshest of eggs, to say nothing of "a glass," we would trot the hounds round to the far side of pussy's home, and on being disturbed, away she would go, racing pace, for the same point in the big woods, about a mile or a mile and a half distant. This happened several times, and do what we would we could never overtake her before we were obliged to whip off; but one day the old man seemed extra jubilant, and greeted us thus—"Now, gentlemen, I have got a strange fancy that we shall catch our old hare to-day," and by the merry twinkle

in his eye we could perceive that he thought that he knew something. He declined to give us his reason for being so sanguine, but he evidently had some great scheme on.

Well, pussy was found as usual, and off she scuttled with the pack after her on the old familiar line; but just as she gained the shelter of the woods we heard a shot, and, sure enough, when we arrived at the spot from whence it proceeded we found not only that our little four-footed friend had been brought to book at last, but that old Ewens' shepherd—to our great astonishment—happened to be on the spot to save her scut from the hounds.

Up came old Ewens and used the most fearful language to the man, saying, "Thee old fool! didn't I tell thee to *drop a leg*? and now thee hast shot her *dead*! However, I have won my money, for I bet my neighbour that the gentlemen officers would catch her to-day." It was a fine point, I think, whether he had fairly won his wager; but that did not matter to us, and we all roared with laughter at the comical old boy's pride in arranging the capture of poor pussy by foul means, and we felt perfectly satisfied that we never should have caught her if she had been given fair play.

About this time we started our C.C.C.—Chichester Cart Club—and we used to turn out of

barracks in fifteen or sixteen dog-carts, and drive to various towns or villages in the neighbourhood, order dinner at the best hotel, stroll about and lionise the place till food was ready; then, when dinner was over, we would race back to barracks, and I never have been able to fathom the reason why some one of us did not break his neck during the process. I had a black cob, who, once off, was the fastest of the lot; but the job was to get him off, for, when harnessed, it was most difficult to persuade him to start at all, as he would stand stock still, with all four legs well apart, and keep turning his head round to look at me, as much as to say, "I am master of this situation, and I shall start when it suits me; but when I do, look out for squalls." It was no sort of use hitting him, for he would only run back, no matter where he was put to, and this, in a town, meant "shop-windows" and various other damage, only to be settled by ready money payments, which were by no means included in the programme.

When the cob did start he would suddenly rear up on his hind legs, make two or three bounds forward, and sometimes—worse luck!—sideways, and then, if he did no harm and the harness stood, he would settle down, and land me in barracks at the head of the fleet. The worst part of it was

that I could seldom get a pal to start with me, but dear old Lord Chewton, who had no cart of his own, used occasionally to ride with me ; still he always took the precaution to walk on till I overtook him, and then, by nipping up into his seat pretty nimbly, we rode easily enough together.

One night—or, I should say, early morning—I was in a queer fix. I had been home for a day or two, and had left my cart and the cob at Cosham or Havant, I forget which, and I returned by the mail train due at the station about 3 A.M., so as to be in time for early parade. It was uncommon dark, and I helped the ostler to put my cob into the cart inside the station-yard, hoping for the best ; but alas ! as bad luck would have it, my gee was in a shocking bad temper, and at starting he sprang sideways and I was very near being jerked out of the trap by the wheels coming into violent contact with some remarkably solid substance. Out I got, and with the help of the ostler's lantern I discovered that there were some very large oak-trees lying all ready to be loaded and sent off by rail. My cob was fairly planted with his fore-legs over one of these big trees and was trembling with fright—serve him jolly well right, too ! We had to unharness him, mend one of the traces he had smashed, and put to again ; when, luckily, he had the sense to abstain from meddling

with the timber any more and I arrived at barracks all safe.

We often used to drive into Bognor, and those among us who did not mind the motion of the boats used to fish, and frequently had good sport. I used to look on, for reasons that I have already touched upon. It was a curious sight to see the small carts that were used in those days, with one or even two dogs attached to them, waiting on the sands for the fishermen's boats to come in, when the said carts would be filled up with fish and the dogs would hurry back to the road, where the owner would jump up on the cart and away would go the dogs at a rare pace, either barking with joy or growling at each other as they went along, and many a mile inland did they travel before their load of fish was all disposed of.

One day, poor old Hippy Damer, afterwards Lord Portarlington—who died only quite lately—bought one of these dogs as a companion (not for the purpose of driving him) and soon afterwards some of us discovered by pure accident that the dear dog was of a very timid nature, and proceeded to act upon it accordingly. One or two mischievous spirits were making a row in Hippy's hut, and the door being shut the scared dog sprang through the closed window. How on earth he managed it no one

could believe that had not seen the feat, for he stood a foot or two higher than the size of the pane. We were so struck with the performance that we decided to have a repetition of it, if possible; so, as soon as the glazier had put in a new pane of glass, and we had marked "*little*" Hippy (he stood six feet three) into his hut, we sauntered in after him; then in course of conversation we all simultaneously stamped on the floor, and the dear dog made his escape through the window as before. As far as I recollect this happened so often (of course, by accident?) that Hippy would stand the glazier's bill no longer, and he parted with his canine friend, who no doubt had to return to his former employment.

During the summer of this year, 1852, we again played a lot of cricket, conveying our eleven about on the coach to the different places in the neighbourhood in much the same fashion as we did in 1849, and everyone seemed right glad to welcome us back to the various cricket-grounds. Lieutenant Buckley and Private George Duff were two useful men at the wicket, as well as real good fellows; but, alas! both lie buried in the Crimea. Our principal match, as far as I remember, was one of two days against "I Zingari" at the Priory Grounds, Chichester. I think we had the best of the first day's play, and fondly imagined that by

administering a good dose of champagne, judiciously combined with plenty of other liquids, at mess that evening, that our opponents would certainly not improve on our figures of the previous day. With this end in view a certain number of our non-cricketing brother officers were told off to induce the wily "I Zingari" to imbibe glass for glass with them. The most dangerous man of the lot, old Ned Tredcroft, was especially well looked after, and I verily believe took a bumper with everybody at the table; however, it did not signify how much he put away, for at two o'clock in the morning he was just as sober as any one of the party. I never heard him sing, song after song, better than he did before we retired to bed, and, as far as I could judge from sitting pretty adjacent to him, he generally mixed two parts of gin to one of water each time he filled up.

Poor old Billy Ridley again distinguished himself on this occasion. (My readers will recollect he did so on the evening I joined the battalion in 1848). Several of us had agreed that we should have a bit of supper before turning in; but as the *chef* and his satellites had gone to roost, Ridley was called upon to produce some grilled bones and fried potatoes. Now, the said Billy had done himself fairly well (as per usual). The fire was made

up in the kitchen and the bones and the potatoes placed before him, but it was far better than any play to see him with his glass fixed in his eye, resolutely set to work to produce something out of the common. After a good deal of strong language the pickle-bottles were handed to him wherewith to flavour the savoury mess, and with a look of determination he seized a fork and kept dabbing at the orifice of the bottle, in hopes of extracting some succulent gherkins that were bobbing about in the vinegar therein. But the soup or else the coffee had been too strong, and had interfered with his aim ; for, notwithstanding that he removed his eye-glass from his eye, and rubbed it well with his pocket-handkerchief, he had to give it up as a bad job, and hand over the pickle-bottle to one of the Ensigns to manipulate. He then called loudly for the potatoes, and essayed to slice them before placing them in the frying-pan. Always disposed to be kind and lend assistance in helping the Major, I contrived to hand him a bit of soap—not a bad imitation of a potato I will admit—and with renewed energy, after a pull at his glass, he went to work on it and tried to slice the saponic atom ; and I am under the belief that he added some very strong expressions, almost unheard of, even in *his* extensive vocabulary, when

he discovered by smelling it—this was the only sense he appeared to retain in any perfection—that he had been handling an article not usually employed for culinary purposes. He hurled it at my head, and was awfully riled at our jeering him when he fancied he was doing his best to titivate our appetites with something nice and tasty.

Supper over, I grieve to admit that one or two of our non-cricketers required assisting to their respective huts. So Buckley and I took charge of our best musician, who was wonderfully clever with the big fiddle ; but, instead of showing his gratitude, he did exactly the reverse, and while we were undressing and putting him to bed we gathered from his language that he was under the impression that he was being ill-treated.

After breakfast we drove down to the Priory Ground and resumed our match ; but, to our astonishment, never did Ned Tredcroft play better cricket, and, owing to the accuracy of his eye and nerve, batted exceptionally well and brilliantly ; so much so indeed that I think he was mainly instrumental in gaining a victory for “I Zingari.” I consider that this forcibly illustrates that good liquor will not hurt anyone if he only takes plenty of exercise ; no matter what Sir Wilfred Lawson

and his "tea-leaves and snowball" admirers may urge to the contrary.

One night, just as we were finishing mess, the sergeant of the picket reported to us that there was a big fire raging at no great distance from barracks. It was just before harvest began and the fields between us and the fire were mostly standing corn, and, though I was average fit, I never ran a much more severe two miles than on that night, as I went straight from point to point. However, we did a lot of good, and were mainly instrumental in saving several of the live-stock ; otherwise they would have been burnt to death in the stables of the farm-yard, which were much injured by the fire.

I must here relate two or three tales connected with my favourite sport which happened during this summer. The good old Duke of Richmond used to give prizes to those of his neighbours who excelled in sheep-shearing. The competition usually took place in Goodwood Park, and the pens, containing three sheep for each competitor to try his hand upon, were arranged under the shadow of a splendid cedar not far from the garden-gates. When the men had finished their task, the large gathering of tenantry sat down to a capital dinner provided in the tennis-court, and it was during the latter part of the day's entertainment that I challenged any man

in Sussex to run 100 yards and jump ten hurdles. As no one responded, I offered anyone, bar my own regiment, ten yards' start. A young farmer, Jim Gorham—whom I am glad to say is alive and well still, for I met him last July at Goodwood Races—said he did not mind having a try ; so it was agreed that the match should be run on the Parade Ground in the barrack-yard.

It came off on a market-day. A great lot of people came to see it, and there was a deal of excitement over it, not to say betting on the result. Gorham stood with his back to the first hurdle, and, therefore, only had to jump nine to my ten. We went off to a good start, and just as I was getting to him at the ninth hurdle I sang out "Go it, Gorham!" and if I had shot him dead he could not have come down sharper than he did, and, naturally, I walked in. Poor Gorham was, fortunately, not hurt, or any the worse for his tumble ; but his feelings must have suffered severely from the remarks of some of his neighbours, who had doubtless lost their money, for several were heard to declare that he had a "soft spot" and could not struggle when collared, &c.

As his falling was an accident, I offered him another chance ; but he was satisfied and wished for no more.

We had a dapper little Ensign called Roger

Mostyn, and he is well to the front now, I am glad to say. Now, Roger could jump a good bit higher than I could, and moved pretty smartly as well. He was celebrated for being very cautious in making any wager; but one evening he and I made a match to run 100 yards over ten hurdles. He was to write it all out, and I let him have it all his own way, one condition being that he was to get the hurdles made, and that they were to be 4 ft. high. I may here mention that the usual height for hurdle-racing is 3 ft. 3 in. and 3 ft. 6 in. When he had quite finished writing out the conditions, I suggested that the loser should pay for the hurdles, and that each man should be permitted to fix the obstacles in the ground upon his side of the track. To this he agreed, and I found in practising that 4 ft. hurdles were too high for me to hurry over; more particularly as Roger had had the hurdles made tremendously stiff and fit to turn a round shot.

The day before the race I cut the upright stakes of my hurdles very short, so that they only went into the ground a few inches, and, as luck would have it, there was no wind the day of our match, or my hurdles would certainly have been blown down. Roger's were firmly driven into the soil, and would have upset a bullock. We dashed off,

and I jumped the first hurdle clean, but caught all the other nine with my foot in rising, knocking them down, and naturally chancing a fall, but I breasted the tape some two yards in front of poor Roger, who, I fancy, had been laughing up his sleeve at the cropper that I should probably come—only the hurdles fell on this occasion, instead. There was a slight wrangle over it; but in the end it was decided in my favour, and poor Roger had to part.

About this time my young friend Roger had been practising walking, and he made a match to walk forty miles in eight hours, fair heel and toe. I, for one, laid against him; but, as the sequel will show, I knew nothing: for he got back the money he had lost over hurdles and won with a nice little bit in hand. He walked on a common about half a mile out of barracks, and a very smart private in our left flank company, named Carter, walked with him all the way, attending to his wants with bottle and sponge. Roger was a bit tired at the finish and, being a light-weight, Carter picked him up on his shoulder and carried him into barracks—quite a useful performance upon the part of both officer and private. I ran one other match this summer with Buckley; but I think I will only mention that I won it, for we have had almost enough of foot-

rating for the present, and will say a little about our trade, viz., soldiering.

Our commanding officer, Colonel Colville—the most gentlemanlike of C.O.s—was very fond of experiments, and one of his pet notions was to arrange a method of passing signals to and fro an extended line of men by means of various devices. For this purpose we paraded at an early hour and marched on to the hills about two miles from barracks, and when we reached the top of Trundle Hill, where the horses all pull up after the finish of any race at Goodwood, we deployed right and left into line, each man opening out till he had taken up such a position from his right and left hand men as enabled him to observe all their movements without fear of error, and taking all advantage of the nature of the ground—for instance, suppose he wished to pass the word from right to left “The enemy is in sight,” the right hand man held his firelock horizontally over his head; and, if all went well, it was wonderful to see how rapidly the signal was passed along a line extending perhaps five or six miles. Of course there were various signals, but I merely allude to one as an example of how the thing was worked.

One fine morning the old gentleman thought he would fire blank cartridge from right to left; the

popping went on nice and smoothly for about two miles, when, terrible to relate, a boy who was "tending crows" about that distance from the left-mid flank let off his pistol, which started the signal-firing from that point to the extreme left some time before the real signal had reached the centre of the line, and led to a dreadful fiasco, besides worrying our C.O. very much, into the bargain.

The following story may not appear half as amusing to read as it appeared to us who were present, but I think it is worth recording. It was after a field-day that we had gone through early one morning on the Downs that the Colonel ordered the battalion to "pile arms." The ramrods were then drawn, and every three were formed into a tripod, from which a cooking utensil—which was carried by every man when in full marching order—was suspended some six or seven inches from the ground. Then the men were told to "collect fuel," as if to cook the rations; both commodities being scarce, it was very funny to see the men returning at the bugle-call some carrying a stick or two, others with a bunch of gorse, two or three straws, or an odd thistle. When these various articles for making a fire had been methodically placed under the cooking-kettles, and we were supposed to have finished our meal, the bugle sounded, "lie down"

and, it being a very hot morning with a blazing sun, we all flopped down readily enough. The word was then passed down the ranks that it was night, and we were supposed to court balmy sleep after the fatigues of the day till such time as "reveillé" sounded, when we were all to jump smartly up and be prepared for the worst. Now, we had a man in our sixth company who could imitate the various calls made by the denizens of the farmyard at break of day, and, he being a bit of a wag, started crowing like a champion rooster at sunrise. Naturally the whole battalion burst out into a roar of laughter, much to the annoyance of our chief, who shrieked out to the drill-sergeant: "Take that man's name! take that man's name!" But the sergeant, being equal to the occasion, drew himself up to his full height and, with a pattern military salute, said: "I beg pardon, sir; but, as it's night, I cannot see him." As this was true according to the instructions issued, the Colonel told the bugler to sound reveillé and we all jumped up, and the matter passed off; but it was all very funny at the time, I can assure you, and quite enough to tickle your risible faculties had you but seen and heard it as I did.

Our C.O. was rather disposed to resent unpunctuality on the part of his officers, and one day

he had occasion to find fault with me for being late on church-parade. We were quartered at Portman Street Barracks, and it was a very windy morning—in fact, it blew half a gale—and the gusts that swept round the corners of the streets almost blew my bearskin off. Well! I was called to the front and reproved for my want of punctuality, when I had the audacity to urge in my favour that I had been unable to procure a cab, and that I had made such bad weather of it in the high wind with so much “head sail set” (to wit, my high bearskin) that I was a long time fetching round the corners. I was complimented on the extremely novel nature of my excuse, but, at the same time, I was advised “*not to do it again.*”

CHAPTER VIII.

Leave Chichester—Death of the Duke of Wellington—The Funeral—Boxing-lessons—Ned Adams—Playing Light—A Word of Advice—Jock Dalrymple—Fred Thesiger—Dick Bateson—Tom Steele—"The Shaver" and "The Giant"—Prize Fight: Broome *v.* Orme—Match with Duncan Baillie to Run a 100 Yards and Walk 20 Miles in Four Hours—Stay with Peel in Norfolk—"The Norwich Pet"—Biters Bit—"Flying Tailor"—A Bit of Fatherly Counsel—E. C. Burton—My First Defeat—Some Account of "Doey Burton."

WITH many regrets from nearly all of us, we left Chichester for London, arriving at St. John's Wood Barracks on the 1st of September, 1852. Three companies in all were quartered at St. John's Wood, and the other five were distributed among the various other London Barracks.

I do not think that I have anything special to record during the following six months, save the death of the great Duke of Wellington. This national calamity took place on Tuesday the 14th of September and all England mourned the loss of her greatest warrior. The body was, of course, embalmed and lay in state for six days before the

funeral in Chelsea Hospital. Each regiment of Guards alternately found a guard of honour of one hundred men and three officers, and they were on duty at the lying in state. Enormous crowds of people from all parts, and of all denominations, kept continually pouring in and out of the darkened chamber to catch a farewell glimpse of the face of England's departed hero, before he was borne to his last resting-place in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, where his coffin was placed almost immediately above that of Nelson.

The guard and the officer in charge of the body were relieved every hour. It was a most impressive scene. I was one of the three officers detailed for this duty on the 13th of November, which fell on a Saturday, the crowd being more dense than upon any other day in consequence of the numbers of working people and others who were enabled to view the solemn pageant on account of it being a half-holiday. The men lined the hall of Chelsea Hospital with their firelocks reversed and with bowed head resting on the butt of the firelock; this was a very tiring position and an hour at a time was ample. The officers on duty had to stand at the head of the coffin. Tall wax candles were placed under and around the canopy, which shed a brilliant light upon the remarkable features of that

greatest of men. Not a sound was heard, except when, perhaps, the police would say "Move on, please." All was solemn and silent as befitted the occasion.

The funeral took place on Thursday the 18th of November, and, though the weather had been somewhat unsettled previously, yet the morning of that day was bright and sunny in the extreme, and lasted so till the obsequies were at an end. Our battalion formed part of the procession, in which there were representatives of every corps in the British Army. We paraded at 6.45 A.M. at the Horse Guards, which entailed our leaving barracks about 6 A.M. We fell in at nine o'clock and marched four deep at slow step up Constitution Hill, along Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, the Strand, and Fleet Street to Ludgate Hill, where the Guards lined each side of the street till the service was over. It was a most wearisome trudge, as the procession was such a long one that we had often to stand still and wait from five minutes to a quarter of an hour before we could move on. As I have said, it was, fortunately, a fine day, for we had all got our dress uniforms on. We wore a broad crape scarf over the right shoulder; all our gold lace and ornaments were covered with crape, and all officers wore black gloves. The men had only biscuits served out to them; but as the

spectators, who not only thronged the streets but also the windows of pretty nearly every house on the route, had provided themselves with hampers of eatables, besides plenty to drink—which they foolishly, although good-naturedly, passed down to the men lining the thoroughfare—it took very little time before some of the men showed the effect of their libations. One party in particular, who occupied a window about the centre of where my company was posted, would persist in letting down bottles of spirits by a string ; so I was compelled to do what I have never done purposely before or since, namely, wantonly waste good liquor ; for, as soon as a bottle was within reach, I held my sword by the blade and swung the hilt round against the bottle ; which action, of course, resulted in the liquor finding its way into the gutter, and caused no little grumbling among the men. Nevertheless, had I not executed this manœuvre I am convinced that I should never have succeeded in getting my company back to Portman Street Barracks ; several were none too steady, as it was.

I always look back upon this day of the Duke's funeral as one of the hardest day's work I ever took part in ; for when I dismissed my company at barracks, I got into a cab and rattled off to my lodgings, intending to put on mufti and go down to

the Guards' Club and have something to eat, as it was getting on for nine o'clock ; but I rashly lay down for what I meant to be a five minutes' snooze, and never woke till between two and three in the morning, when, the Club, of course, being closed, I could get nothing to eat till breakfast next morning. Thus ended the last tribute of respect which a grateful country paid to its preserver, and though laid to rest, his unblemished character and renown both as a statesman and soldier will never, I trust, be forgotten. I omitted to mention that the Prince Consort acted as chief mourner, and the Duke of Cambridge was in command of the troops on the day of the funeral.

Now, to return from chronicles of the dead to those of the living. It was during this autumn of 1852 that I gave up a spare hour occasionally to practise the "noble art of self-defence"—a study I can conscientiously recommend to any young man, as it cannot possibly do him any harm, and may stand him in good stead sooner or later. Would that all my compatriots could be taught to rely upon their ten digits, and then we should hear less of the use of the knife or revolver, as all differences might be settled with Nature's weapons. I used to take frequent lessons from one Ned Adams, who was as clever as a monkey,

and we used to start our boxing-bouts with the distinct understanding that we were to "play light"; but, deary me! it is much easier to intend to do so than to carry it out; for I put it to any man—if you get one or two smart taps on your proboscis, just sufficient to make your eyes water, it stands to reason that you must do your level best to give your opponent something just to equalise matters, and, with a vicious lunge, you revel in feeling that you have got well home with your left; but, quicker than thought, in comes his right, and if you only see stars you are pretty lucky, while if you have the audacity to reproach him for his interference with your nasal organ he meekly replies, "Well! you see, guv'nor: you 'it me first, and it wasn't altogether playful, neither. Still, I'm sorry as I let go, and 'opes it 'ain't 'urt yer." I soon found out that to box well you must have a wonderful command over your temper; for the moment that you get riled at receiving a sharpish tap, you as surely lay yourself open to punishment, as, regardless of consequences, you lower your guard and rattle away like a bull in a china-shop.

There were many officers in the Guards well known to be fairly clever with their "dukes," notably, Tom Steele and Jock Dalrymple ("Black

Dal"), Dick Bateson, and Fred Thesiger (now Lord Chelmsford). These two last were a capital match, being both long, lathy men, with tremendous reach, and very active on their pins; but some of the best sport we had with the gloves was when the old Blues were on duty at the Horse Guards. No two men were fonder of this invigorating sport than the late Sir Robert Sheffield ("The Shaver") and the present Lord Fitzhardinge ("The Giant"), and they seldom went on guard without having some of the "fancy" down to put on the gloves with, for a bit of practice.

Among those professionals who used to be summoned for this purpose I may mention Joe Hoiles (commonly known as "The Spider"), and another well-known name in the pugilistic world, Alec Keane. Jack Hannan, too, frequently appeared on the scene, and was always ready for a little practice with anyone at all desirous of the same.

I used now and again to go and see a merry mill, and often found a portion of the battle-money for one side or the other. The fight that I recollect most about, before I went to the Crimea, was the match between Broome and Orme, at Mildenhall in Suffolk, and hardly ever did I see a greater contrast between two men of about the

same weight. Broome was much taller, and his reach far longer, than Orme's; he was also very fair. Orme was, as we should say of a racehorse, "too set," and had not the liberty of his opponent. He was as darkskinned and swarthy as a gipsy, his splendidly developed chest being covered with a forest of black hair. It was a long and protracted battle, but eventually reach and science told its tale and Broome gained the day.

One evening, dining on guard, I made a match with Duncan Baillie of the Blues. I was to give him five yards' start in a hundred—running, and to walk twenty miles inside the four hours. As I was pretty well at the time, I tried to get on some money that I walked the first twelve miles in two hours; but nobody would bet. The match came off on a mile of ground near a public-house called The Magpies, at Arlington Corner. I think I walked the first twelve miles a minute over the two hours, so, had the pieces been down, I doubt not that I could have knocked off that minute and landed the coin. The remainder of the distance I walked at my ease, except in the last half-mile, which the famous Charley Westhall, who attended upon me during this match, persuaded me to do at my best, to show that I was not tired, and that spurt regularly settled me. I fancy I had about

twenty minutes to spare at the end. By-the-by, I quite forgot to mention that I polished off my old friend Duncan before starting for my walk.

Whilst ruminating over this match, I have just recollected a little morning's diversion, that happened shortly before the match I have just mentioned. I was paying my old friend, Edmund Peel, a visit at a place of his in Norfolk, and several of the men staying there for shooting expressed a wish to see me run ; so a challenge was despatched to Norwich by the post-cart that I would give any man in Norwich five pounds that could beat me. I hardly expected that the bait would take so readily ; but the very next morning, while we were finishing breakfast, a dog-cart was seen driving up the approach, containing two men, whom from their appearance we at once guessed to be the running representatives of the town of Norwich. We all repaired to the stable-yard and surveyed the East Anglian athletes. Addressing the elder and larger of the twain I asked him if his young friend that he had brought with him had come to fetch my "fiver." He replied : " Oh ! no. I've come for that." When I suggested that he looked more like hurrying than the speaker, he answered : " Bless yer 'art ! I can give 'im five yards in a 'undred." However,

I thought otherwise, and determined to play "possum."

At that time I usually took about with me on my country visits a little man named Jimmy Patterson ("The Flying Tailor"); he was employed at my old tailor's (one of the best), Hill, of Old Bond Street, who was himself very partial to the "cinder-path." Jimmy and I were much about the same form at 100 yards, and many a score of times have we stripped and run together in all parts of the country to which I used to go shooting, and, for fear that the inhabitants who looked on at our practice should know too much, we used to beat each other alternately in our gallops. But, "to return to our muttuns": I had left the men in the stable-yard and ran upstairs to put on my running kit. When I returned, the whole *posse comitatus* marched out on the high road, and a motley group we were. Keepers, beaters, young swells with their loaders, and anyone from the house that could get out for half-an-hour. I was rather astonished that my opponent did not take off his overalls, though he had put on a pair of spiked shoes to run in. We had not gone thirty yards before I found that I could lose him; so I ran with him and only beat him about half a yard. He had no sooner pulled up than I began to chaff him, telling him that he could

not go fast enough to keep himself warm. When he replied: "Well! my young friend 'ere shall run yer." "What is the good of that?" I answered; "you told me that you could beat him easy just now." Upon which he retorted: "Never yer mind about what I said just now, 'e's good enough to beat you 'cause you only just bested me." Curiously enough the lesser and younger man, who was so inferior to his comrade, was, when divested of his superfluous clothing and had toed the scratch, about as near naked as decency would permit, and had a lovely little pair of spiked shoes on as well. From the buoyancy of their spirits it was pretty plain that they thought that they had got a real good thing on this time; so I recommended the keepers and beaters to put their dollars on me, till quite a heap of silver depended on the result.

Off we went and I beat the "Norwich Pet" about five yards, and I do not think I ever saw two sportsmen more flabbergasted at the result. My first opponent was now lost in astonishment, and said to me: "Well! guv'nor, you've done us to rights this time! Why, 'e can give me five yards and heasy too, and you only beat me 'arf a yard!" "Never mind!" said I, "I don't believe that either of you can run a little bit. Look here! my servant shall run you." The "Flying Tailor" was out of his clothes in an

instant, and, of course, polished off "The Pet" as easy as I had done.

Poor things! they looked so down on their luck that I was obliged to give them a bit of gold and some fatherly advice gratis—to the effect that they should not try to be too clever with a poor, innocent young soldier.

I have reason to believe that the two would-be sharps returned to Norwich considerably crestfallen, and somewhat lighter in pocket than when they started in the morning; but they did not so much mind "being beat by the Captain," it was being found inferior to his servant that they did not relish.

I must now relate a tale which concerns little Jimmy Patterson. While he was carrying my second gun that day I asked him if he had ever been in Norwich. He said, "Only once, and for a short time, as he found it would be a little too hot for him if he remained there." My curiosity being aroused, I bid him tell me his experiences there. As far as I recollect, here is the story in his own words:

"Well, you see, Captain, it was this way. Two or three years ago there was a sprinter in Norwich who was thought a deal of by his fellow-citizens, and no doubt but what he had beat the best men in that neighbourhood. Well! a gentleman comes to

me in London one day and says, 'Jimmy,' he says, 'are you in want of a job? because I think I can put a pony or fifty pounds into your pocket; but it will take a bit of doing, mind you. First of all, you must let your hair grow, and don't you go for to shave till I tell you, and practise walking a trifle lame, and if you can whistle nice and shrill between your teeth, all the better.' 'When are you likely to want me?' I says. 'In about three weeks or more,' says he; 'but mind you keep yourself straight: for you'll have to hurry when I send for you.' Well! sure enough about a month after, I found the gent had called, and, not finding me, he sent a letter to say I was to meet him at a small town about ten mile out of Norwich. When I got there, I found a lot of drovers who were taking their sheep to Norwich Fair. My gentleman soon picked out one of these men who was short and thick-set like me, and we adjourned to a small public-house, near to a field where this drover's flock of sheep were shut in for the night. The gentleman soon showed he had plenty of money, and as the drover was accommodating in the way of thirst he quickly became unconscious. We slept in the same bed, he and I, at the pot-house, as there was none too much room in the place, and this just suited, for before leaving Norwich my gentleman give me a couple of

powders and told me his plans for the morrow, which, for my part, I carried out to the letter.

“ Before turning in for the night I brought up two pints of beer, and set them on the table. I clapped a powder into each pot of beer, and lay down for a sleep. Just before the sun rose, I, with difficulty, aroused my bedfellow ; but he said he wouldn’t get up unless I brought him some beer. This was just what I wanted ; he drained off one pint, and half the other, and, to my satisfaction, went off in a deep sleep. I then put on the drover’s old clothes and rolled up my own into a bundle, which I slung over my shoulder upon the drover’s stick ; then I went to the field where his sheep were, let them out on the high road, and with them in front of me, started for Norwich Fair. When I was within about a mile of the town I heard some wrangling going on in a public by the road-side, and, sure enough, there was my gentleman, and as soon as I got the sheep a bit settled, I waddled up, as if to see what was going on. My disguise was so good that, had we not arranged a pass-word, my gent would hardly have known me, as I leaned first on one leg and then on t’other, as if lame and very weary. However, I listened pretty eager, and heard my gent say to a nobby-looking sportsman with whom he had evidently just driven out of the town

in a dog-cart: 'What!' he says, 'do you mean to tell me as that man there, the "Norwich Pet" or the "Mouse" or whatever you like to call him can do level time for a hundred yards?—not he!' and, beckoning to me, my gentleman says, 'Here, drover; can you run at all?' I pulled my forelock and says, "I could at one time, sir; but I've met with bad times, and, though I'm a bit lame, it's a strange nice level bit of road just here, and I'm game to take five yards off that man (meaning the "Pet") in a hundred yards, just for a quart of best ale."

"'Well!' says the nobby one, 'that's pretty good cheek, surely! I'll bet a pony or fifty on my man.' Thereupon my gentleman says: 'Well, I don't think much of your man, so I'll have you for fifty on t'other.' 'Done!' says he, and with that we all goes into the public, and we two takes off our outer clothes; and you may be sure, Captain, as I was jolly glad to get out of the old drover's toggery, for it wasn't altogether quite Eau de Cologne as they smelt of.

"The distance was measured. I was put five yards inside the mark, and the money staked in the hands of the landlord. Off we jumped, and, about halfway, I let him get nearly up to me, when, after apparently a regular ding-dong race, I won

by half a yard ; but I made up my mind that I could have given the countryman a bit of start, and not he me. Luckily, I got the chance to whisper this to my gentleman ; so, after a friendly glass, the nobby one agreed to go double or quits both to start level. It was a pretty race, but I won much as before, and am pretty confident I could have given my opponent three or four yards. I was to meet my gentleman by appointment that evening in Norwich, and after they had all driven off, I left the old drover's clothes and sheep in the landlord's charge, got back into the town by a round-about way, and walked about the Fair, listening to the different accounts of the morning's performance, which was great fun ; but I was a bit uncomfortable lest my last night's bedfellow might turn up. He did not, however ; and so it was all right. I duly met my gentleman, and he was a real gentleman too, Captain : for he gave me twenty-five pounds ; but advised me to clear out of Norwich, and go up to London, by the first train, along with him, which I did, for I think, as you'll agree, it wasn't worth my while to stop when there was a lot of the 'Fancy' about as knew 'The Flying Tailor' well by sight ; and he wasn't no dead nuts on meeting with them, seeing that they might have made it a bit too warm for him."

This story is a long one ; but it is pretty much as he told it to me, and I thought it a pity not to relate it intact.

We had a first rate shoot that day and killed some uncommon large hares, one elephantine pussy turning the scale considerably over ten pounds, the heaviest I have ever seen before or since. I take it they did not follow my precept of taking lots of strong exercise, but probably lived well and therefore accumulated adipose tissue !

Now I am going to tell you of my first defeat upon the running track, which happened soon after my return to London, when the party at Edmund Peel's broke up. I was beaten at 120 yards at the "Old Cope" by C. E. Burton, the best all-round man I ever knew ; and glad I am to say that he was fit and well as ever only last year, when we were standing together at Sandown Park Races watching the National Hunt Steeplechase (won by Captain Crawley's Van der Berg, ridden by a real game Guardsman, Sir C. Slade). Now "Doey" Burton was at that time reading for the law, and I did not take as much trouble as I should have done in my training. Firstly, because I underrated my antagonist, and, secondly, because I was given to understand that he was not training over hard—in fact one of our mutual friends told me that he was in the

habit of taking a bottle of claret every night for dinner. Of course, it was soft of me to listen to these tales ; at the same time I felt confident then, and I do now, that the best man won. I extract the following from a book called "The Record of the University Boat-Race." In writing of the crews of 1846, in which year Burton rowed number two in the Oxford eight, the writer says: "Of these, the best all-round man, not only of that day but of any age in University athletics, was Mr. E. C. Burton, now residing at Daventry, Northamptonshire. Among his many accomplishments, he could run. The Guards had a crack sprinter in those days—to wit, the present Sir J. D. Astley—and a match was made between these two celebrities. Each side backed their man boldly, and the public believed for choice in the Guardsman ; but young Oxford was too many for them, and when Burton walked in a winner it was said that Christ Church and its coterie 'spoiled the Philistines.'" To do my old pal more honour I quote once more, from a book called "Rowing at Westminster ;" here it says : "E. C. Burton also went to Christ Church in 1845, where he won the University fours, rowing number three in the Christ Church crew. In 1846 he won the Oxford pairs with A. Milman ; rowed number two in his University boat against Cambridge, and

the same oar in the Eton and Westminster crew at Henley and the Thames Regatta. At the latter he won the Champion Sculler's cup, beating Peacock, and Russell the winner of the 'Wingfield Sculls,' and five others. He won the Oxford fours again in 1846. In 1847 he was elected President of 'Oxford University Boat Club' and won the Oxford Sculls, beating sixteen others. In this year he took Christ Church to the head of the river, and kept her there three years. At Henley he rowed stroke of Oxford University and won the Grand Challenge Cup; also in the Christ Church four, the Visitors' Plate, and Stewards' Cup, and Oxford fours for the third time. In 1848 he again rowed stroke of Oxford and won the Grand Challenge Cup, and number six in the Christ Church eight which won the Ladies' Plate, and both four-oared cups with the Christ Church crew. In 1851 he trained and steered the Oxford crew at Henley, when they won the Grand Challenge Cup. Mr. Burton is well known in other fields as a sportsman of the very first rank."

I will dilate further on E. C. Burton's mighty deeds in the saddle, &c., later on, when I treat of the time after my return from the Crimea; for I shall always look upon him as the best all round man I ever knew, and his many exploits are well worth recording.

CHAPTER IX.

Stay at Tredegar—The “Bristol Mouse”—David Williamson—Match with Roland Hill—Give 5 Yards, Same Result—Move to Windsor—“Ducky” Grantham—Training-quarters at Surley—Frost and Levett—Dan Dismore—Catch a Weasel Asleep?—The Race—Doing the Double—A Speedy Retreat—Nearly Done Twice—No More Backers for Frost—Cricket with the Blues—A Row to Marlowe and Back—Shakspeare—Fire at Windsor Castle—Strawberry Jam and Noyau not a Good Mixture—My New Command—Matches with Fred Sayer—Hockey on the Slopes (pond) at Windsor Castle.

DURING this winter of 1852 I spent a very jolly time at Tredegar Park, near Newport; this was when the old Lord (father of the present man) kept and hunted his own hounds there. A nicer lot of boys and girls no parent was ever blessed with. Godfrey (the present peer) is well to the front and is one of the few remaining 17th Lancers who behaved so brilliantly in the ever memorable Balaclava charge; Fred, M.P. for Monmouth, late Rifle Brigade, hunts the hounds and has some useful olive branches of both sexes that are amazingly like their sire in looks and make, as well as in their

intense fondness for all kinds of sport ; Arthur, who is a bit handicapped by going rather dotty on the near fore, or would be bang among 'em now—comprise the sons with whom I was, and am best acquainted. As for the daughters of the house, their good qualities and good looks are too well known to need any mention by me. I was asked by the latter to show them a bit of running, and it so happened that just at this time a man called the “Bristol Mouse” had vanquished the “Newport Stag ;” therefore I sent a message to the “Mouse” to say that he could earn a fiver by coming to Tredegar and running me 100 yards. The “Mouse,” on arrival, looked such a puny specimen of humanity that I gave him five yards on the road outside the lodge-gates, and beat him so easy that he would not try again, though I offered him ten yards.

The ladies seemed much pleased with my performance, and Lady Tredegar presented me that evening with a scarf-pin, and crowned me with a wreath of laurel-leaves. When I left the house I was commissioned by David Williamson (of Lawers), who was in the Coldstream Guards, to buy him two hunters at Tattersall's on the following Monday, and send them down to him at once, as he was very busy courting one of the Miss Morgans at the

time, and was anxious to distinguish himself over the reens (deep ditches or drains) with the hounds.

I was fortunate enough to make a good selection of two, and they did not cost more than £150 the pair of them. They answered his purpose so well that he took the young lady to church very shortly afterwards, and a comelier couple parson has seldom, if ever, tied up.

Next, I went to Bryn-y-Pys again for more shooting and some capital hunting. Amongst the guests was Roland (the late Lord) Hill, who was styled the champion runner of Wales. Of course I was obliged to try and take his number down; which I did so easily that I condescended to give him five yards start, and, to his unfeigned astonishment, I beat him further than when we ran level. He and his brother Geoffrey were wonderful keen sportsmen, much addicted to the noble sport of otter-hunting, and possessing a first rate pack of "water dogs." Now this, though no doubt a very exciting, sport has, in my humble opinion, one very great drawback: for the huntsman must needs be in the water, and the consequence of wearing saturated clothes for so many hours at a stretch is nearly certain to make him a victim to rheumatism, and I venture to think that both those plucky brothers

would have been here now if they had left otter-hunting alone.

In the spring of 1853 we moved to Windsor, and I was delighted to get back to our old quarters again. As I could not afford to keep racehorses I thought that I might try keeping *men* that could race, and Grantham, who had now retired from the "cinder-path," was the landlord of the well-known public at Surley Hall, the favourite resort of Eton boys after a hard row up stream, and which had a lawn sloping right down to the river. By road it was about a mile and a half from Windsor. I found this a very suitable spot for my purpose, and where I could put up a pedestrian or two and arrange matches for them at different distances; besides superintending their training, run them trials, and so afford myself a lot of amusement, as well as make myself acquainted with each man's capabilities. On the whole I did not pay my expenses with these nimble atoms; for I found that a favourite saying of old Fred Swindles was but too true, viz.: "Never back anything as can talk."

I had matched a man named Frost against Levett to run ten miles, and what with my own and "Ducky" Grantham's assiduous attention, Frost had done such a good trial on the Maidenhead road against the watch, that we looked forward

with confidence to his being victorious. Now, I had heard that the other man, Levett, had been coughing, and I rather expected he would pay forfeit; but his backer, a very cute and somewhat unscrupulous old party of the name of "Dan Dismore," made up his mind to try and get the best of this young soldier. So one day when I had punted up from Windsor, and was just making fast to the lawn at Surley, I heard a trap drive up to the door, and on running up to see who it was, I discovered that the cab contained old Dismore and his *protégé*, Levett: so I went up to the bedroom in which Frost was getting ready for a five mile trot, and from the window I thus hailed the new arrivals. "Good morning, gents. What brings you down here, and how is Mr. Levett?" The cute one looked up, and with considerable self-possession replied that "They had only come to see Mr. Frost." I then produced Frost at the open window and said: "Here he is, you can say what you have got to tell him from where you are." I went out of the room, turned the key on my athlete, and joined the gentlemen (!) from London in the bar. I offered them a certain amount of hospitality, but informed them that it would be no manner of use waiting any longer, as I did not consider it expedient that they should hold any converse with my man. They

regretted that I should be so suspicious, and, getting into their trap again, informed me that they would be off to London, in that case. I pretended that I was going home by river, and, running down the lawn, I hauled up my punt, chucked in the chain with a rattle, and shoved off; but very shortly pulled up behind an eyot and listened. Sure enough I soon heard a trap on the road; so I jumped ashore, and hastening to the front of the inn I met my friends again. After exchanging a few pleasantries, I suggested that to make sure they were off this time, I would ride as far as the station with them, and away we went. After I had seen them off by the train, I drove back and took my man out for his five miles' spin; and from what happened subsequently, there is no doubt I was not a bit too suspicious; for their object in coming down was to square Frost.

A few days later the match came off (I think at Hackney Wick). There was a tremendous crowd, and as they laid 5 to 4 against my man, I felt pretty sure that there was something wrong, more particularly as I knew for certain that Levett was amiss. So I engaged old Tom Paddock at a sovereign, and he was to provide eight or ten other useful men at a dollar each, to scatter themselves round the side of the track to see that my man

was not interfered with. I took 100 to 80 twice, and told Frost that I would give him the stake (£50) if he won, and that he was to cut out the work at his best pace, as I was sure the other man was all wrong. He followed my instructions to the letter, and won anyhow. I was paying Paddock and his men, when I got warning to be off at once, as my man had "put the double on" and both he and I were to catch it; so I hurried off to my cab (I always had a first class hansom that took me backwards and forwards on these expeditions) and when I jumped into it, to my astonishment I found Frost, who, I had been told had already made himself scarce, enveloped in a rug with nothing on but his little short running drawers. He implored me to take him off at once. I said: "What does all this mean?" He replied: "I put the double on 'em. I behaved all right to you, Captain; but just before I left my room to go down to the start, one of the other side came with a pot of porter and said 'If you drink this, I will give you a fifty-pound note' I said: 'No, but bring me a pint bottle corked and the wire on, and I'll drink it; stake your fifty pound.' I did so, and they had to hurry out, as some one was coming up the stairs. I put my finger down my throat, and got rid of the porter; and here's their fifty, I ran with it in my belt. Now you

understand what makes 'em all so wild." Of course I was very angry with him ; but he did not care about it at the time, for he got my £50, their £50, and his share of the gate-money, which amounted to another fifty pounds. (There was £150 taken at the gate in sixpences).

Well ! he never found a backer again, and you must admit that I was very near "carted" twice over that little affair.

The Royal Horse-Guards Blue were quartered at the Cavalry Barracks during this summer, and I have lately been reminded by an old friend ("The Giant") formerly in that regiment, of the excitement caused by a cricket-match played at these barracks between the Blues and my battalion. He wrote : "We won and nearly broke all you chaps ; so, to get a little money back, you gave poor Duncan Baillie five yards' start in a race across the green, and you got beat a head." I have no doubt his account is correct, but I ought to have beaten Baillie, as I had done so previously at Arlington Corner under similar conditions.

Many of our men were constantly on the river, and I suggested to some of the non-commissioned officers to get up a crew to row up to Marlow and back ; so one fine day I hired an old ten-oar at Tolliday's and we went. I rowed stroke, with eight

N.C.O.s behind me and Wenny Coke in the bow. We started after the men's dinner, and got on nicely as far as Maidenhead, when the N.C.O.s began to tire; but, by the aid of copious libations at every available spot, we reached Marlow, some sixteen miles by water from Windsor.

We had a meat tea, and then started to row home again, hoping to get back to barracks in time for tattoo; but, though the stream was with us, all the N.C.O.s were so done up that we failed to do so, and thereby incurred the displeasure of the commanding officer by just missing tattoo. However, I explained to him that the eight men in the centre of the boat did not pull their own weight; therefore stroke and bow had to do all their work. There were some real good men among them too, namely, Sergeant Goodey, who rowed number nine, and Corporal Murtland, eight, and they amused me considerably, as well as provided me with instruction, by capping each other with quotations from Shakespeare—an author, I am ashamed to say, I know very little about, and I certainly never gave them credit for knowing more of England's greatest poet than I did; nevertheless it was so, I fear. Of the other men in the boat I fail to remember their names, but both Goodey and Murtland died of cholera in the Crimea. I have never heard soldiers

of any grade quote Shakespeare since ; although the present system of competitive examinations would lead me to suppose that without vast culture of the brain no man can turn out a good soldier.

On the evening of the 19th of March, 1853, when I was still doing duty at Windsor, a fire broke out in the Prince of Wales' Tower at the Castle, which I believe was caused by some defect in the heating apparatus and was very near being serious. We had just finished mess, and I was orderly officer that day, when one of the Castle guard came running down to say that we were required to help subdue the conflagration. The alarm was at once sounded, and the battalion turned out wonderfully quickly, and were marched up in their shell-jackets in about fifteen minutes. The fire had got a good hold on the tower, which is on the terrace. There was a plentiful supply of water, and I took charge of one of the hose. I had some very pretty shots from one of the passages into the dining-room below, which was well alight, and while I was thus engaged it was reported that the floor where I was standing was not safe ; but as I was in the doorway I thought I was all right and stayed where I was, although I heard a voice behind me telling me to come away, as my position was most dangerous. I replied that I was having capital sport where I was, and that

my friend need not be alarmed about me. I was proud to discover later that it was the Prince Consort who had been so anxious to induce me to leave the spot.

After avalanches of water, we finally got the fire under, but we were all wet through and through as a matter of course. When I descended the spiral staircase of the tower to the ground floor, I found that the lower chamber was used as a store-room, with stone shelves all round it and a pillar in the centre, also encircled with shelves, upon which reposed dozens of pots of jam and a number of bottles of liqueur. The water having run down the steps had flooded the floor as high as the first shelf, and upon this our men were sitting and floating pots of jam and other luxuries across to each other in their forage caps, and sad havoc they made among the preserves and the various liqueurs. I remained on duty on the terrace till between three and four o'clock in the morning, and I had plenty to do to get the last batch of men back to barracks, for the good old ale had been served out to them with no sparing hand.

That day when I went round the messes as picket officer, quite half of the men could not face their food on any terms, and were lying upon their beds with complexions varying from light green to pale

yellow, the result of a mixture of strawberry jam, noyau and old ale, and I do not believe that they could have been induced to try the two first again under any consideration whatever. Barring the fact that I spoilt a brand new coat, I was none the worse ; though I nearly had a nasty cropper off a ladder, but saved myself from falling just in time. I was given considerable *κυδος* at the time for my exertions upon this eventful evening.

Before I left Windsor I had a sickener of both training and backing bipeds. I had taken a lot of trouble with a man named Conway, a first-class runner at a mile. He was at a very low ebb when I took him in hand, and I fed and clothed him for between two and three months. He had done two very useful mile trials, at four minutes twenty-two seconds by the watch, so I matched him against another speedy man ; but on the day of the race, though apparently perfectly well in the morning, he was disgracefully beaten in the afternoon, and the victor had no sort of right to win, for his time was only four minutes forty seconds. How my man was got at I never found out ; but he was a most ungrateful toad, and I never heard of him again.

My battalion formed part of the camp at Chobham this same summer, but as I had contrived to get a touch of lumbago, I was left behind at

Windsor in charge of a few decrepit old soldiers and the women and children. Truly a noble command ! But I soon got all right again, and rejoined the battalion on their return to London, when they went to Wellington Barracks once more.

I again took up my quarters over the dairy in Jermyn Street, and took in as a lodger young Erskine of Cardross, who was thenceforward known as "my lodger." Great luck for him, as both by precept and example I was—under Providence—the means of fitting him for the distinguished career which has culminated in his not only being an acquisition at Court, but also the representative of physical force in the House of Commons ; for is he not Serjeant-at-Arms, and a worthy successor to dear old Gossett, the essence of *bonhomie* ? My other *protégé* in the regiment has also turned out extraordinarily well ; for when the present military secretary, Sir Reginald Gipps, joined a year after I did, I received a letter from one of his relatives asking me "to take care of dear little Reggie," and he and I have been fast friends ever since ; though I must own that he has taken as much care of me as I of him. During this autumn I made a match, or, I should say, two matches, with Fred Sayer of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. We were to run 150 yards on the flat on the Salt Hill Road, and the

next day but one, 150 yards over ten hurdles in the Home Park at Windsor. He went down to train at Slough under the care of a noted old ten-mile runner yclept the "North Star"; whilst as I was doing duty in London, I used to take my gallops round St. James's Park, of course running the distance two or three times a week with the "Flying Tailor" (the same party of whom I told the story of his adventure as a Norwich drover). There was a good deal of interest shown over these races, and one day I heard a rumour that my opponent had strained his knee. I am afraid that a feeling of joy rather than of commiseration pervaded my system; but I got into the train and went down to Slough to see for myself whether there was any truth in the report. I duly arrived at my destination, and as I mounted the stairs of the public where Fred Sayer was located—and which was kept by a curious old fellow called Bragg, noted for the number of prizes he had taken for dahlias of his own growing, and also for his luck in breeding a useful greyhound or two—the well-known and pungent aroma of hartshorn and oil pleasantly assailed my olfactory organs, and no more delicious scent ever greeted the nose of the keenest old foxhound when, after a long and unprofitable draw, he at length winds bold reynard. Well, I opened the door, and on the bed before me

lay one of the most perfect models of a well-made man that I ever saw stripped. "Fred, my boy," I said, "you have not broken down, have you?" upon which he answered, "No! I ain't quite settled, but I have got a rare dicky knee, old chap; for I strained it jumping a gate on the roadside the day before yesterday; however, I sha'n't pay forfeit yet." You may be sure I took a very careful survey of his injured limb, and as it was only four or five days before the race, I—like a real flat—inwardly decided that the abstemious habits of high training were no longer necessary for Astley, not that I believe my taking a glass or two of "pop" when I got back to town made any very great difference.

A crowd of people went down to Salt Hill on the day, and though my opponent's knee looked very red, it did not interfere with his action. I am bound to say that, after a good start, he always had the best of it, and the Royal Welsh took a lot of "ready" out of the Scots Fusiliers that day. On the second day after this match, we met in the Home Park for our second trial, and as Fred Sayer had proved himself the speediest, and was known to be a beautiful jumper, his friends laid as much as 3 to 1 on him for the hurdle-race. Now in foot-racing a man must use his head as well as his legs, much the same way as a finished jockey does on a horse,

and the task before me did not appear to be any great "catch"—assuming, as I did, that he went faster and jumped better than I could; so, after considerable cogitation, I came to the conclusion that Sayer would wait on me, and then come and beat me for speed; therefore I made up my mind to practise a little artifice, and this was it. I settled that I would make running at a false pace, but as soon as ever I got over the seventh hurdle I would go like blazes for the eighth, in the hopes that Fred, not being prepared for such a sudden dash of speed on my part, would, in his hurry to overtake me, get put out of his stride and so not take off with quite his usual precision for the eighth hurdle; and oh! be joyful, my little ruse came off right, for he, being hustled, took off wildly, overjumped himself and all but came down, losing so much ground that he could never recover it, and I won comfortably. We all got back with interest the money that we had lost on the flat, and I think this was my last match before I started for the Crimea.*

Just previous to Christmas we had a lot of hard weather, and with it some first-rate ice, which gave me ample opportunity of playing my favourite game

* Appended at the end of chapter are the several races run by Sir John previous to embarkation for the Crimea, February, 1854.—
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of hockey on the ice. Our other battalion was then quartered at Windsor, and it reached my ears that a match was to be played on the pond on the slopes below the Terrace of Windsor Castle, and, though I really had no business there, I felt very keen to show my powers before Royalty (the Royal family being at the Castle); so I smuggled myself down to the pond, and, as I was known to be useful at the game, Dudley de Ros of the 1st Life-Guards and I tossed up for sides. The pond—as I recollect it—was an oval one with an island in the centre, on which the band of our regiment was stationed. At one end of the pond her Gracious Majesty was seated, surrounded by several of the ladies of the court, watching the game with evident interest. The Prince Consort—who was a beautiful and graceful figure-skater—kept goal for the opposite side, and Lord Listowel (father of the present earl) kept ours. I don't think that I ever enjoyed a game more, and it was that day I first had the honour of making the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales. The game waxed fast and furious and I am afraid that I was sufficiently wanting in respect to interfere once, at least, with the Prince Consort's equilibrium in my eagerness to get a goal.

The edges of the pond sloped up to where Her

Majesty was sitting, and in a desperate rally with De Ros I lost my balance and came down in a sitting posture, the impetus I had on carrying me right up to the Queen's feet, and the hearty laughter which greeted my unbidden arrival is still vividly impressed upon my mind.

It was altogether a glorious afternoon's sport, but as the ice was beginning to thaw, and the surface to a certain extent covered with water, I was wet to the skin, and only escaped a rheumatic attack by imbibing plenty of deliciously mulled port-wine, which was served in a conservatory under the terrace. To this decoction, I suppose I must attribute my audacity in venturing to go down to the Foot-Guards barracks, where I received a jobation from the C.O. for having the effrontery to take part in a game to which I was not asked; but as I had played well I was not cashiered on this occasion.

The following record shows the foot-races in which I took part prior to the Crimea, and the result of the various contests :—

Name.	Distance.	Place.	Result.
1. H. Blundell	. 100 yards over 10 hurdles	Oxford	. W.
2. Packe, 2nd Life-Guards)	. 100 yards on flat . . .	Windsor	. W.
3. W. Beach .	. 100 yards on flat . . .	*Old Cope	. D. H.

*"Old Cope"—the name by which the Old Copenhagen Grounds were known—near London.

Name.	Distance.	Place.	Result.
4. W. Beach .	100 yards on flat . .	Old Cope .	W.
5. F. Bathurst .	150 yards on flat . .	Old Cope .	W.
6. E. C. Burton .	150 yards on flat . .	Old Cope .	L.
7. King and Mace	100 yards on flat . .	E. Peel's .	W.
8. "Bristol Mouse"	100 yards on flat . .	Tredegar .	W.
9. Rowland Hill .	100 yards on flat . .	Bryn-y-Pys	W.
10. F. Sayer . .	150 yards on flat . .	Salt Hill .	L.
11. F. Sayer . .	150 yards over 10 hurdles	{ Home Park, Windsor }	W.
12. Against Time .	{ Walk a mile, run 100 yards in 10 minutes }	Windsor .	W.
13. D. Baillie .	{ Run 100 yards giving 5 yards' start, and walk 20 miles under 4 hours }	Arlington Corner	W.
14. Buckley . .	100 yards on flat . .	Chichester .	W.
15. Gorham . .	{ 100 yards over 10 hurdles giving 5 yards start }	Chichester .	W.
16. Roger Mostyn	{ 100 yards over 10 hurdles 4 ft. high }	Chichester .	W.
17. F. Eden . .	150 yards over 10 hurdles	{ Home Park, Windsor }	L.

By this table I ran seventeen times with a record of thirteen wins, three defeats, and one dead heat, and this brings me up to the time I left for the Crimea.

CHAPTER X.

Home on Leave, January, 1854—Rumours of Foreign Service—Littlecote and Wild Dayrell—Orders for the East—Embarkation of the Brigade of Guards—Embark in *Simoom* at Portsmouth, 28th of February—My Cabin—Personal Discomfort Therein—The Voyage Out—My Miseries—Engines Break Down—Gibraltar—Malta at Last—In Lazaretto Barracks—Renny at the Malta Club—Embark in *Kangaroo*—"From Frying-pan to Fire"—Perils of the Deep—Gallipoli—Scutari—Our Camp—Berkeley and Coke Join—Death of Macneish—Shooting Trips—Duke of Cambridge Joins Army—Review by Lord Raglan—Sports and Games—Review by the Sultan—Beat Hickey—Varna.

ON the New Year I took my leave and went home to Everleigh, and I think that it was during a visit which I paid to Frank Popham at Littlecote, near Hungerford (in Berkshire), for shooting, that I received the first intimation that my battalion would be shortly sent out for service in the East, and I well recollect the thrill of satisfaction I felt at the prospect of seeing foreign service. One morning at Littlecote, as we were leaving the house for the day's shooting and walking across the Park, our host, who bred a few horses, pointed out with great pride a very fine dark brown colt, then a two-year-

old. This was none other than the afterwards famous Derby winner Wild Dayrell (he won in 1855) by Ion, his dam being Ellen Middleton. His trainer, Rickaby, was Popham's hunting-groom, and that morning rode a hack in rear of his charge. Another groom was on an old hunter in front of the big two-year-old, who had a small boy on his back, with a man walking by his side leading him in a cavesson, which Mr. Popham told him to take off, as he was anxious for us to see the young one's action. The old hunter jumped off to lead him; but the two-year-old, being very fresh, gave a buck and a kick and sent the boy flying, and, though we had a first class opportunity of judging of his action, poor Popham, who was of a very excitable temperament, experienced a *mauvais quart d'heure*: for it was some little time before the colt could be caught. However, he seemed none the worse, and for a big baby of a horse he moved wonderfully well. I took 200 to 5 about him for the Derby early in February of this year, and as he started at even money it was a pretty bet. The present Robert Sherwood, who now trains at Newmarket and who had hardly ever had a mount before in a big race, rode and won with something to spare—at least so I read in the newspapers, for I was in the Crimea when the race was run.

On returning to Everleigh I got the straight tip that we were pretty certain to start for the East before February came to an end, and I think it was about the 14th, St. Valentine's day, that we got the definite orders to embark within a fortnight ; so I went to town and got my kit ready, and though wishing goodbye to all my people rather took the gilt off the gingerbread, yet I was wonderfully pleased when the order came that my battalion was to embark on the 28th of February.

Hitherto I have trusted almost entirely to memory for all that I have recorded in these pages ; but now as I write I have the advantage of some notes in an account-book kept by my best of pals, the late General Goodlake, V.C., and also a diary, or rather copy of the Brigade orders, beautifully, and no doubt accurately, executed by our Orderly Room Sergeant, Feist, left at his death to his widow, from whom it was purchased by my friend, Sir Reginald Gipps, who has kindly lent it to me for reference. Feist had also copied the medical history, compiled by Surgeon-Major Bostock for the Army Medical Department ; so that my dates are now sure to be accurate, though I cannot absolutely vouch for their being so through all my reminiscences. All the same, I have endeavoured to keep them so as far as possible ; but lapse of time, and paucity of notes

touching on the first fifteen or sixteen years has rendered my task somewhat more difficult.

The Coldstream Guards embarked on the 22nd of February, 1854, in the *Ripon* transport. We paraded at an early hour on the 28th of February at Wellington Barracks, and, I believe, marched down the Strand to Waterloo Station, and the enormous crowds that lined the streets were most enthusiastic and demonstrative as we swaggered along, our band playing the well-known airs so dear to the British soldier, of which I think "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "Auld Lang Syne" are the greatest favourites. There were very many touching episodes of heart-rending grief as we drew near the station-gates, where only the soldiers were admitted, and at one time it seemed almost impossible to shake off some of the poor women who broke into the ranks and would cling to their loved ones. Liquor, of course flowed very freely, and there was hardly a man who had not several flasks stuffed into his uniform, let alone his bearskin cap; however, we were soon entrained and whisked off to Portsmouth, where we at once embarked on board a horrible, half-rotten old steam-transport, called the *Simoom*. The battalion consisted of nine hundred and thirty-five sergeants and rank and file, and twenty-nine officers. A real fine body of men they were too,

averaging near upon twenty-eight years of age and five feet ten inches in height, and, if we could only have gone straight on to the Crimea, we should indeed have made the old "Ruskies" sit up.

I was stowed away in a horribly dark, stuffy cabin, in which were two berths, and this luxurious apartment was shared by my pal Gipps; but we had not been out long before I would have gladly changed "Cabin J" for the Black Hole of Calcutta or any other coloured hole. The old *Simoom* was supposed to be a sailing-ship, but had auxilliary steam-power, and, as our cabin was right amidships, we had the full benefit of the savoury odours arising from the engine-room. This last privilege at once settled me, and I verily believe that I was absolutely the first man to feed the fishes. I kept that performance up well, for I was real sea-sick both day and night, and my sufferings can more easily be imagined than described. As soon as it was fairly light I used to stagger up on deck, while the sailors were washing decks, and most of us were in the habit of snatching that opportunity of taking a bath, by getting the hose turned on to us, thereby receiving a good sousing with salt-water—a regular douche, in fact—for such a thing as a tub was an unknown quantity aboard that beastly old transport. Our ablutions being over, and well

clothed, I used to sit in a coil of rope the livelong day, with a basin by my side, keeping body and soul together by an occasional nibble at a bit of dry biscuit and cheese.

But oh ! the fearful moments that I endured when I was officer of the watch, and had to go my rounds between decks, after the men had turned into their hammocks!—one of the drummers, armed with a lantern and a tallow dip therein, taking the lead. The heat and general aroma were simply appalling, to say nothing of the fact that in hurrying along to escape from this fearful atmosphere it was by no means unusual to come in contact with a naked foot or leg, suspended gracefully from his hammock by some slumbering warrior.

More than once our engines broke down, and we had to trust entirely to the vessel's extremely moderate capabilities under canvas—and she was no flier, I can assure you. During half a gale of wind, in the Bay of Biscay, our main shaft broke ; consequently the propeller had to be disconnected, and all hands told off to haul it up out of the water ; and from that time till our arrival at Gibraltar we had to make what progress we could by means of our sails, though, as I have already remarked, this species of locomotion was singularly ill adapted to our old tub. One morning, after I had passed an extra bad night,

I asked a friendly old "salt" how many knots we had made by daybreak ; and, to my horror, he said : " I don't think as we've lost much ; but, Lord love yer ! we ain't made nothing"—cheering news indeed for a poor, sea-sick land-lubber to hear ! It was not only being so ill that made one wild, but it was terribly galling to watch some of my brother officers, most of whom I could far surpass in activity on shore, briskly walking up and down the deck, whilst I languished in my coil of rope, firmly grasping the friendly basin.

However, " all things have an end " we are told, and it is fortunate that it is so, as at last, on the 12th of March, we arrived at Gibraltar ; but no sooner had we let go our anchor than the quarantine flag was run up, and all our hopes of a run ashore at an end. We got lots of oranges and some decent cigars, and I am glad to say that our engines were set to rights and the shaft repaired. I have described Gibraltar previously, and perhaps it is lucky that I did so : for on this occasion I had only what the lodging-house keepers advertise on the bills in their windows, " a commanding sea-view."

We arrived at Malta on the 18th of March, and the following day we landed and marched to the Lazaretto Barracks on the Quarantine Island in Valetta harbour, where we found the Grenadiers

and Coldstreams, who had arrived some fortnight or so before us. Though these barracks were not very luxurious quarters, yet they were heavenly compared to the discomfort and pestilential odours of "Cabin J" in the *Sinoom*.

Francis Baring and I had a room together, and at first did our own cooking, and I found I was very handy at making an omelette; but we soon discovered our way to the Club in the town, which was very comfortable. I bought a pony and cart and drove about all over the island. We played some capital games at cricket on the Florian Parade. Some of our best matches were between the old and new garrison; our battalion against the 68th Regiment, who had a very good cricketer in Torrens; also the Guards against "The World." Fred Bathurst and Jerry Goodlake were about our best performers, and, the ground being about twice as hard as the Horse-Guards Parade, you received due value for a good swipe. There were a capital lot in the 68th, and they had a very good mess. We used to have some rather cheery suppers at the Club; where, prince amongst songsters ranked Renny of the Artillery, and he really could do the nightingale trick to perfection, after about three parts of a bottle of gin, which was his favourite beverage at that time.

Dear old Jerry Dixon (who was one of three brothers nick-named Ramrod, Fishing Rod, and Nimrod) commanded our battalion at Malta, and had brought out from England with him a real steady old charger. Now, whether it was the result of Maltese beans, or oranges, I don't know; but, one morning when we were all on parade and the old boy—apparently well home in his saddle—had commenced the order “Present arms,” and got as far as the “present” part, when, hearing the men's firelocks go up with a rattle, the old horse stood straight up on his hind legs, and before the gallant old fellow could get out “arms” he slipped off his perch and over the horse's tail to mother-earth, where he lay writhing on the gravel, which set the whole battalion roaring with laughter, and I must admit that it was too comical a spectacle to witness unmoved.

Scarcely a day passed but what some new shave was started as to when and where we were to go, and several transport-ships arrived, either with fresh troops, or put in to coal on their way to their final destination. On April 21st we embarked on board the *Kangaroo*, and that reminds me how very nearly I missed getting on board before the vessel sailed, through the harbour-gates not being opened till 6 A.M. I had been assisting at a jollification

at the Club, which had the effect of making me a trifle early that morning (in one sense of the word), and while I was waiting for the gates to be opened, I recollect being mightily amused at some of the sailors, who came rolling up quite three sheets in the wind (in nautical parlance), and none of them with less than two bottles of the "best" stowed away in their blue frocks or jumpers.

The *Kangaroo* well kept up the credit of her name for activity, as she was a very narrow vessel, with even worse accommodation for the men than our last ship, and rolled, if anything, even worse; consequently I presented, if such a thing was possible, a still more pitiable spectacle of sea-sick humanity than in the old *Simoom*.

When we arrived in the Archipelago, which is by no manner of means a pleasant sea to navigate a vessel through, we very nearly came to grief and had a narrow escape of being shipwrecked. One morning, just at daybreak, there was a thick fog, and our captain, having lost his reckoning, was a trifle doubtful of our whereabouts. Just then the look out on the port bow sang out "Rock ahead!" I was nearly dressed, and, hearing the engines reversed, I ran up on deck, and, sure enough, there was a huge steep rock just ahead of us. Luckily it was deep water all round and so we slewed off and

never touched it, though one could have easily chucked a biscuit on to it. We made the Dardanelles all right, and came to an anchor off Gallipoli for a few hours. Several of us landed, got ponies, and rode up to the Rifles' camp, about five miles inland, where I had a glass for luck with Tottenham and two or three other old pals; but when we got back to the spot where we had left our ponies the ruffian in charge of them had made off; so two or three of us had to make the best of our way to the boat on foot, and, as it was a sweltering hot day, you may take my word for it that there were not any great number of icicles hanging about us by the time we re-embarked.

On the evening of the 27th of April we anchored off Scutari, and the anchor was hardly down before I heard a strident voice, which I at once recognised as proceeding from an old friend who was at Oxford with me named "Sidebottom"—called, for short, "Sidey." He was in a caique, and was eager that I should come on shore with him; so Gipps and I got leave, and we enjoyed a right pleasant evening in his house at Pera. He did us real well, and we were abroad again in the morning. During the day the battalion disembarked, tents were served out to us, and we encamped on an open space of ground near the great Turkish Military Hospital.

Colonel Berkeley and the Hon. W. Coke, who had been travelling in Abyssinia, joined us on our arrival here in camp, and a superb camp it was. On one side was the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, Pera and Stamboul beyond, with innumerable mosques and minarets all glistening in the sunshine, and in the far distance, well inland, a long range of mountains, crowned with snow-clad Olympus standing out white and distinct among his fellows. Close to our camp was a large cemetery, with numberless tombstones and tall, straight cyprus-trees. The tombstones all seemed to be at different angles, and to lean in opposite directions—so much so that one of our men described them as looking like a “chiney shop as had been upset by a bull.” The climate was extremely changeable. One day it would be too hot in shirt-sleeves, and the next you wanted a couple of great-coats on. Thunderstorms were also very prevalent.

There was a small brook that ran below our camp, and one of these thunderstorms would suddenly transform this small stream into a roaring torrent. One day, Macneish, an ensign of the 93rd (Highlanders), in trying to cross it, was washed off his legs and drowned, though he was as strongly built a young fellow as you need wish to see, for I

happened to have sat opposite him a few days before on a General Court-martial.

At this time I got leave to go up the Bosphorus on a shooting expedition, and started with six companions—viz., Gipps, Coke, Buckley, Jolliffe, N. Sturt, and Ennismore*—in three caiques, with provisions, guns, revolvers, and ammunition. We landed at Therapia and hired three horses to carry our traps, walking inland to a small village close to the forest of Belgrade, where we bivouacked for the night, making a good blazing fire and cooking our food, after eating which we rolled ourselves up in our waterproofs and slept soundly. The next morning we procured some beaters, and penetrated into a splendid forest composed principally of beech-trees. We seven guns posted ourselves in the different likely spots, and were prepared to slaughter any number of wild boar, jackal, or deer; but the only two animals that we saw the whole livelong day were two roe-deer, and I was in real luck, for they both came straight to me. I bowled the buck over with my right barrel, and the other (the doe) with my second, using shot for my first and a bullet for my second venture, which was not bad work for a smooth-bore. Not another shot did we any of us get, so we returned to our bivouac of the previous

* Afterwards (present) Lord Listowel.

night and set to work to flay and cook the doe, which, having succeeded in doing, we had our dinner and retired to rest under the forest trees. Next day we returned to camp, having enjoyed our trip immensely. The forest was quite lovely, and with a beautiful undergrowth of various kinds of heath, wild lavender, and narcissus.

On our return we found the Duke of Cambridge had arrived on May 11th, and on the 24th (the Queen's birthday) Lord Raglan reviewed the whole of the troops in camp, after which we had some athletic sports and games. I beat the "Army" at 120 yards, a quarter of a mile, and 200 yards over hurdles. In the evening two bands played and the men danced to their hearts' content round an obelisk, which we had built of wood some forty feet high, with a crown on the top and various devices of the letter V in evergreens. At night it was lighted up. Just before tattoo sounded I climbed a short distance up the obelisk and proposed three cheers for "Her Majesty," and then three more for the Duke of Cambridge, expressing a hope that he would lead us on like "Old Boots," though I must confess I never was led by "Old Boots," or "New Boots," for that matter; still, my speech met with approval: for, on descending from my perch I was caught up shoulder high by the men, amidst hearty

cheers, and carried round the obelisk. It is a pity if I did not sleep soundly on that memorable night.

A man in the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's regiment) who had formerly been a professional runner, named Hickey, challenged the "Army" at this time, and I took him on; but the party firing the pistol to start us did so when Hickey was some distance over the scratch, and I did not start. However, I challenged him to run again that day week, and upon this occasion I beat him very easily.

We frequently went out shooting, as there were a fair lot of quail and a few hares. The dogs beloved by the grand old Turk were a horrible nuisance, for they slept in the cemetery pretty well all the day, and at night they started off scavenging round our camp, and often enough engaged in furious combats over bones and other delicacies just outside our tents, thereby much disturbing our night's repose; so we organised a "murder party," and with the assistance of the men of several other regiments we slaughtered over eighty great, hairy, useless beasts. You may depend that the old Turks made a fearful row about it; for they considered that their dog scavengers were sacred, and an order was issued to the effect that we were to leave the canine species alone for the future.

Having procured the necessary "firman" we made a party and went over the principal mosques and sights of Stamboul, and they were well worth a visit. As far as I could judge from the women's eyes, they were many of them lovely; but their horrible yashmaks hid all other features, while their loose draperies rendered their figures all precisely similar. There were some Greeks who used to visit our camp, and a bigger lot of thieves I have seldom met. One day I was picquet officer and caught one of these wretches in the very act of stealing; so I had his hands bound behind his back and fell in a file of men with fixed bayonets, and marched him off to a tree not far distant from our camp and there made him fast. I told the men to go through the motions of loading when I gave the order, and to kneel down and take aim at the brute. He yelled for mercy like a madman, but I think I succeeded in frightening him pretty well, before I cut him loose and kicked him out of the district—hurting my toe in the operation. Nothing could have answered better than this plan of mine; for we were never afterwards troubled with thieves.

We played some good cricket at Scutari, beating the crack regiment (the 49th I fancy) somewhat easily. Now for a little anecdote of my method of

batting. In one match against the Rifles I slogged away at every blessed ball, and in one over (six balls) I got no less than twenty-six runs, and I am not sure it was not twenty-eight. The bowler—who fancied himself a bit above the ordinary—threw down the ball and vowed that it “was not cricket, as four of the said balls had been dead on my middle stump.” So I said: “Never! Why, those are just the sort I like best, because I can hit ’em to ‘square leg.’” It took a lot of coaxing to get the gentleman to bowl again.

I only set eyes upon the Sultan on one occasion, and that was when he reviewed the whole English force on the 30th of May, 1854, and a poor, pale, enervated looking toad he was, to my mind; but I could have done with his Arab charger, it was a real beauty.

I have discovered a curious note in our (then) Orderly Room Sergeant’s diary which states: “May 27th. The 1st Division exchanged their smooth-bore muskets for Minie rifles. On leaving England the battalion took out new arms with them, which were placed in store at Scutari on the supposition that they were for the use of the battalion; however, those issued turned out to be old arms bearing the marks of no less than fifty-one different regiments. A report on this subject was made to General

Bentinck without any result." This was a nasty jar for the War Office !

After several parades of the baggage-animals, all loaded as for the march, we finally got our orders (which were sealed), and embarked on board our old friend the *Simoom*. I had devoutly hoped that I should never see the nasty old tub again ; but it was ordained otherwise, as we embarked in her on the 13th of June, reaching Varna—where we disembarked again—on the following day, the 14th.

CHAPTER XI.

Camp at Varna—Unhealthy State of Same—Move to Aladyn—Visit Camp of Light Division—Dr. Bostock's Diary—Embark on *Kangaroo*—Cholera and Dysentery—Narrow Escape of being Run Down by *Hydaspes*—Landing of Troops in Kalamita Bay, 14th September—Our First Night on Shore—Hepburn and Ennismore—A Foraging Party—The 5th Company's Breakfast-table—Billy Ridley Scents Mushrooms—Picquet Duty—Attempt to Persuade a Stray Bullock to Visit our Camp—Mutton-hunting—Heartrending Episode connected therewith—The French General and his Game—We obtain some Poultry—Orders to March—First Brush with Enemy, September 19th—Battle of Alma, September 20th.

THE whole of the 1st Division encamped about two miles inland of Varna (a wretched town), on a large plain mostly covered with scrub, and by the side of a good sized lake, from which a small stream flowed into the bay. We used to bathe in this lake of an evening, and after some trouble persuaded our ponies to accompany us into the water, and they soon appeared to enjoy their dip as much as we did.

The health of the men soon began to fail in this camp, and diarrhœa, dysentery and cholera became prevalent, owing to the low nature of the ground

and the pestilential miasma which arose from the lake and the marshy swamp around it. The general idea was that we were to make our way up to Silistria, where it was rumoured that ninety thousand Russians were entrenched, and only kept in check by the Turkish army under Omar Pasha; but whoever started this shave must have been an idiot, as, in the first place, the roads, or rather sandy tracks, were utterly unfit for the transport of stores, and, secondly, the country in question was a most unhealthy one. We spent a miserable time at this camp, and on July 1st we moved inland to Aladyn, on the Devna road. Here we remained till the 27th, when we again moved, this time to higher ground near Grevecklic; but disease still followed in our track and we lost several men, and the hospital tents became crowded with the sick, and many a poor fellow full of vigour and burning with enthusiasm at the chance of a brush with the Russians, fell a victim to that terrible scourge, cholera, and never lived to see a shot fired.

I sometimes took my gun in the early morning, or else after sundown, for it was too hot in the middle of the day for work of any kind, and now and then got a little sport. We used to make arbours of the underwood and they were far more airy than our tents. I frequently rode over to the

camp of the Light Division, which was at Devna, about six miles from us, and the only cheery times we had were after a late supper, when we had a few songs which put a bit of life into us. Tim Riley of the 88th Regiment was a real cheery chap; he and some of his brother-officers used to come and dine with us now and again, and we would go out after wild-boar, watching for them in the marsh about two miles from camp; but we never had any luck and were half devoured by mosquitos. During this time, Jerry Goodlake and I went on several minor expeditions, shooting and foraging with varied success, but not worth detailing.

The following extract from Dr. Bostock's medical diary speaks for itself: "In August the British army began to concentrate round Varna, and the brigade of Guards commenced its march from Grevecklic on the 16th. Eighty sick were carried in native arabas, the worst cases were left in charge of an assistant surgeon who had joined at Varna. The strength of the men was so much reduced that the distance to the new encamping ground on the Adrianople road, situated on the heights above the south side of Varna Bay, about eighteen miles distant, was divided into three days, and the packs were carried by the Commissariat in order that the men might march as light as possible."

The doctor's statement is only too true, and it is difficult to believe that these were the same men that had embarked at Scutari some two months since, and at that time not a man of the battalion would have thought twice about carrying two packs. Before I give an account of our trip by sea in the *Kangaroo* to the Crimea, I must once more quote from Dr. Bostock's journal :—

“On the 28th of August the battalion embarked on board the *Kangaroo*, leaving the sick in camp under the charge of an assistant surgeon, who subsequently joined us in the Crimea. Sixteen days were spent on board the *Kangaroo*, which was far too small a vessel to contain a battalion for so long a period during the hottest month of the year. The accommodation for the sick was totally inadequate, and their sufferings were much aggravated in consequence. During the passage to the Crimea sixteen cases of cholera occurred, of which eight were fatal. Choleraic diarrhœa was also prevalent. After the landing, which was effected on the 14th of September, no fresh cases of illness took place, and the general condition of the men rapidly improved.”

I cannot do better than quote from certain portions of my letters written home at this time when

on board the *Kangaroo*.* “We started at last at 6 A.M. this morning, and a wonderful sight it was, to see each steamer tow her two transports round a sort of pivot out of the harbour, and get clear out to sea—no easy matter, as so much room is taken by the ships in swinging round. I hardly saw a single collision, though one or two hawsers broke, but were soon made snug again. The line-of-battle ships waited till we were all out of the bay, and they covered our flanks in case the Russians should dare to molest us; and if only the elements keep propitious, as they do now, we shall be at our landing-place in about four days, they say. It would be a different matter should it blow, as the tow ships would be a great drag on us. We go along very steadily as I write, and I don't feel a bit sick, which is a great pull, as I should like to land with all my energies at concert pitch. I fancy the ‘Ruskies’ are in an awful stew, and if their glasses are good enough to see the little lot that is coming to pay them a visit, it will by no means make them any easier. On the evening of the 9th (of September) we anchored in about twenty-five fathoms of water, and lay at our anchors all next day; and a quiet day we had, it being Sunday; and had service morning

* All these letters written by Sir John are quoted word for word from the originals.—EDITOR.

and evening on board. In the afternoon I made one of a crew, and we rowed General Bentinck round the flotilla ; and we went on board several ships, and I saw a great many mates, mostly doing well, though in one or two of the regiments cholera is still rather bad. An officer in the 23rd, named Sutton, is dying, I fear.

“On the morning of the 11th we got orders to weigh anchor, and now (8 P.M.) we are going along easy, all close up, and are off the coast of Eupatoria and Sebastopol, they say. Lord Raglan and Sir J. Burgoyne coasted along here yesterday close in shore, and decided on our landing-place. I have been getting my kit in order to-day, and mean to carry my three days' salt pork and biscuit, some brandy, my cloak, two revolvers, and several useful things on my belt round my waist, the two greatest treasures being an axe and a frying-pan ; and having smuggled a Greek servant on board, he will carry my knapsack with a change of clothes in it, my blanket, and waterproof. I have also put some writing materials in my haversack.” Then, again, on September 12th I added to this letter as follows : “Sept. 12th. I must add another half-sheet to tell you of the narrow escape we had last night. At 9.30 P.M. I was sitting at the table in the cabin, making some neat little packets of mustard, salt, and

pepper, when there came on an awfully sudden squall, and the effect was magical and terrific. Nearly all the steamers ran straight before the wind. We did not do so quite soon enough, and just ahead of us we descried, during the momentary flashes of lightning, a steamer (the *Hydaspes*), with her two transports, coming right across our bows, and as our two tows were driving wildly on in our rear, we could not stop to let her pass; so we had to cut our two hawsers to free ourselves from our dangerous tows. Just as we had done this—which enabled us to back our engines—the *Hydaspes* cleared our bows, but one of her transports swung across our bows and tore the whole of our bowsprit, jibboom, and figure-head bang off, and our ship gave one great lurch over on her side.

“Some of the men sang out ‘It is all over, we are going down.’ I shouted out, ‘It is all right; don’t make such a row.’ I hardly believed my own words though, for it looked terribly bad for us. There were lights of other ships in all directions, scudding before the wind, and rendered almost unmanageable by being hampered with their transports behind them, and ships ahead and astern. A bitterly cold wind was whistling through the rigging, when, all of a sudden, the squall ceased, the moon beamed out, and it became quite calm. Our Captain

afterwards said that, 'if we had been six yards forwarder we should have been sunk by the other steamer.' I think nothing of this nautical business, what with that infernal rock in the Archipelago, and the old *Hydaspes* only missing cutting us in two by a boat's length, and me only a moderate swimmer, I long to be on shore again and chance the reception, warm or otherwise, that the poor 'Ruskies' are waiting to give us.

"Well! we have been in sight of land all this afternoon and have now let go our anchor for the night. With some difficulty we recovered our two transports, and the sight on deck is very curious. Innumerable lights of red, blue, green, and white are hung from the masts of every ship, so that it looks more like a big town in the dark with illuminations going on, than a host of ninety odd ships on the bosom of the Black Sea.

"Eupatoria Point is just ahead of us, about ten miles, and on our left is a line of coast which I have been investigating with my glasses all the afternoon, but can only make out a few nice-looking farm-houses and some trees, and on the top of the cliffs some Cossacks are galloping wildly to and fro, brandishing their spears; but they will evaporate as soon as we land, I guess. To-morrow morning we hope we shall have orders to run in and land, but

I am afraid to say we shall, for I have written so often that we were just on the eve of a row and no row has come off. Now I must go up on deck and keep my watch from eight to twelve ; so good night.

“September 13th, noon. We have just got the order to land, and we are steaming in close along a flat beach, with cornfields right down to the shingles.

“September 14th. At last we set foot on hostile shore. This is more like business and all are in the highest spirits.”

The army began to disembark with the Light Division, which were first on shore ; then came our turn to land. We were packed in boats in light marching order, each man carrying his knapsack in his hand, and as soon as our craft touched the shingle out we jumped, and when we had got on solid ground, fell into our places, stacked our knapsacks in rows, and waited patiently for orders. In the afternoon we got the word for the men to put on their knapsacks, and we marched inland about three miles. This was a long day's work, and it was getting dark before we piled arms and were told to fall out and prepare for a night's rest.

Hepburn commanded our company, sometimes called the “Fighting Fifth.” I was the Lieutenant and Ennismore, Ensign. A nice, dry ploughed field was our bed that night, and, fortunately (the farming

not being high class), the land bore a plentiful supply of ripe tall weeds. These were nice and dry, and we pulled several arm-fulls up by the roots, and soon made a splendid bed wide enough for we three to lie on. I was the only one that owned a waterproof sheet, and I took the precaution to select the middle position, and a luxurious place it turned out ; for no sooner were we settled on our bunch of weeds, each one wrapped in his cloak, with the jolly old bearskin for his pillow, than it began to rain sharp ; so we got my waterproof sheet and spread it over us, and I was soon sound asleep and never enjoyed a better night's rest ; but not so my boon companions, for, poor dears ! the waterproof was not quite large enough to cover all three of us, and the consequence was that first Hepburn pulled it off Ennismore, then he pulled it off Hepburn, and they spent a miserable night ; but " Astley " was as dry as a bone, in the middle, and when I woke up, about 5 A.M., they both upbraided me for having slept and snored the whole night long like a hog, whilst they had been on the rampage pulling the waterproof backwards and forwards, and christening each other well in consequence of a selfish wish to keep dry.

The rain had now ceased, so I started on a foraging expedition, as fuel and water were required to cook our breakfast, and great fun I had. I got

two of our company to come with me, and we each carried eight wooden water-bottles; I also took my axe and a brace of revolvers. We had not gone far before we discovered that the French were in camp a short distance from us, and many of them were foraging about like ourselves. We soon espied a well with a low wall round it, and, running up, we perceived some water ten or twelve feet down. Having brought a mess-tin with us, we fastened the water-bottle straps together and let it down into the water; when, to our horror, we found it fast, and on looking over the wall we discovered that a Zouave had hold of our tin. As I could talk a little French I made him understand that he should never come to the surface alive if he did not help us fill our bottles. This he consented to do if we would let him fill his own. A bargain was at once struck, and, with the assistance of "Froggy," we succeeded in filling all our bottles after some trouble, helped the Zouave up, and drank to our better acquaintance and the destruction of the "Ruskies."

Now the next thing was fuel. There was a small farmstead near the well, and I fastened myself to a small post I saw stuck in the ground and tried all I knew to raise it; but, though it wobbled about as if it would come to hand every moment, it beat us altogether. Just at this moment I spotted a French

soldier carrying a lattice side of an araba on his head. I ran up to him and offered him "two bob" to exchange his load for the beautiful post we had been lugging at. He jumped at the idea, *pauvre bête* that he was, and we trotted off and heard him using some very strong expressions to the post; and I venture to think that, if his hot coffee depended upon that post, he did not get much that morning.

As luck would have it, while returning to camp across some plough-land I lit on some ripping mushrooms. Little dears! perhaps we didn't just cuddle them up in our handkerchiefs, and, thus amply laden, we returned to our bivouac by about eight o'clock, to find most of the battalion trying to boil their coffee by means of the dried weeds; but they only gave a flare up and then died out, without even warming the liquid. I distributed some of our wood (a popular move) and soon made a lovely fire.

I cut some fat off my salt pork and popped it in my frying-pan, and when it had nicely melted, introduced the fragrant mushrooms and some bits of biscuit.

The first to scent out the delicious fungi was dear old Billy Ridley; with his glass firmly wedged in his off eye, he, in the most genial and mincing tones,

congratulated our little coterie on our good fortune. Of course he was allowed a bite, and shortly after several pals hurried up and were given leave to heat their coffee at our fire—in fact the 5th Company's breakfast was as popular and enticing as the well-filled hamper of a wealthy boy at Eton.

Most of our mates had got a good soaking during the night, and Sergeant Feist in his diary writes: "Rained heavily the first night; the battalion lay on a ploughed field. Everyone rose next morning wet through, and my boots were full of water (on my feet)."

I was detailed for picquet duty on the shore; so I marched off with fifty men and spent the afternoon and night in charge of all material that had been landed from the ships. It was a funny sight to watch some poor bullocks which had been purchased at Eupatoria for the Commissariat. There were no means of landing them from the ships, so they were shoved overboard, and the sailors in the boats guided them to swim on shore, which most of them managed very creditably; but several were too exhausted to be driven any further. Our picquet was relieved in the morning, and I had a fancy to coax a stray bullock to our camp; but he showed temper and, though the men did all they could to bring him along with us, it was no go, and we were

most reluctantly compelled to leave this truly succulent morsel by the road-side.

About midway to our camp a sheep crossed our path. I halted the men, piled arms, and I and two of the men took off our coats and ran down the mutton, bringing him back in triumph. We were on our way to camp with our prize when, as bad luck would have it, we met a General and his staff riding down the beach, and I asked permission to convey the animal to our quarters ; but only got a wiggling for my pains and for meddling with property not my own by purchase or gift. It was quite heartbreaking to watch the fleecy darling scamper off, and then to actually behold his capture by some French soldiers shortly after, whose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were not nearly so strict as ours.

Tents were served out to us, and we remained on the same ground for four days, on one of which Jerry Goodlake and I took our guns and went some distance beyond the Cavalry vedettes and had fair sport—viz., two hares and twelve or fourteen quail. On our return we fell in with a French General and his staff, all mounted, and having with them a spotted Dalmatian carriage-dog, with whose assistance they had also been indulging in *la chasse*. They were paralysed at the result of our bag, and

in melancholy tones admitted that "*Monsieur le Général a tué un épervier seulement.*"

The next day I took my Greek servant and went to a Tartar village to buy poultry. The natives shook their heads and said that they "had nothing to sell;" but my Greek, being up to their little games, removed some straw upon which we were standing, and, lying down with his ear to the ground, he soon reported that "he heard some turkeys and fowls talking it over" in one of the large round caverns in which these people store their grain. He soon found the stone that closed the entrance, and, lifting it off, we made a Tartar boy get in, and he handed up as many birds as we could carry, and we chucked an equal number of shillings on the ground as an equivalent (it being a shooting matter to steal anything). We then returned to the camp, well pleased with our day's marketing.

The day after, I sent my Greek out to try and buy a pony, and he returned with quite a decent animal, and its owner. I pulled out four pounds—all that he demanded for it—with great glee, and at once set to work to rig up a pack-saddle. I got leave to take our bell-tent with us when we moved, on condition that I paid the Commissariat Department for it. These few days were jolly enough and the weather was splendid; but on the 18th we got

orders to march the next morning to the Buljanak, a small stream between us and the river Alma.

On the morning of the 19th we fell in about 5 A.M., and had a long day's march, much lengthened by the large body of troops to be moved, and we did not reach our bivouac on the stream of the Buljanak till 5 P.M., although I do not believe that the actual distance covered was more than twelve or thirteen miles. I carried a lot of things and was pretty well baked. Our Cavalry and Horse-Artillery had a slight scrimmage with the advanced posts of the Russians about 4 P.M., and killed several of them. We only had two men wounded and six or eight horses killed.

I now come to the most exciting day of my life, namely, that of the battle of the Alma. I am quite aware that this memorable victory has been recorded and chronicled many times previously; but I am anxious to give my account of the fight and I am vain enough to believe that what I jot down here is actually correct.

It was a glorious day in more senses than one; for the sun shone brightly on us from start to finish, and I now give my version of that day's work, compiled partly from memory, and partly from two letters which I sent home, one written on the

very day of the engagement and the other, three days later.

When the dawn broke on that eventful morning (about 5 A.M.), we shook ourselves up a bit, and after a snack of salt pork and a bit of biscuit, with a drop of hot coffee, we paraded; but were told we should not march before seven o'clock. The majority then lay down again; but as I felt wonderful well and extra keen to have a peep at the ground in front of us, I took my haversack with my writing things in it and my telescope, and made my way a little beyond our outposts. As I was going I met Colonel Gordon, of the Grenadiers, who was on the staff, and asked if there was any chance of getting our letters, as they were three or four days overdue. He was in a great hurry, and as he rode off he said: "Oh no! we shall be in a general action in an hour or so." This fairly woke me up, and I got on a bit of a hillock, pulled a good arm-full of dry weeds, and, lying on them, took a good spy towards the Alma. As the sun rose and dispelled the mist, I could discover a few Cossacks prowling about in our front, and examining the ground where we had killed a few of them and their horses the evening before.

Beyond these Cossacks were some regiments of Russian cavalry. About a mile off and straight to

our front, extending some five or six miles, was a long undulating range of hills, steepest just next to the sea-cliffs on our right front. As the sun rose I could detect large bodies of Infantry on the hill-sides. I could see their camp-fires and the glitter of the sun's rays on their piled arms. I was soon joined on this small eminence by Sir Richard England and one of his staff, and after a lively chat with him—my young eyes having been of service in enlightening him as to the position and great strength of the enemy—he rode off to command his Division (the 3rd ; but it was hardly under fire that day).

I wrote a line to the governor and told him “we should soon be at it, and that I had a feeling I should be hit high up ; but, with luck, should be able to shoot a cock-pheasant at Everleigh before Christmas.” This presentiment, curiously enough, turned out very nearly correct ; for, though I did manage to shoot several bunnies, I could not (owing to my wound) get my gun higher than my hip. But to return to business. I rejoined my battalion at once, and about 7 A.M. we fell in and took ground to our right, and then waited some time to give the French, who were on our right, a chance to get in proper alignment with us. About eleven the whole army moved off, the French on our right next the sea,

the English in the centre, and the old Turk on our right ; in rear of the French. We marched forward in column of Divisions, and in front of us were the Light Division, the Artillery being on the flanks, and our body of Cavalry, 1000 strong, hovering about where required.

We went ahead steadily but slowly ; it was a fine stretch of open country, so that we kept to our formation pretty well. About 12.30 we reached the summit of an incline which sloped gently down to the River Alma, and, all of a sudden, some small outhouses and stacks which fringed the vineyards close to the river appeared to be in a blaze, the enemy no doubt thinking it unwise to leave us any shelter that they might afford. From this brow the numbers of our foe and the strength of their position were clearly discernible. About a mile to our front was a long low line of wall enclosing the vineyards, which were about 300 yards deep. Then came the river, varying from 20 to 30 feet wide, and fordable nearly everywhere. Beyond the river was a very steep bank, about 20 feet high, and above this bank the grounds rose gradually in undulating lines, being in some places quite steep and in others much easier. These heights were decked with masses of troops, and here and there a battery or fieldwork along the face of the hill, the guns of

which could be plainly seen peeping through the sand-bag embrasures, and, to show to what degree of accuracy the "Ruskies" had reduced their firing, they had placed white posts in the ground, and from continual practice they had got the range to a nicety; for they had been encamped there about two months, and, as two of their old generals (who were subsequently taken prisoners) told us: "They were confident that they could hold the hill-side for three weeks, unless their flanks were turned."

Well! we had now arrived on the top of the slope, and the Rifles and some of the Light Division opened out into skirmishing order, and as they advanced, the Ruskies let drive with their big guns, the work of destruction thus beginning about 1 P.M. For the first time in my life I saw men carried past on stretchers, pale and bleeding, on their way to the doctors in the rear, and the row became awfully exciting. Our division consisted of the 93rd, 79th, and 42nd Highlanders, and the three battalions of the Guards. On our immediate left were the Coldstreams, with the Highlanders on their left; while the Grenadiers were on our right, and we all deployed into line. As the round-shot began ricochetting through our ranks, the word was passed to "open out and let them go." *Entre nous* we did not want much telling, you may bet, and just

about this time, when I was marching in rear of my company, a big shot came bounding along and passed through the centre. A capital chap, named George Duff, who was our best wicket-keeper, was just in front of me, and I sang out to him, "Duff! you are keeping wicket, you ought to have taken that." He turned, and, smiling quietly, said: "No, sir! it had a bit too much pace on. I thought you was long stop, so I left it for you." It was wonderful ready of him, was it not? when you remember what we were about and where we were.

Poor Duff! he never played cricket any more. Every now and then we were told to lie down, and then, as we advanced, the shot and shell kept whizzing and whistling over our heads, and the dirt sent flying every now and again as the shot struck, and some poor fellow to the right or left would be carried to the rear. Now we got up for the last time and marched down to the corner of the wall—no running for its shelter, mind, but all as cool as lettuces. By this time the skirmishers were nearly through the vineyards, and we got the order to advance, and over the wall we went. I gave one or two fellows a hand up, and the balls did whistle round like "old Billy." We were now in the vineyards, and pushing our way through the tangled vines (for the vines were allowed to grow loose, and

there were no stakes to bind them to, as in the wine-growing districts). Few stooped to pick the grapes; but the grape and canister made many a poor fellow double up. We reached the edge of the stream—already tinged with blood—and I saw poor Charlie Baring, who was with the right flank of the Coldstreams, tumble over. I ran up to him for a second and saw that his arm was broken. I cut back to my company and went into the river, but it was only up to my knees. There was an old pollard willow lying half across the stream in our track, and, curious to say, some of the men would try and cross the water by its aid, so as to keep their legs and feet dry. We crossed and got under the steep bank which I mentioned previously, where we were as safe as if we were in the ditch of the Tower of London. We were getting our men nicely into their places—for the vines and the river had broken our touch; by rights we should have had time to re-form, and have taken off our packs, for then we could have charged up the hill in proper form; but our Colonel, Sir Charles Hamilton, shouted to us to “advance and support the Light Division,” who were catching it uncommon hot at this time; so we clambered up the steep bank and doubled up the hill in the teeth of a tremendous fire.

CHAPTER XII.

Battle of the Alma concluded—Rush for the Battery—The True Reason of our Line Wavering and Retiring—Wounded—Under the Vineyard Wall—Tea—Poor George Duff—A Bit of Luck for the Cook—Conveying Wounded on Board the Ships—I am taken aboard *Sanspareil* — Hepburn, Ennismore, Bulwer, Baring, Chewton, Haygarth, all Wounded—Fifth Company without Officers—Letters Home—Horace Cust Killed—Bob Lindsay to get the Victoria Cross—Death of Thistlethwaite—Embark in the *Colombo*—Terrible State of Ship—Arrival at Scutari—See Fred Sayer—No more Running for him—Deaths of Colonel Cox and Jolliffe from Cholera—Death of Chewton—My Wound on the Mend—Narrow Escape of Gipps—Invalided Home in the *Vectis*—"Home, Sweet Home"—A Word about Everleigh—Foxhall—Old Picture of the Combat—Our Woodman on Rabbits.

UP to this, nothing could have gone better, and the men had behaved splendidly ; for, one or two might have tumbled down among the vines, and thought it prudent to lie snug. But now came a lull in our ardour, and when the circumstances are dispassionately considered, I think there are few that will deny that we were the victims of real bad luck. Immediately in front of us was one of those infernal earthworks armed with eight or nine big guns, well

served with grape and canister, also a regiment of Russian riflemen, some lying full length, others kneeling, and the rest standing ; but one and all taking pot shots at us as we came up the hill, and they must have been bitter bad marksmen, or else our line of two deep ought to have been annihilated. We had fixed bayonets, and I verily believe we should have driven the Ruskies out of their battery ; but just at the critical moment the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers—who had been terribly cut up, and had gathered round their colours at the corner of the battery—got the order to retire, and they came down the hill in a body, right through the centre of our line, and carried a lot of our men with them.

This caused our line to waver and retire, leaving the officers in front, and just as I was yelling to our company to come back, I got a fearful “whack” and felt as if some one had hit me hard with a bludgeon on the neck. Fortunately I did not fall, but turned and went down the hill, feeling awfully queer and dizzy. How I got there I don’t know ; but I found myself standing in the river and sousing my face with water, which somewhat revived me ; then one of our drummers came running up and gave me a go of brandy, and helped me through the vineyard, and there I lay down behind the wall which we had so lately crossed.

Before I did so, however, I managed to look up the hill and had the intense satisfaction of seeing that our men had gone right through the battery ; for the Grenadiers and the Coldstream Guards on both flanks had poured in such a heavy fire, that out bolted the Ruskies, and our fellows followed them up and killed a lot of them. In a short time I could hear only an occasional shot, and so learned that we had gained a complete victory, and that the enemy were in full retreat towards Sebastopol.

I lay very still, and never took my hand off the back of my neck, where there was a tidy hole, and I bled freely. I felt no other wound, so I concluded that I had a ball in my head, and that I was not long for "here." My head throbbed fearfully, and when the doctor came to have a look at me he said : "Well ! what's the matter with you ?" I replied, "I've got a ball in my head and am as good as settled any time." He rejoined, "Not you ! Let's have a look at you ?" So I took my hand off the hole in my neck, and he felt about and discovered a little hole in front, where the ball had gone in ; and as soon as he told me this I felt a different man, for I knew that the bullet had gone bang through and out. He put some bandages round my neck, and was then obliged to hurry off to more urgent cases.

I got up and had a look round, and a terrible sight it was to see many pals and lots of wounded men, being constantly brought to the rear and laid under the wall.

However, they told me that "none of my brother officers had been killed"; and that, coupled with the proud feeling of joy at our glorious victory, soon made my spirits rise, and I was able to assist some of the men to boil some water and make a lot of tea; this I carried round, and gave several of our fellows a go down of that good old beverage. Amongst others, I found poor George Duff, with whom I had been chaffing about the round shot not four hours before. Poor fellow! he was in a terrible plight: one of his thighs was horribly smashed, and he had lost a lot of blood; but he said in a very low voice: "It's all up with me, Captain." I shook his hand and realised that it was; but it fairly upset me, and does now when I think of it, for we had not a cheerier or more willing soldier in the whole lot, and many is the half-crown or shilling that I had given him (or, as he called it, lent), especially when we lay at Chichester; for his parents lived at Midhurst, he being the son of a sweep there, and he had a brother in the 3rd Buffs, a real good sort, too.

I must here allude to an eye-opener I experienced

while brewing the tea. The very first man I saw bowled over was an old soldier, batman to our Sergeant-Major, and often employed as cook. I had positively seen him drop down like a dead man before we got to the vineyards ; and now, lo and behold ! this very individual was the first to come and help make tea. I could not believe my eyes, and said, "Hallo ! old boy, I made sure you were dead !" He promptly replied : " So did I, Captain ; for I felt sure that I had got a ball in my stomach when I fell down, but the bullet had hit the buckle of the leather strap that I wear round my waist," and, pulling up his flannel shirt, he showed me the most extraordinary discoloration of his skin, like two or three miniature rainbows, caused by the force of the bullet, which had indented the tongue of the buckle, but had not even broken the skin. Tidy luck for "cooky," was it not ?

Feeling very queer, I returned to my place under the wall, and found Hepburn with his arm in a sling, a ball having passed through his fore-arm and out at his elbow, fortunately missing the joint. Ennismore was there also, nursing his leg, a bullet having found its way through the calf ; so the 5th Company was without an officer that night, as all three of us were hit. My Greek came up with my pony and tent, so we turned in there for the night ; but I

found that I could not lie down, and had to prop myself up as best as I could, passing a very middling night, I can assure you,

I was up early and went to see how the wounded were doing, and met a man carrying a leg to the big grave that had been prepared for the dead, and he told me that the limb belonged to poor Duff; so I made my way to where he was, but found him dying fast. When I spoke he just opened his eyes, and I could see that he recognised me; but his work was done in this world, and he passed away. Several men had died during the night, and it was with a heavy heart that I returned to the tent. In the forenoon a naval officer arrived and told me that he had orders to convey the wounded on board ship, and shortly afterwards a lot of sailors appeared and—stretchers being scarce—they had rigged up some impromptu ones by fastening bits of canvas between two oars, and on this rude conveyance I was carried some three or four miles.

The sailors were cheery chaps, and kept talking all the way about the battle, and, though they showed a lot of sympathy for the pain I endured as they swung along, yet, when they halted to rest, they took the precaution to shelter themselves from the broiling hot sun under the shade of some trees, but left me fully exposed to the heat

and flies. However, thank goodness! we soon got on board a very fine ship, the *Sanspareil*.

I will now quote from my second letter home. "September 22nd, on board the line-of-battle ship *Sanspareil*. Here I am, as comfortable as need be, bar my neck and shoulder being awfully sore and stiff. You will see by the papers an account of our victory, and such a one has never been surpassed. All seem to think it a most plucky affair; I cannot say, as it was my first action; but I never imagined in my wildest moments that men could go a-head in face of such a shower of bullets, grape, shells, and round-shot. We lost heavily, as our Company, being just opposite the entrenchment, had about the worst of it—all three officers wounded, and thirty-four out of eighty-eight men missing on calling the roll over that evening; so there was no mistake about it.

"Hepburn, Ennismore, and I stuck together, and here we are, in a fine ship, with every comfort and kindness. I do not know what we shall be done with yet. Bulwer of ours is here, shot through the hand, and poor Charlie Baring of the Coldstreams with his left arm taken off at the socket. We had nine fellows put *hors de combat*: Colonel Haygarth, one through the leg, and when on the ground a fearful wound which has taken off the top of his

shoulder. Poor Lord Chewton, most awfully cut about, five wounds in arms, head, and leg; he was bayoneted and beat about the head as he lay on the ground with a broken thigh, and his life only saved by a Russian officer during the momentary retreat we made. Colonel Berkeley, leg broke, but doing well. Annesley, shot through the cheek and mouth, and jaw cut about; he cannot eat or speak, but doing well. Buckley, a ball in the nape of his neck, extracted behind the shoulder-blade. Gipps, a bayonet wound in his hand, but not much hurt; doing well. Dalrymple, a spent ball on the knee, also going on well—making eleven officers hit out of twenty-nine. The Brigadier, two Majors, and the Adjutant had their horses shot under them, and bullets through their bearskins.

“Poor Horace Cust was killed; he had his thigh broken by a round-shot, and died from exhaustion after amputation. The Coldstreams did not suffer near so much as we did, through not being in front of the battery.”

I now quote a few lines from Sergeant Feist's diary:—“The colours (Queen's) were carried by Lieutenant R. Lindsay, and the regimental by Lieutenant A. H. Thistlethwaite, both officers escaping without a scratch. The Queen's colour had *twenty-four* shot-holes, and the pole shot asunder

about the centre and again at the lower end. The regimental colour had no shot-holes. The Sergeants with the colours were McKechnie, slightly wounded; Nicholas Lane, killed; Boyce, unhurt; and A. McLeod, shot through the arm, of which wound he died a month after. It may here be remarked that Sergeant J. Lane—Pay-Sergeant, 4th Company, and whose place in the line was next the colours—was also killed within a few yards of his brother Nicholas. This Sergeant J. Lane left his wife at Varna (ill), and she died about the same time, and neither knew of the other's death."

To quote from my letters once more:* "Bob Lindsay (now Lord Wantage) I look upon as the luckiest and pluckiest of our lot, for, though the colour he carried was riddled, he was untouched, and of those who were near him and best able to judge, all said that he displayed conspicuous bravery, and we were all pleased when he was awarded the Victoria Cross. Poor Thistlethwaite died afterwards of disease in the hospital at Scutari.

"The 'Ruskies' have gone on towards Sebastopol, most likely to the river Katcha, where they will make another stand if they ain't too frightened,

* It has been deemed advisable to give these letters without alteration of any kind, which fact will no doubt kindly be remembered.—EDITOR.

and we are to follow them up at once. Officers run very short throughout the divisions that were engaged.

“5.30 P.M. Hepburn has just come to say that we had better go on board the *Colombo*, which starts with wounded officers and men for Scutari to-morrow. I have been keeping quiet in my cot all day, and, beyond being very stiff and helpless, I feel little pain, and the doctor says I shall be all right in a month.

“On board the *Colombo* I shared a cabin with a Russian officer. He could talk a little French, and was a very plucky, good sort of chap; and as I could get about a bit, I was useful to him, for he could not move, having a broken thigh. There were about eight hundred wounded on board, some of them very bad cases. Over fifty men died and were consigned to the deep before we arrived at Scutari. I was just glad to get out of that putrid tub; what with the doctors practising on the limbs of the wounded, with their shirt-sleeves all rolled up above their elbows, the moans of the dying, the crowded state of the decks, and other discomforts, it was real joy to be rowed on shore, where we three, and Bulwer, had a nice airy room to ourselves.

“Not the slightest provision had been made for

the wounded, no more than if we had gone to Alma to play a cricket-match with the 'Ruskies.' We four lay upon mattresses on the floor and the men on the bare stone passages; having nothing to eat that night except what we bought for them ourselves.

"September 27th. I found this morning that the bullet had made a tidy hole in the side of my jaw (in my whiskers), which was hidden by clotted blood, I not having an opportunity to get well at it till this morning. Poor Chewton is next door to us and is terribly bad; I go and see him three or four times a day, and write letters home at his dictation; but I fear there is no chance for him."

The next letter is dated October 4th, and is as follows: "I am getting on wonderful well and can sleep for some time together, but I can't lie down yet. I really believe, in a fortnight I shall be as right as nails. I hope my head will get straight again; they say it will, but at present it has a very knowing lurch to the near side, and, of course, is quite a fixture. I am getting a first-rate hand at making plain puddings, and cook nearly all that we four eat, two being unable to use their hands, but 'Whack' (Ennismore), with his leg up, can help a bit. We get some splendid fruit, grapes in particular. Hepburn and I managed to walk over to

the hospital yesterday. Poor Fred Sayer of the 23rd (the man I ran at Slough) has got a bad shot-wound in his ankle, and when we entered his ward he said to me, 'It's all over with the running now, Mate,' and true enough; for he has got a terrible foot, and it don't look like carrying a spiked shoe any more. A thousand pities! for he was real nimble.

"We saw a lot of our men, and they are most of them doing well. The arrangements are now first-rate, and they have every comfort. Mrs. Grantham Scott, who is at Pera with her sick husband, sends them over plenty of splendid grapes every day. Lots of fellows called to me by name as I passed through the wards, some of whom I did not know; but many are old mates at cricket or football, and we are all real cheery. I suppose it's the feeling that we have done our duty well that gives us a light heart!

"I saw one extraordinary case that day and knew the man well, but just now forget his name. A ball had passed slap through his body, entering his stomach on a level with his lower ribs and coming out just by the side of his spine. He was doing right well! We hear constantly from the front. The 'Ruskies,' after Alma, scuttled straight off to Sebastopol, never even making any stand on the

Katcha or stopping to blow up the bridge ; so they must have been jolly well demoralised. As an old Russian General who died here a day or two ago expressed it : ‘ They expected to meet men, but they had met devils in red coats.’ Poor old boy ! the red-coats had played the devil with him and no mistake ! *On dit*, old Menschikoff has bolted out of Sebastopol (like a rabbit with an old dog-ferret behind him, out of his burrow) and our fellows took his carriage, full of champagne and his portable kitchen — don’t I wish I had been there.

“Gipps writes me cheerily from the front ; but tells me that he had a narrow squeak the other day, having ridden out to a village on a foraging expedition. He was chatting to some natives (Tartars) when bang ! whiz ! close to his head, and looking round he saw a Turco (French Algerian), who had mistaken him for a Cossack or some sort of enemy, and all the ignorant toad said, was ‘*Mon Dieu ! ils sont Anglais,*’ and rode away hard all.

“We hear the cholera is bad at the front—Colonel Cox (Grenadiers) was marching with his company at eleven o’clock, and at four was *dead* and *buried*. Poor Jolliffe, of the Coldstreams, is dead of cholera, and a rare good sort he was, too. Poor Chewton ! he died at 2.30 A.M. on the 8th. I shall never

forget his sending for me the afternoon before, when he said, "The doctors tell me, through the clergyman, that I have not got many more hours to live. I am not afraid to die. I wish to see you all and bid you good-bye." I was with him at 9 P.M., when he said, 'Good-bye, old fellow.' I went to lay down, but bid his servant call me if he got worse. At 2.15 I was roused; he lay quite still. I put a bit of looking-glass to his mouth, and a faint dew overspread it; but the next time I did so it remained quite bright, and he was gone. He was a gallant soldier, and I think I am right in saying that he was the only man in our battalion that had been under fire before Alma, and, curiously enough, he had a strong presentiment that he would be killed. I had written a lot of letters for him, and was much touched at his death.

"October 15th. My neck is certainly getting much more pliable, and I can sleep on my side, which is a great boon. Seven officers of the Guards arrived here yesterday, on their way to the front, and two of them, Colonel Hunter Blair and Lord James Murray, go to join our battalion. Poor Blair had bad luck as he was disembarking to bring us our letters. I must tell you that he is very particular as to his appearance and dress. He got himself up *en grande tenue*, I presume, to inspire awe into the

feeble minds of the Turkish boatmen who were to row him on shore in a caique. All being ready, as he thought, he jauntily stepped on to the companion ladder to descend to the boat; but it was not made fast, and the moment that he was fairly on the ladder down it went, and he was ducked over head and ears in the Bosphorus, our letters that he had with him being soaked, of course. 'Punter' (alias Blair) used fearful language on coming to the surface; however, he was pulled into the boat and, having changed his swell uniform for a more seedy but drier kit, he and Murray came up to our room, and we had a long chat together; for we were real eager to hear home news

"Poor 'Punter,' it was his last trip, for I grieve to say that he fell at Inkermann on the 5th of November, and Jim Murray was invalided home in May, 1885.

"October 15th. Blair and Murray have both gone on to the Crimea. From the front we hear that we shall soon have three hundred guns in position, and, when ready, the whole lot are to let drive into Sebastopol at the same moment. Jolly for the 'Ruskies!' if our fellows hold straight, won't it? Gipps writes: 'Our trenches are now about 1200 yards from the town; we can hear the bands playing, and see the women walking about.' Poor

dears! they will have to shift their quarters very soon, I take it.

“Now for some cheery news. A board of medical officers sat on us yesterday (19th), examined our wounds, and decided that we must all be sent home. I almost fancy I ought to have waited here a bit to get well, then joined our battalion and helped them get into Sebastopol; but the doctor said “it would be some time before I was fit for duty; for, though my wounds are healing over nicely, my neck and left arm are deuced stiff; so we three really start by the next ship, and we expect to have a jolly time of it on our way home.”

Well! in due course we started, and I find that on November the 14th I wrote: “Here we are, on board the *Vectis*, and at last really in sight of Marseilles. A nice time we have had of it! This beastly steamer stopped five days at Smyrna to take in cargo, consisting chiefly of figs, and as our skipper says every fig has a worm or grub in it, we must have a tidy lot of bait on board for those fond of fishing.

“We went on shore at Smyrna and were entertained by our Consul and the Turkish Governor, and drove about the country. At Malta we had to wait for the Indian mails, and it was jolly enough there, as several of our acquaintances of last March

and April were very glad to see us, and it was very pleasant to talk to the ladies again ; for I had not had a drop of tea with any of the fair sex since leaving Malta in April, excepting a moderate brew with Dr. Reid and his four girls at Scutari Hospital one evening, and a friendly cup with Lady Errol (the best of wives), who is on board our boat tending her somewhat peculiar husband, whom she has stuck to with extraordinary pluck through thick (and plenty of it) and thin. We have been four days, instead of two, crossing from Malta, as one of our paddle-wheels broke down twice.

“ November 20th, Guards Club. Here we are all right. We arrived at Dover at eleven o'clock yesterday morning, where we had to wait, *mirabile dictu*, till seven-thirty, there being no train. I have been to see Sir W. Fergusson, to ask him about my neck and arm. He was very glad to see me again, and said I had had a wonderful near squeak, and, opening a cupboard full of surgical instruments, remarked, pointing to them : ‘ I’ve not got an instrument there that I could pass the same track as that bullet took, without tapping your carotid artery and letting out your life-blood. The artery must have yielded to the bullet, and it was most fortunate that no bullion or cloth from your coat-collar was driven into the wound ! ’ But I told him that I was so jolly

hot 'Alma day' that I threw my coat open and had nothing round my neck—luck for me again! Good old boy! he would not take a fee, and said that my head would get straight in time, and my arm be useful too.

"I meet mates at the corner of every street and am pulled about and admired like a 'new bonnet;' in fact I'm so bewildered and joyful I hardly know what to do next. However, I shall be with you all to-morrow, hip! hip!"

Here I come to an end for the present of quoting from my letters home, as I joined my people at St. Leonards next day, and folks of every degree made a regular doll of me. My family and I soon returned to Everleigh, and I had a high old time there, and, after all sorts of rejoicings, a plantation was made in the grounds and called the "Alma Clump." I have never described my old home, and I think that I ought to do so; for it is a real nice old place of the sort.

The house was built for Queen Elizabeth's falconer, Sir Ralph Sadler, and there is now in one of the drawing-rooms a full length portrait of him painted in oils on only a half-planed wood-panel. On his wrist he carries a hawk with jesses and bells on. Everleigh is a sort of oasis on Salisbury Plain. The house and park are well sheltered by planta-

tions, and other coverts have been planted from time to time, which are bounded on all sides by vast stretches of open downs, now much more broken up by the plough than they used to be ; though even at the present time you can ride from Everleigh to Salisbury, eighteen miles as the “crow flies,” without jumping a fence or even opening a gate, and nearly all the way you are on fine springy old turf. It is a fine sporting property for everything save fishing, the nearest trout-stream being four miles off, and the kennels of the “Tedworth Hunt” are just about the same distance. I do not know a better place to train horses than on and around these downs. Foxhall was prepared close by, when he won the Cesarewitch and Cambridge-shire, and for years, I fondly hoped that I should have been man enough to have a stable of horses there ; and so I should, if I had had better luck.

There used to hang in the hall at Everleigh—but now removed to Lincolnshire—a very curious old picture descriptive of two combats in which an old ancestor of mine took part. The first is thus described : “The combat in Paris between Sir John de Astley and Peter de Masse, 20th August, anno Dom. 1438.” The two knights are portrayed encased in armour and on horseback, their only weapons being long lances. There are three

curious sorts of "grand stands," erected, I suppose, for the accommodation of "members only," interested in the proceedings. I believe the centre figure is that of the King of France (Louis XI.) at that period. At the sides of the picture are small square panels, with the following incriptions beneath each one. Figure 1: "Here the King granteth him license to perform the combat." Figure 2: "The manner of his being conducted to the lists." Figure 3: "Here he taketh his oath in the presence of the High Constable and Marshal, that he hath no charm, herb, nor any enchantment about him." Figure 4: "Here he pierceth the helmet of Masse with his spear."

In the same frame is also depicted the second combat, as follows: "The combat in Smithfield between Sir John de Astley and Sir Philip Boyle, 30th January, anno Dom. 1441;" and at the sides, in similar fashion to that of the first combat, are described the different situations. Figure 1: "Here having got the victory he returneth thanks to God." Figure 2: "Here the King (Henry VI.) girds him with the sword of knighthood." Figure 3: "Here he presented Masse's helmet to his lady." Figure 4: "Here he is invested with the robes and order of the Garter."

This latter combat was fought on foot in full

armour, and each combatant fought with a shield and short sword. In the centre stand at Smithfield, appears the King in royal robes, with the "Fool" at his feet. There is also a portrait of "Good old Astley," from which I gather that he was a man of moderate stature, very grim and determined looking, and his hands (as drawn) are particularly small; in fact I should say about $6\frac{1}{2}$ gloves would be his size. From this picture I conclude that my ancestors were fond of a "round in the ring," and also, from the fact of his presenting the defeated gentleman's helmet to his "lady," that they were as devoted to the fair sex as I am myself.

The picture of the two combats has been copied in worsted and floss silk cross-stitch, which are at present in wonderful good preservation on the backs of two settees and six antiquated old chairs. There is a replica of it at Arbury (the late Colonel Newdigate's place in Warwickshire), which was left, I believe, as an heirloom in Astley Castle—an old place which formerly belonged to our family. Everleigh has always been famous for the quantity of rabbits that abound in the large patches of gorse which are scattered about on the open downs, and many a pleasant day have I spent in their company with gun and ferret. The little rascals played havoc with some new plantations I planted, and on

one occasion a Scotch woodman we employed tickled me very much, when I was deploring to him the mischief they had done, by remarking: "Aye, what a fule old Noey was when he brought they twa rabbits out of the ark wi' him!"—a sentiment no doubt thoroughly in harmony with the feelings of dwellers in the Antipodes, where the coneys are masters of the situation, but not in accord with mine, for there is no better fun than toppling over the nimble rabbit when you hold well forward, and bunny is in a hurry.

CHAPTER XIII.

Go on Duty in London—Recruiting in Sussex—Country Visits—Letter from Hepburn—"Where Duty Calls"—I Volunteer to Return to the Crimea—Disapproval at Home—Embark at Portsmouth—On Board *Alma* Troopship—Arrive at Malta—Buy a Pony at Pera—In the Sea of Marmora—Arrive at Balaclava—Old Friends and Faces—Rejoin Battalion in Camp on Balaclava Hill—Rough Work at the Front—Curtis, Carter, and Lempriere Killed same Night—Dine with Jerry Goodlake—He Receives the Victoria Cross—Francis Baring—Potatoes £20 a Ton—Nigel Kingscote—Neville—Keith—Gordon—De Bathe—Russians Fear our Men—Billy Russell and Sayer—Marshal Pelissier Succeeds Canrobert—My Pony Dies—Buy another for £40—Halford and Hutchinson—Foot-races on Queen's Birthday—Wild Dayrell Wins Derby, 1855—"Crow Corbett"—His Death—Taking of Mamelon—Death of Colonel Yea—Catch Fever.

AFTER enjoying myself thoroughly in my old home, I went up to London to do duty. The dreadful privations to which our army was exposed during that terrible and never-to-be-forgotten winter of 1854 had so much reduced the number of our battalion before Sebastopol that the authorities at the Horse Guards invited officers to go into different districts and endeavour to get recruits for the Brigade of Guards, and as I was not only

well known, but I venture to think fairly popular, in Sussex—particularly round about Chichester—I volunteered to go recruiting in that county, and met with middling success, though the limited standard of education in this district was rather against me ; for often when I drove into a town on market-day in a brake, with six or seven musicians blowing “hard all” on their instruments some exciting martial strain, such as “See the Conquering Hero Comes,” or “Rule, Britannia,” thereby collecting a goodly crowd of yokels, I found that even my most winning ways, and display of plenty of gay ribbons, to say nothing of having paid for lots of drinks all round, fell rather flat. I was repeatedly met, on offering a likely-looking customer the Queen’s shilling to enlist, with the remark : “Not me ; it was only last night, when we stood the parish clerk drinks to read us how the war was going on in the East, and we heard there was no beer, and wonderful little to eat for the sodgers out there, that we made up our minds that men couldn’t fight on an empty stomach, and we ain’t a-going to try.”

At Lewes I heard that the Militia were to be disbanded after their term of training had expired ; so there I went, and obtained leave from the commanding officer to say a few words to the

men when he formed them into square, previous to dismissing them to their homes. I was sanguine enough to believe that I had roused the martial spirit of not a few, and invited them to meet me in the yard of the principal hotel, where I fondly hoped to enrol a goodly number for transportation to the clutches of the drill-sergeant.

As the beer began to tell, I, my private servant (Hopkins), and a corporal of fine physique belonging to my regiment, took the names of between thirty and forty men, decked them out with ribbons, and bestowed the shilling on them. I left soon after dark, and drove over to stop with my old comrade, Colonel Hepburn, at his place (The Hook) not far from Lewes. I left my servant, and gave him my forage cap and sword to wear; and as he was a very clever fellow, he personated an officer with considerable success, and I bade him and the corporal keep up the military ardour of those I had enlisted. I returned in the morning to take the men before the doctor. I found Hopkins all right, and inquired for the corporal; but my servant informed me, with a knowing look, that "he was not quite fit to appear yet." It seems that the gallant soldier had been obliged to take so many drinks with his would-be future comrades that he could not come up to time, and, as Hopkins expressed it, he had had the

corporal's head several times in a bucket of cold water, and hoped that in a short time he would be able to produce him fit for duty.

To cut a long story short, we marched our squad to the doctor's residence ; but, alas ! from sundry malformations, mostly of toes and veins, about one-half of the men were rejected. One or two paid "smart money," and I do not believe I sent off (with the now resuscitated corporal) more than eight recruits from Lewes ; neither do I think that any other officer had better luck.

During the early spring of 1855 I paid several visits amongst my country friends, none of which did I enjoy more than a trip to my old travelling companion Peel at Bryn-y-Pys, where I met with a hearty reception from the many good fellows I knew in that neighbourhood, and had some cheery days hunting with old Wattie Wynn, and his paragon of huntsmen, old Walker. Early in March I got a letter from Hepburn, when I was at Everleigh, telling me that a draft was shortly to be sent out to join our battalion at the front, and that he intended to volunteer to accompany them—would I go, too ? As I was all right again, my head pretty straight and my left arm in full play, I could do no other than follow his lead ; at the same time I must confess

that it was a bit of a wrench : for no man could be enjoying himself more than I was in "Old England," and, from all accounts, the utter discomfort and continual peril in the trenches before Sebastopol were only too graphically and truthfully described in every letter from one's pals who were there ; but also in Billy Russell's interesting and thrilling articles from the scene of action, as published in the *Times* newspaper.

However, "where duty calls, &c.," I felt bound to obey, and accompanied my Captain to the Horse Guards ; nor can I ever forget the intense curiosity with which I listened to Hepburn's earnest pleading to be allowed *the favour* of joining the draft. The old boy at the Horse Guards into whose presence we two were ushered, and heard our request, utterly scouted the idea, pretty much in these words : "Certainly not ; you have done your share and the country is proud of you. Let others go out and earn glory." He seemed so determined in fact, to adhere to his resolution that I felt convinced my jolly time at home would not be cut short. We both pleaded with renewed energy (mine was begotten by a feeling of intense security that he was too stubborn to yield), but my fond hopes were dashed to the ground—I believe it was owing to the earnest way in which we put it

to him, that "the men of our company would sooner be led by us than by comparative strangers to them." At all events, he, in a torrent of beatitudes on our noble conduct, "whispering no, consented."

Oh, dear! oh, dear! how I despised his vacillating mind! And I am half afraid that I upbraided Hepburn for not letting the old boy have his own way and give our novices a chance of courting "death or glory." However, we had "been and done it," and had but a short time to renew our kit, and go down to Portsmouth to embark with a draft of quite young and only half-drilled recruits.

When I reached home, the good old governor was most explicit in his opinion of the folly I had perpetrated, while my mother (a long way the best of women to my thinking) was much cut up; but the feeling that I had done the proper thing kept my spirits up. There was considerable delay in starting, caused by the scarcity of proper transports to take us out. The Horse Guards wanted to send us in the *Resistance*—an old tub in which Lord Methuen had refused to take out his regiment of Militia to Corfu—but this was luckily overruled; so we waited in London till the first week in April, when we received orders to start for Portsmouth, where we duly arrived one afternoon, and found

that instructions had been received for us to sail early the next morning. So, as soon as we had seen all the men comfortably stowed away on board the *Alma* troopship, Hepburn and I returned on shore and dined at the mess of the Lincolnshire Militia, commanded by that quaint old gentleman Colonel Sibthorpe (who was for some time M.P. for Lincoln), and a long night we had of it: for the C. O. never moved off his chair till 3 A.M., and as his guests, of course we could not leave him, and some very funny stories he told us ere we parted.

As soon as it was light we went on board, and soon had wished our many friends and relatives "good-bye" and steamed away to join our comrades in the East. Now, I can refresh my memory once more from the many letters that I sent home, which I have before me at the present moment while I write.

"On April 19th we had a death and a birth on board the *Alma*. The former was Gordon Drummond's charger, who got down in his box and broke his back; the latter, the advent of a lamb, one of our sheep meant for the table having become a mother. On the 21st we had two burials—a corporal of Coldstream Guards died of heart-disease, and a private of ours of a sort of low fever. On the 23rd we arrived at Malta, and, though I had been

rather a shy feeder on board, I made up for it by a good dinner on shore.

“We found Colonel Haygarth, who was so fearfully wounded at Alma, and, fortunately, for him, he had been taken straight to Malta and is getting on well; he hopes to be able to get home in May. Also our good friend Dr. Bostock, who had been very seedy, but is now recovering. We looked up all our old friends, and started again the next day, and had a very prosperous and quick passage, and on the 27th we were in the Sea of Marmora.”

Quoting again from my letters I find I wrote: “The shores of the Dardanelles are beautifully green; but so are the Wiltshire Downs by this time, I expect. The islands dotted about the Archipelago are pretty enough, too; but I would sooner see Ash Wood,* with the rabbits cutting about on its broad rides, than all the Tenedoses and Plains of Troy, with Byron’s Sestos and Abydos thrown in; for all those places of ancient renown sink into insignificance when one’s mind looks forward to the Plains of Balaclava and the Valley of the Tchernaya, amongst which we ought to be soon. On the 28th we arrived early at Constantinople, and about six, Hepburn and I went ashore at Pera and, after a lot of haggling, bought a couple of ponies and got

* A favourite covert at Everleigh.

them on board all right, and started for the Crimea.

“ On the 30th we anchored off Kamiech, where we had to wait till the wind dropped, as the entrance to Balaclava Harbour is very narrow and not safe to try for, except in smooth water. Maxse, of the *Agamemnon*, came on board and told us that he had dined with Hughie Drummond, of our battalion, the other day, and had ‘the best of everything’—not bad news for us! On May 2nd we steamed into Balaclava Harbour, and no sooner had we taken up our berth than a lot of old mates came rushing down to see us. It was like getting home almost—in fact I felt as if I had a home at both ends. We disembarked and joined our old battalion, who were encamped on a steep rocky hill about a mile from the harbour, and wonderful glad I was to join my old comrades again; though it was sad indeed to miss so many of those who had been with us at the Alma; in fact there were not more than 300 fit for duty out of the 800 we had started with from England the Spring before.”

Our battalion, we found, had been relieved from duty in the trenches, and had been marched down to our present position over Balaclava, to give the men a rest, and much they needed it. I soon landed my

pony, and it turned out a very simple process, for he was slung over the side of the ship, then tipped into the water and left to swim ashore. I clapped a saddle on his back and rode him up to camp. I quite forgot to say that I had brought out a black retriever with me, called "Punch," and a great comfort he was to me. Hepburn and I took possession of a hut lately occupied by some of the Highlanders, who now formed part of an expedition of a mixed force of about fourteen thousand men, French and English, who were embarked on board ship with the intention of attacking Kertch. To quote again from letters :

"From our camp we have a splendid view over the whole plain of Balaclava, where the memorable cavalry charge took place on the 26th of last October, and across the Valley of the Tchernaya to Canrobert's Hill, whence we can see the white puffs of smoke from the Russian battery opposite to our Inkerman picquets, and we can hear all night and day the big guns booming in the distance ; also when nature is at its stillest, the roll of musketry.

"*On dit* the French advance trench is only about one hundred yards off the Mamelon, and our advanced attack about one hundred and twenty yards from the Redan. Our 77th Regiment took some rifle-pits one night and *held them*, though the

French had lost them six times after taking them. Our fellows in the front had a very rough night. Five officers killed, Curtis (46th) and Carter (Engineers) both killed by one round shot as four or five of them were talking together in a group. Poor little Lempriere, whom I had met when staying with the Scots at Rotherfield, was also killed."

Quoting again from a later letter home: "I dined last night with my good old pal Jerry Goodlake, and met John Adair there. Jerry is very fit and has done a lot of hard work, and never has been off duty a day. He had charge of the sharpshooters soon after the army took up its position in front of Sebastopol the beginning of last October, and for distinguished bravery was given the Victoria Cross.

"I like the life out here much; I dine out most nights with different pals. We have now got our kitchen built and last night had a guest to dinner, Francis Baring, who has been on duty right through the winter and looks well on it. Our *menu* not bad—carrot soup (potted), mutton pudding, salad of dandelion leaves, mashed potatoes, and marmalade roly-poly. What can a man want more? Potatoes have been very dear—twenty-one shillings a hundred-weight!"

Seeing that I can only get forty shillings a ton

now, I think my readers will allow that prices ran a trifle high in the Crimea at that time. But let me add a few more extracts from my letters :

“ I rode up to the front yesterday to have a peep at Sebastopol and its fortresses, the English and French camps, and miles of parallels and trenches : wonderfully interesting it was ; and from the top of a house called *Maison d'Eau* I had a perfect view with my glass of the French position and our left attack. I lunched on my way with Nigel Kingscote, who is on Lord Raglan's staff and as fat as butter. I dined with Neville, and Charley Keith, A.D.C. to Sir R. England, and rode back with George Gordon and Henry de Bathe at night. The expedition to Kertch is a complete fiasco ; it seems, Canrobert is an old goose, for when our combined fleet, with 15,000 men on board, were close to Kertch, a gunboat was sent after them, and the expedition was ordered to return immediately. *On dit* Lord Raglan is awfully annoyed about it, and both soldiers and sailors are beside themselves with rage. Lord Raglan can do nothing, as he has only 20,000 English, and Canrobert has 100,000 French ; and so our good old Commander has to play second fiddle. I have made a bit of a garden round our hut and sown the seeds I brought out with me. The last mail brought the *Gazette*, in which I am made a Brevet Major—good luck for

me!—but I feel I have scarcely earned it. It sounds quite familiar being called Major, having enjoyed that title amongst the small fry at home, ever since my brother joined me at Eton.

“The ‘Ruskies’ make constant sorties now, but get terribly cut up and hurry back to cover again. One of the prisoners taken the other night said they were literally soaked with raki, and then told they were going against the French, but, to their terror, they found themselves opposite our works and bolted at once. The French fire rounds and rounds of musketry at the least movement of the ‘Ruskies’ at long range; but our fellows wait till they are within 30 or 40 yards and then let them have it bang in the eye! 4000 ‘Sardines’* under the command of General † ‘Marmalade’ (as the men put it), have just arrived, and the Allies will soon have 200,000 men here of all sorts, and we shall look poor fools if we can’t do something with such a force.

“If you have a chance, send me out a round of boiled beef in tin. Old Soyer, the French cook, has just come out, and I am going to meet him at dinner at Billy Russell’s, the *Times* correspondent. I have just had a bit of very bad luck—my stupid soldier-servant gave my pony its water too soon

* Sardinian troops.

† General La Marmora.

after his feed of barley, and inflammation, alias fermentation, set in, and he is dead and buried, and I shall have a job to get another. I forgot to tell you that I had found my old white mule, 'Alexander' (that I bought at Malta last April) in the Commissariat lines. I have got him back, and very useful he is."

In another letter I find that I wrote: "My garden is the admiration and envy of all beholders, and my hens lay nicely. We are all pleased to hear that Canrobert is superseded by Marshal Pelissier—a good rattling sort of chap, they say—and more Turks and 'Sardines' are constantly arriving. We had some capital games on the Queen's Birthday. I won two foot-races; but, the ground being very hard, uneven, and down hill, I lost the skin off my toes. The 12th Lancers have just arrived from India, and I bought a capital pony of Colonel Fyler, who commands them. He gave £10 for the pony at Cairo; I gave him £40 for him—not a bad profit! He had only been used for carrying water-barrels, but as he has a nice mouth, and very sensible, I shall soon make a nice hack of him. I call him 'Jimmy.' I dined with the 5th Dragoon Guards last night and met two old Eton mates, Joey Halford, and Hely Hutchinson, and we had a cheery evening. The second expedition to Kertch

has been quite a success, as we easily occupied that town, took over 50 big guns, a large amount of stores, and lost very few men.

“Our advanced trenches are now getting very near those of the ‘Ruskies,’ and they say our men make miniature shells by filling soda-water bottles with powder and small stones, then stick a fuse through the cork, and light it up and throw it across into the enemy’s advanced works. How’s that for mimic warfare? We keep losing a few men of cholera and low fever, and, as no parson could be found, the other day I had to read the burial-service over one of our young soldiers that came out in our draft in the *Alma*.

“I often go out in the very early morning with my dog and gun, and have had fair sport with some nice fat little quail who arrive here during the night, on their flight from Asia Minor northwards, and it often happens that some of the French soldiers are out on the same job; they melt and roll out their bullets, and then cut them into small tiny squares, as they cannot afford to buy shot. The peculiar noise which these angular atoms make when leaving the muzzle of their rifles is very peculiar, and at no other game-shooting have I laughed as much. My faithful Punch ranges about and puts up a quail. I knock him down; but perhaps two or three red-

breeched Frenchmen have fired at the same object, and rush forward to claim the savoury morsel. But 'Punch' is always there first, picks up the little bird, and gallops back to me with it; when I at once put it in my haversack, and perhaps the Gaul don't talk quick over it! '*Mais c'est moi qui a tué cet gibier, absolument c'est à moi!*' I say: '*Doucement, mes amis; soyez tranquille. C'est le mien, et il est dans ma poche!*' I don't know a more delicious breakfast than two or three real fat little quails when, daintily picked, trussed and covered with a vine-leaf, they are kept moving in the frying-pan over the fire, floating about in a gravy of fat from the salt pork!

"I must give you a specimen of the crude state of the Telegraph Department out here. A telegram, directed to "Captain Ashley, Grenadier Guards," was brought to me, and it read thus: '*Votre père est mort.*' This announcement, of course, startled me not a little. I at once jumped on my pony and galloped up to Head Quarters, to see if I could learn any particulars, and, if the news proved true, to ask for leave to go home. I found the mail had just come in, and, fortunately, the telegram had taken as long to arrive as the newspapers, in one of which I found the death of Ashley Ponsonby's father announced, which, of course, set my mind at

rest ; but I should liked to have had five minutes with that telegraph clerk who had coolly left out ' Ponsonby ' altogether. I learnt that A. Ponsonby of the Grenadiers had started from England, so that this telegram had been sent after him. It was a nice, reliable way of transmitting news, wasn't it ? ”

Early in June we got the news that Wild Dayrell had won the Derby. (How well I recollect it, even at this length of time afterwards !) I had taken two hundred pounds to five about him when he was a two-year-old (possibly the reader may remember how, in a former chapter, I mentioned his breaking loose during exercise at Littlecote), and I felt highly delighted. I rode up to the front, and lunched with the 88th Regiment—a very cheery lot of fellows, and one of the best of them was “ Crow ” Corbett, a very great pal of mine. He was also in high glee, as he had won about two hundred over the race. After luncheon we were having a smoke and chat together, when orders arrived that a storming-party was to be sent into the trenches that night, to take the “ Quarries ”—an excavated bit of ground lying midway between our advanced attack and the Redan—which was now held by the enemy, and from which spot their riflemen had been harassing our men somewhat severely.

Poor Corbett was detailed as one of the storming-

party, and I think I never saw so sudden a change come over a brave man. He took me on one side and said : “ I feel a strong presentiment that I shall be killed before morning. Will you take care of my Derby winnings when they arrive ? ” I told him that the Paymaster of his regiment had better look after that, and tried all I knew to cheer him up ; but all to no purpose, and when the party fell in, and he was marching off with them, he stopped a moment to wring my hand and we wished each other good luck and good bye ; for he again said that he was firmly convinced that he should not return alive, and, though I took care not to let him see it, I felt grave misgivings as to our ever meeting again in this planet. As a matter of fact we never did.

When the party were out of sight I rode over to watch the attack that the French were to make on the Mamelon, and, tethering my pony, I walked up to the brow of a small hill, from which I could see the Mamelon and its embrasures quite nicely. It was a lovely still evening I remember, and apparently both besieged and besiegers were for the time being enjoying repose ; when, suddenly, up went a rocket, and from their advanced trenches out swarmed the French Zouaves and ran up the hill, on the crown of which the Mamelon was situated ;

and before the Ruskies were aware of the presence of their foes, many of the Zouaves were already inside the huge earthwork, and, with a splendid dash, drove the enemy out towards the town. Had their supports shown the same pluck and daring, the Zouaves would have held the fort ; but the latter were too impetuous, and, rushing right through the Mamelon, they encountered a host of Russian infantry and were driven back on their supports, who gave way and made for the cover of their trenches, a large proportion of them being knocked over in their hasty retreat ; but, fortunately, the Zouaves had spiked many of the Russian guns, or very few of those gallant Frenchmen would have been left alive.

Whilst I was lying down watching these operations, one of our navvies (a number of whom had been sent out from England to make the railway from Balaclava to the front) was standing bolt upright, staring about him, not a hundred yards from where I was lying, and I had already shouted out to him more than once to lie down, as many of the ships and harbour forts had opened fire from their big guns, so that the round shot came bounding and ricochetting along far behind where we were ; but the foolhardy fellow took no notice of my remonstrances, and presently down he flopped quick

enough, with, I believe, a broken back. Some of his mates came up and carried him off, and I thought it was about time to get my pony and make tracks for safer quarters ; but before I reached my peaceful hut I heard the news that our men had taken the "Quarries" (or "Ovens," as they were sometimes called), and that the 88th had suffered severely. Alas! poor Corbett's presentiment of coming ill had been realised, for he was dead.

The next day, June the 8th, I heard that a flag of truce was hoisted, so that both the Allies and the Russians might carry off their wounded and bury the dead. I rode up to camp, therefore, and walked to the Mamelon, and a truly terrible sight that hill-side presented ; for the slaughter had been appalling, and the French lay very thick on the ground, the "Ruskies" having slated them fearfully on their retreat after the first attack on the fort. However, they had accounted for a good many of the enemy, and during the night had again assaulted, and this time retained possession of, this great earthwork.

The ambulance corps of both sides were very busy removing the wounded to the hospitals and collecting the dead for burial. I walked on through the Mamelon, and out on the other side towards the Round Tower or Malakhoff, finally reaching

the line of Russian sentries, beyond which we were not allowed to pass. Lots of officers of both sides were chatting away freely to each other, but I did not feel that way inclined. I fancied that the "Ruskies" looked a bit down on their luck, but the officers were very smartly got up, with their white gloves and polished boots. I then wandered back to the Mamelon, and a wonderful work it was, the inside of it divided into numerous small squares by traverses of gabions filled with earth, so that if a shell pitched into one division the men employed there could have run round into the next compartment out of harm's way (providing that the fuse was long enough). There were also bomb-proof shelters for the gunners, and bullet-proof screens, made of enormously thick rope, hanging inside the embrasures.

As soon as the flag of truce was hauled down, both sides began firing away again right merrily as before. On my way home I looked in at the camp of the 88th, and learned that, out of the nine officers that regiment sent into the trenches the night of the attack on the "Quarries," three were killed and four wounded, among the former being poor Corbett, who was shot through the forehead while leading on his men to the attack ; so he did not suffer any pain, poor fellow. His servant gave me his master's

flask, and I have it now, and treasure it as a memento of one of the cheeriest and best of pals.

On June the 16th the Brigade of Guards marched up from Balaclava to the front, to be ready for the assault on the Redan, and on the morning of the 18th we paraded at 3 A.M., and marched to the top of Picquet-House Hill, from whence we had a splendid view of the town and the unsuccessful attack. We were in support and hardly under fire. As soon as we reached the ground we were ordered to occupy, we loaded our rifles and piled arms; we then built up little walls of stones to protect us—as we lay down under their shelter—from any stray bullets that now and again came whistling over us. The smoke from the big guns of both sides considerably obscured our view of what was going on; but by 9 A.M. we knew that the English attack on the Redan had been repulsed, and about 10 A.M. we were marched back to camp, all of us being very depressed, and the men real mad at not having had a chance of taking any part in the morning's work.

Every mother's son of our battalion gave it out as certain that, if *we* had only been allowed to try, we could have driven the "Ruskies" into the harbour. My own candid opinion is that the dual command was the principal cause of our failure;

for, had the Redan been well shelled before the assault was made, the large bodies of Russian infantry could not have been concentrated in that huge fortress. They say that there were eight thousand Russians in and about the Redan that day, and as our storming-party was under five hundred, they had but little chance of carrying—let alone holding—the fort. Many officers were killed and wounded, amongst the former was Colonel Yea of the 23rd. No better soldier ever existed; he had done a lot of hard work with his regiment and was universally beloved and respected.

That evening the Brigade had to find two thousand men for the trenches; but it did not take me, which was luck, as they had a very harassing time of it, and several were wounded. As I was now a field officer, and subalterns were more wanted in the trenches, Lord Rokeby sent me down to take command of the Brigade Hospitals at Balaclava, and I relieved Buckley, who had been kept in charge there; so I found myself once more in my comfortable hut; but the duty was a very depressing one, as I had constantly to attend to the wants of the convalescents, sick, and dying, my mornings being pretty well taken up in writing letters home to the friends and sweethearts of those poor fellows, many of whom would never

see their homes or the faces of their loved ones again.

One morning my servant came and woke me by imploring me to get up and drive away an Arab stallion belonging to the 10th Hussars, who had got loose from their lines and was worrying my pony who was hobbled close to my hut. As I found stones perfectly ineffectual in driving him off, I got my gun, which was only loaded with dust-shot for quail, and thought I would pepper him at about 40 yards; so I aimed at his tail and "let go," when, to my amazement, down he sat on his quarters and blood rushed from his mouth and nostrils; so I put the other barrel to his head and finished him off out of his misery. I then discovered that he was branded on his off fore foot, and, with the aid of some of the convalescents, I soon got him underground; but he was scarcely well out of sight when up rode a trooper of the 10th Hussars, inquiring if one of their missing horses had been seen that way. But the men were staunch, and I felt much relieved when the said trooper rode off to continue his search elsewhere: for I should have had to pay £40 for my clumsy shot if the crime had been brought home to me. I never *heard* that the gallant Hussar succeeded in finding his missing horse.

On the 28th of June Lord Raglan died, and they say that mental anxiety killed that good old gentleman quite as much as any bodily ailments he may have suffered from. The dual command had been anything but a bed of roses, and it was generally supposed that he had but a rough time of it with the French Marshals. At Lord Raglan's death he was succeeded in the command by General Simpson.

One morning I rode out near the cliff and monastery overlooking the Black Sea. I started and bowled over a nice leveret, and Punch was immensely pleased at retrieving the first "bit of fur" I had come across in these diggings since my arrival.

This way of spending my spare time I enjoyed far more than any amount of reading, though plenty went in for literature: for instance, one of our young doctors was one morning reading a book called "More Worlds than One," and puzzling his head as to whether the sun and moon were inhabited. When I asked him what it mattered to him one way or the other, he shut up; and I told him that I thought he had far better be employing himself by killing some of the hosts of flies which worried our poor sick fellows in the hospitals, and I hope he took my advice.

I had ridden down to Kamiesch (the French port) and bought several yards of muslin wherewith to keep the flies off the faces of the invalids, and for this little act of attention they were most grateful. After about a month's work in and out of the hospital I was taken with low fever, and the doctors ordered me off to the Sanatorium, on the other side of Balaclava Harbour. With great difficulty I mounted my white mule, Alexander, and rode over. I was put into a comfortable bed in a long hut overlooking the Black Sea, and a kind nurse, Miss Shaw Stewart, sister to "Beetroot Bill" (so called from his high complexion) in my battalion, brought me a bottle of Eau de Cologne, which was delicious, and next day some port wine, which, if anything, I liked even better than the scent. I soon rallied, and so did my mate, who was in the next cot to me, Luard of the 77th, and we spent some pleasant hours sitting out on the cliff, with the pure breeze from the sea to cool us, and a lovely view to interest us; besides watching the numerous transports continually arriving, loaded with men and material, from England and Italy. My servant brought me over a lot of eggs, laid by my good-natured hens, and I made some bread-and-butter puddings, the composition of which quite astonished the good nurses when I asked to have them baked.

I had to put eighteen eggs in one pudding, as milk was not to be had.

After seventeen days I was declared convalescent, and rode back to my hut again, finding my garden in fair order, and the radishes just fit for drawing. I was much grieved to hear of the death of Hely Hutchinson of the 13th. He had a touch of fever and cholera, and was sent down to Scutari, but never rallied. He was at Eton with me, and afterwards in Switzerland; he was a wonderful good-looking, nice chap; but, curiously enough, had all along a strong feeling that he would never return home again. Teddy Wynne,* of the Grenadiers, brought me up a fine box of good things from home, he having just arrived from England. I gave a dinner-party on the strength of it. Hammer Lane, Jerry Goodlake, and three others enjoyed the feast much.

I had a nasty accident soon after this, which might have turned out a serious one. I had ridden down to the harbour, and was returning with a fine turbot hanging from my saddle, and was in the act of turning round to whistle to my dog, when I felt something pressing against my chest, and, looking round, I perceived that some rafters which were loaded askew upon a mule cart (coming in the opposite direction) were pushing me out of the saddle.

* Since dead, I regret to say.—EDITOR.

My pony jumped forwards, and I tumbled backwards ; when, before I knew where I was, the wheel of the heavily laden cart went bang over both my feet ; but, strange to relate, beyond a tingling sensation in those extremities, I was not a bit hurt. I think it must have been the thick soles of my boots that saved me. I was too pleased to find that I had escaped injury to pitch into the driver, whose only excuse was, "These stubborn brutes of mules were in fault, not *me*."

CHAPTER XIV.

Death of Hughie Drummond—Battle of Tchernaya—Cricket at the Front—We give a Dinner-party—Shooting in Baidar Valley—Bat Buckley Killed—Grand Assault—Russians Evacuate Town—What I saw there—Road-making—Anniversary of Alma—*Ripon* Transport arrived with Colonel Berkeley—Knollys and Gipps—Match with Slade—A Wrangle—Building Mess Hut—My Leg in Difficulties—My Sardinian Charger—Ennismore and Fraser arrive 27th of October—Explosion of the Siege-train Store—Visit the Scene the next day—Steeple-chases—I tackle Billy Russell—Urgent Private Affairs—Lord Rokeby to Dinner—Huts blown down by the High Winds—Bad going from Hut to Hut—A Path in Prospect.

ON the night of the 13th of August—the bombardment being in full swing—poor dear Hughie Drummond, our Adjutant, was killed in the trenches by a shell. Henry Armytage (Coldstream Guards) was standing talking to him when the shell came hissing towards them. “Armit” ran out of the way, but poor Hughie seems to have run right under it, and, as bad luck would have it, the missile burst just over him and killed him. It was too truly a case of “one shall be taken, the other left.” He was a universal favourite with both officers and men, and a

cheerier comrade never lived. He had been all through the hard work, had his horse shot under him at Alma, and was severely wounded at Inkerman ; we buried him on the 14th in the cemetery at Cathcart's Hill, where so many brave hearts are mouldering side by side. I was one of his pallbearers. Bob Lindsay took his place as adjutant, and George Gordon of ours succeeded " Bob " on General Simpson's staff.

On the morning of the 16th, *à point de jour* (as a Zouave described it to me), the French and Sardinians in the Valley of the Tchernaya were suddenly attacked by large masses of " Ruskies," who had crossed the plain from " Mackenzie's Farm " during the night, and, favoured by a thick mist, they advanced in column—their only chance, as the rearmost companies in this formation shove the foremost ones along ; a very different style of proceeding to our advance in line at the Alma. They had crossed over the Tchernaya before the French were ready for them ; but, fortunately, there were two regiments of those splendid Zouaves opposite the bridge over the river, and with great coolness they held their fire until the enemy were within short range, and then they gave them such a warm reception, aided by a flank fire from the " Sardines," that in less than half an hour the " Ruskies " broke

and turned tail. In their retreat across the river and aqueduct they got most awfully mauled ; the French guns, assisted by one of our field-batteries with two 32-pounders, playing on their retreating masses with terrible effect for the greater part of two miles ; finishing up by pitching some rockets into their columns at an immense distance. I believe there were about sixty thousand Russians on the plain, and from fifteen to twenty thousand of them engaged.

Though not above two miles from my hut, I had slept soundly through the cannonade till close on 7 A.M., when I ran up to the top of the hill and discovered what a nice game of romps was going on in the valley : so I got my breakfast (for nature abhors a vacuum) and rode down just as the fight was over, and, having a bottle of brandy in my haversack, the Zouaves soon became "very fond," and between them and the wounded it quickly disappeared. The French soldiers were busily employed in fishing the dead "Ruskies" out of the aqueduct, and searching for spoil ; but the poor things had little on them save the amulets which most of them wore round their necks. An old Russian Colonel whom I found badly wounded in the shoulder, and to whom I gave a light for his pipe, insisted on my having first draw at it, remarking that "the French, English, and

Russians were all Christians and not half bad fellows ; but he couldn't abide the Turks."

I had crossed the Tchernaya, and was allowing my pony to have a good graze on the rich grass which abounded in the valley (and was neutral ground) while I eat my biscuit and cheese, when, suddenly, I was rudely disturbed by some big shot and shell coming whizzing over me, aimed by the "Ruskies" at the bridge over which the French were busily employed with their ambulance mules, conveying the wounded to their hospitals ; but the infatuated Russians would not allow them to do so undisturbed, so I caught my pony and galloped across a ford and up a hill out of range. Jerry Goodlake told me afterwards that he had been in the thick of the fight and had a very narrow escape, a bullet having pierced his coat. He said that the French—especially the Zouaves—had fought real well, and also the "Sardines."

To vary the entertainment, on the 17th we played a cricket-match, "The Guards" against the "Leg of Mutton Club," the latter consisting of a medley of all sorts of regiments. Our eleven was principally composed of the following: Buckley, Mike Heneage, Seymour Blane, Goodlake, Harvey Tower, Crawley, two Lambtons, and myself. We had a capital lunch on the ground, provided by an

old black woman who kept a sort of eating-house on the heights, and rejoiced in the appropriate and endearing title of "Mother Sea Coal," a native of Jamaica, and frightful to a degree, but a very clever "doctress" *on dit*.

On the 18th a flag of truce was hoisted and the "Ruskies" came down in large numbers to bury their dead, and as the grass was just about fit to cut for hay, the mounted Cossacks spread all over the meadows, sticking a lance into the ground wherever they found a dead body; while the ambulance corps collected and buried all they found. I wandered away from this ghastly scene and rode down to the river-side, where I spotted several places resorted to by wild-duck when feeding, and profited by the knowledge so acquired on several occasions later on. Archie Campbell (now Lord Blythswood) of ours was hit in the trenches by a piece of shell on the night of the 22nd; but, though it damaged his flask and knocked all the wind out of his body, he was, fortunately, not much hurt.

In an extract from a letter home at this time I find a prognostication which was shortly fulfilled—viz., "It won't be long before we make the final assault on the doomed * town and we all fancy that

* Sir John's letters are carefully copied word for word, though a mistake might arise in the spelling of this expression; however, I trust I have read the word aright.—EDITOR.

the 'Ruskies' are preparing to bolt ; for they have constructed a bridge across the harbour which looks as if they meant to exchange the hot fire of the south for the cool breezes of the north side, and they will have to do it 'nilly, willy' within a fortnight sure, and so hopes all of us. I hear there is a parcel come out for me in the *Retriever* ; but I shall have to wait till five thousand shells are taken out of her hold before I can get at it. How pleased the Ruskies would be if they only knew that she had arrived quite safe !”

If I remember rightly, there were a lot of casualties in the trenches about this time ; for I see (on reference to my notes) that Colonel F. Seymour was hit on the head by a fragment of shell and had to be sent home. Jim Farquharson was shot in the hand. Colonel Walker also got a good bump on the head from a piece of shell. Sir Henry de Bathe commanded the battalion at this period.

I used to go out with my gun and shoot a fair lot of quail, which I always sent round to my mates at the front. I recollect giving a dinner on the 30th of August to Dick Glyn, Coney, and Robertson, all of whom belonged to the 1st Royal Dragoons, and a very cheery evening we had. To add to our enjoyment some good chap had sent me out a box

of A 1 cigars, and I can tell you that they were appreciated at their full value.

I was cantering home after a day's sport in the Baidar Valley a few days later, with a loose rein, my gun over my shoulder and a pipe in my mouth, when my pony put his foot on a rolling stone and came down a cracker, shooting me over his head; but no harm came of it, barring a chipped knee apiece, and my baccy never went out during the operation, nor did my gun go off on its own account. This was by no manner of means the first cropper that I got from much the same cause.

In a subsequent letter home I find the following: "Poor Bat Buckley of ours was shot in the advanced sap on the night of the 6th of September; he and Billy Scarlett had agreed, instead of going to visit the sentries every alternate hour, that each should take two hours' rest, and then go the rounds for the following two hours. Now, to show what luck there is in arrangements, even of this kind, it was properly Scarlett's turn to go the rounds at the very time that Buckley was killed. A sergeant and a file of men accompanied him, and some 'Ruskies' must have crept out and shot Buckley in the back. The men carried him back to the trenches, but he died almost immediately. Poor old Buck was a great pal of mine, and only lately we had been playing

several cricket-matches together, and not long ago I ran against him, and beat him in a 100 yards race. He had been all through the thick of it, and was hit at Alma. Had I not been made a field officer by brevet I should not have relieved him off hospital duty, and the odds are that he would have been safe down here and I should have been killed in his place. We buried him the next day, and, poor fellow! he lies in the best of company, between Charley Seymour (killed at Inkerman) and Hughie Drummond.

That same night one of our shells, or a rocket, set fire to a fifty-gun frigate in the harbour, and with great satisfaction I watched the flames breaking out of her port-holes, and as they got heated her guns went off one by one, some chap said, 'It is as good as the fireworks at Vauxhall, only there's no explosion, and I expect that's why we're let off paying the usual shilling for admission to the show,' It is supposed that the sailors must have flooded the magazines as soon as their ship caught fire." In another letter I find :

"On the 8th of September the assault took place, and the Brigade to which I belonged was in reserve in the shelter of the central ravine. The Second Division were ordered to assault, under General Markham. Our Division has found the duties for

the trenches for thirty-six hours consecutively, and arduous work it has been. Sad and humiliating as it is to relate, I am obliged to mention that our men once more failed in the attempt to capture the Redan, and we again lost a lot of officers and men. Fortunately, the 'Ruskies' made up their minds that the south side was getting too hot for them, and during the night they vacated all their works, and retired across the new bridge to the north side. They blew up all their forts and sank their remaining ships in the harbour."

There were some terrible sights in the town, and in one hospital, computed to hold two thousand men, the dead were still lying in their beds, and some of the wounded who had crawled out—probably in search of food or water—had died on the floor. One of our sergeants, who had been taken prisoner a few days previously and who had been wounded, was found dead amongst a number of defunct and dying "Ruskies."

It is said that when the Russians decided on evacuating their position, they pulled all their wounded together, and placed them in a heap on the top of one of their mines, which they promptly exploded, and so finished the sufferings of their own men and several of our poor comrades. There are not wanting plenty of proofs of their barbarity, not

only to our men but their own, but they would be out of place here. Poor Vaughan of the 90th Regiment, who was in my remove at Eton, was discovered in the town, and from pain and thirst he had become a drivelling idiot.

The first day that we were permitted to go into the evacuated forts and dilapidated town, I explored that cussed old Redan, and I well remember what a wonderful strong place I thought it, and it was, too, without any error. It had been a good deal knocked about by our last bombardment, as well as from the explosion of the powder-magazine by the "Ruskies" themselves. On getting into the town I found the whole place overrun with English and French soldiers, and I think that they had pretty well cleared the "decks." Every church and house had already been stripped of all the valuables that could be carried away.

I discovered a few trophies, and I bought others from the French soldiers; but, sad to relate, I found on my return that a cordon of sentries, and, bad luck to it! a line of cavalry vedettes, had carefully been drawn up between our camp and the town, and as they had received strict orders that no man was allowed to carry any sort of loot through their line, everything was to be placed on an already large heap of trashy pieces of loot, which treasures

were to be sold to realise prize-money! I recollect that I had been toiling along with some humbugging curiosities, the real value of which was probably not more than two pounds, but as trophies to send home they were worth a lot. I tried all I knew to break through the line, but a cavalry officer came riding down, and in a stern voice ordered me to convey my treasures to the afore-mentioned heap of rubbish. Of course, I pretended to obey, but in reality I hid my best gems amongst some stones in the "Quarries," from whence I had the audacity to fetch them away after dark. If I had been caught in the act I suppose I should have been shot, or rendered myself liable to that pleasing operation.

The docks were the only really fine works in the town of Sebastopol, and they were assuredly splendid specimens of engineering skill, being constructed of enormous blocks of the very finest granite, which must have come from afar.

I believe that these very blocks of granite were broken up and used by our engineers for road-making, &c. No doubt it was a pity, but it was a token of our affectionate regard for the "Ruskies." After this we enjoyed a delicious calm, which pervaded all ranks and arms; no horrible trench-work, and comparatively no noise. We, of course,

all hoped that the war was at an end, but had to keep on the alert, not knowing what the Ruskies might do next. We were employed in putting our camps to rights, and making preparations for the winter.

On the 20th of September, the anniversary of the battle of the Alma, Lord Rokeby distributed our medals. I remember declaring that I should wear mine in "bed clothes," "plain clothes," and "livery." On the evening of that 20th of September, just twelve months after our glorious victory, twenty-six of the Brigade sat down to an "Alma" dinner, cooked by old Soyer, and served in a large marquee. I know that I furnished a sheep (which I had wheedled out of a friendly skipper aboard ship) and ten brace of quail. We spent a very jolly evening, the only drawback being that we missed the faces of many an old comrade we should never see more.

The army was at this time busily employed in making roads, drains, &c., and as we had from nine to ten thousand men at work every day, we soon altered the appearance of the plateau. The wooden huts had begun to arrive in the various transports; but the dear old fogies at home excelled themselves in their arrangements, by positively sending the sides of the huts in one ship, and the roofs in

another, so that if a ship went wrong or was delayed, the materials contained in the other vessel were absolutely useless. What an effort of genius it would have been, if they could only have thought of packing complete sections of a certain number of huts in the same ship! But there were no Board Schools in those days, and it is funny to think, even, of the blunders that were then perpetrated by those in authority at home.

An extraordinary accident happened to one of our regimental sergeants; he was running out of one of the huts and hit his head so hard against the lintel of the doorway that he dropped down insensible, and the blow brought on three tremendously bad fits; but he got all right again in time.

Daubeney, of the 62nd, and Bligh of the 41st, who dined with me one night, were both in the storming of the Redan, and had some very narrow shaves. Several fellows got leave to go home, and the Light Cavalry and a division of Infantry embarked for Eupatoria this month (October), and I see by my notes that "the *Ripon* arrived on the 4th, bringing, amongst other officers, Colonel Berkeley of ours (who had his leg broken at Alma), young Knollys, and Gipps: the latter had quite got over his wounds received at Inkerman, and he and I came to the conclusion that,

though rather risky, the neck was the best place to be hit.

It is rather a curious fact that Gipps and I, being such pals as we were (and always have been), should have both been hit in the neck. His bullet just grazed the spinal cord; so another half inch would have settled him, certain! I went on board the *Ripon*, I remember, and collected quite a party of mates to come to luncheon with me; and the fellows at the front, soon getting wind of the new arrivals, came down to my place pretty thick, and smokes and drinks had to be found for a goodly number. But, bless my soul! what a real pleasure it was to get a few pals together, and spend a cheery hour or two after the times we had had, the last few months, pounding away at Sebastopol!

Six Cavalry chums and I spent a "long and happy day" on the hills near Baidar. We got a lot of Tartars to beat the woods; but the result was only middling—viz., a hare, a woodcock, and a pigeon. However, I had taken a fair lunch on a baggage pony, and we "joyed" ourselves amazing! And I mind well that all the party came to eat the hare the next day.*

The Russians still kept firing shot and shell into

* The Crimea must produce good hares for seven hungry soldiers to dine off one.—EDITOR.

the town, but it was only occasionally, and I have always presumed that their object was to get rid of their superfluous ammunition, before leaving Sebastopol for good and all.

Prior to my departure from Balaclava Hill I had a match with an old schoolfellow of mine, Bill Slade, of the "Heavies." He was boasting one night after dinner that he had an English cob that was wonderful fast and very handy. I at once bet him a pony (£25) that I could beat him, fifty yards out and fifty in, round a post; and from my hut on the hill I often used to see my friend Bill, on the plain below, practising his cob to jump off at score and turn sharp round the post. You may be pretty sure that I did not omit to do a little of the same practice with my two legs on my own account; but as I could see "Sweet William's" cob was desperate handy, I did not feel by any means satisfied that I had a dead "snip."

The day of the match arrived, and I duly appeared at the Cavalry lines. Now, I had brought with me a pretty little short stick, about two feet long, and the numerous company were very curious to know why I wanted to carry this fragile weapon. I fear I told a tiny fib, but only a white one, when I said that I had discovered that I could run better with it. Off we started, I on the inside, and when

I arrived at the turning-point I found the cob's nose close to my shoulder. I knew, of course, that unless I cribbed a good bit at the turn I should have no chance to win; so I at once smote the cob with my wand, twice, sharply on his nose, and out he went! while I hurried home as fast as I could go. But just as I was on the winning-post the cob swerved towards me and knocked me over and over, and I was real lucky to get no worse injury than a deep cut on my left knee. Then there arose a tremendous wrangle. Bill claimed the stakes, saying that I had no business to hit his cob, which, *of course*, I did to save being knocked over at the turning-post, and I was very wrathful at being nearly killed by the clumsy "Heavy Dragoon" who could not steer his "racer." I was a pitiful spectacle, as I bled freely from several cuts sustained in my contact with the hard ground; and I got me back to my hut, had my knee bandaged and my leg put in splints.

Sweet William was very kind and unremitting in his attention, coming up to see me most days. He tried his level hardest to get the stakes, but I never parted, and it ended in a draw, though I have never been *quite* satisfied with my conduct on that occasion, and was terribly bored at the time by having to limp about with a stiff leg for many days.

I had now a lot of work to do, for the hospital was all done away with, and I moved up to the front. Gipps, Berkeley and I decided to mess together, and we settled that we would build a mess hut, the material for which we proposed should be brought out of Sebastopol. I had already bought a Maltese cart and harness, and not long before, at the sale of one of the Sardinian Generals' effects, I had bought a beautiful cream-coloured charger with a lovely long mane and tail. Poor dear! he had never been yoked and did not—at first—take kindly to the degradation. However, when I had trimmed his mane and cut his tail short, he, finding those beautiful appendages gone, calmly submitted to his fate, and many a trip that poor "Sardine" made to and from the town in my Maltese cart.

As my knee was very bad I could not get about; so my two comrades rode into the town and selected some choice rafters, flooring-boards, window and door frames, taking a man or two with them to help dismantle a house or two in order that they might obtain the necessary plant. I think, when the "Ruskies" returned to Sebastopol, they must have found their dilapidated homes in much the same state as Layard did Babylon or Nineveh. Meantime I took charge of the working-party at home.

At the risk of boring my readers I must give a

few particulars of the architecture of our hut ; for I am vain enough to believe that it was about the best of the various designs in our camp. I can strongly recommend those who may be similarly fixed as we were, upon a barren plateau exposed to the biting blasts straight from the steppes of icy Russia, to follow our plan. This was it. We first excavated a hole in the ground about twelve feet square and four deep ; we next built a wall two feet in height, and on this we placed our four-sided roof sloping up to a point ; we then introduced two windows in the wall and inserted a door, with three steps down to it, with a porch on the outside. In the opposite corner we built a fireplace and chimney, and lined the sides of the hole with boards (a polished dado was not considered necessary) ; we then added a boarded floor, a few shelves and a cupboard in each of the spare corners, and there we were, in a really snug, rain-and-snow-proof boudoir, free from all draught, warm in winter, and cool in summer. We got hold of most of the rough tools necessary, with the exception of a trowel, which was unobtainable ; so we had to plaster the mortar between the stones with our hands. When our hut was completed, we added a stable, and poultry-house thirty feet long, twelve wide, and four deep, with rafters and old sailcloth by way of a roof.

About the 27th of October Ennismore and Alastair Fraser suddenly appeared on the scene ; so that we were now very strong in officers. As the Government huts came to hand very slowly, the poor dear "insects" (as we styled the Ensigns) constantly wished to borrow the "Major's" cart. I told them, "All right ; *after* it comes out of old 'Bastopol' you are welcome to it," those most clamorous being "little Crieff" (Moncrieff), "the pallid one" (Shaw Stewart, whose cheeks were like a red cabbage in hue), and *Géants de batailles* (Knollys, of small exterior, but grand in ideas). However, we very soon all housed ourselves in some shape or form ; but my knee was a terrible drawback, for I rather wanted an extra one than a dummy, being so busy. We still slept in tents ; my cat and tame owl (I forget if I mentioned these acquisitions to my household) still blinked at each other from opposite sides of the hut, and "Punch" (the retriever) was fairly disgusted at my sedentary habits. At this period of affairs General Simpson left for England, and Codrington (of the Coldstreams) took his place as Commander-in-Chief, at which we were all pleased. His had been a wonderful lucky, as well as speedy, rise, seeing that he only commanded a Brigade at the Alma.

On the 15th of November, while out with my dog and gun in some rocky valleys near the Monastery,

I suddenly heard a most tremendous crash, and imagining it to be a terrific thunderstorm coming on, I placed my gun under shelter and prepared for a deluge; but, as nothing came of it and the sun shone out, I caught my pony and rode up to some high ground, from whence I saw a dense column of smoke rising in the direction of Sebastopol, and on arriving in camp I discovered that the whole of the siege-train stores of powder and shell had blown up. The troops were all confined to camp, as it was conjectured that the "Ruskies" might wake up. Each regiment provided a fatigue party of two hundred men to assist in clearing the *débris*, which fact will afford some idea of the magnitude of the disaster.

On the morning of the 16th I rode over to the scene of the explosion. All the huts for four or five hundred yards were levelled; but, providentially, our English store of powder—no great distance off—had not ignited, although the roof of the old windmill in which it was kept was blown off. The French suffered to the extent of about seventy men, and we lost about thirty, and three officers. This morning's scene is one to be remembered; for I found them very busy collecting arms and legs of our Artillery-men as well as the French, and dead horses were lying about in all directions—together

by no means a pleasing sight. They said at the time that about one hundred shells went up and exploded in the air at the same moment, and as one of the Frenchmen remarked to me "*Les Russes sont très content,*" and I presume it was to show their joy that they loosed off every blessed gun that they possessed.

I have always been led to believe that the explosion was caused by a soldier trying to extract the contents of a live shell with his bayonet; but he will never have the opportunity of trying the experiment again, for he speedily went to that land where "toothpicks are no more." It was on the 14th of the previous November, by-the-by, that the fearful storm raged which played such havoc among our transports and other shipping outside Balaclava Harbour, and caused the loss of so many tons of commissariat and hospital stores, which were so urgently needed at that time. (November 14th, 1854.)

By this time most of the regimental huts had arrived; but the men preferred their old bell-tents, from all accounts, saying, I believe, that "they were so free from draught!" This I can easily understand; as when fourteen or fifteen of them were stretched out toes to pole they soon created a nice stuffy, "*bon chaud,*" which the British private

thoroughly enjoys. A large officer's hut in compartments was erected not far from our boudoir, and I transferred my goods and chattels from my tent to this hut. Gipps and I shared a compartment, and we got hold of a stove to help warm it; but we had no end of trouble to make it water-tight, although, by the aid of old sacks and a lot of tar, we finally succeeded fairly well.

I now quote an extract from one of my letters home, written at this time: "This morning I had determined to go to Balaclava early, but my two subalterns being no use—one on a court-martial, the other sick—I had to go with my Company ball-firing, which took me from eight till eleven. I then slipped, slid, and sloshed down into Balaclava, had three chops with Jerry Goodlake at Kadikoi, and a glass of grog with the skipper of a brig in the harbour, out of whom I got a few little things I wanted, in the shape of a palm and needles for sewing canvas, &c. I am about building a new bed of rather more solid construction than my present one, which will keep fresh for next spring's campaign. I then rode back here, got on a fresh pony, and attended a meeting of the stewards of our recent steeple-chases, where we settled all accounts. By-the-by, our races came off last Monday. We, the stewards, had hard work to get the course clear

of stones and to make the fences, as the ground was five miles from our camp, and situated between the Monastery and the French port of Kamiesch. We were very lucky in the day, and all agreed the sport was first-rate.

“The three Generals, Pelissier, Marmora, and Codrington, were present, and a good show of all ranks. I had very hard work, as clerk of the course, to keep the track clear. Old Brigadier Lawrenson, 17th Lancers (a beautiful horseman), was winning his race easily, when his horse fell, but neither were damaged. We got up a flat race for the Frenchmen, which was clipping fun; they objected to the obstacles, so we found them a flat half-mile, and the winner flogged his horse long after he passed the post. I was afraid the roars of laughter and chaff would have made their tempers rise; but no, they thought it was all right.

“We had a large dinner afterwards at a French restaurant in rear of the Third Division. We, luckily, pitched on a capital chairman, Colonel Daubeney, 55th, and when he retired I took the chair, and improved the occasion by having a shy at Billy Russell (the *Times* correspondent), who was the only civilian present, and who has been writing rather viciously about fellows going home on urgent private affairs, and now, behold! he starts himself

to-morrow for about three months, so I had a pretty good chance at him. For if he—who has had no hard work, and has picked up certainly *au moins* three stone, and had got a fat pig in his sty and a comfortable hut—must needs go home, how much more must fellows who have been hard at work, and whose affairs really required their presence? At any rate, I put a cap on him which fitted like wax. He said that he only meant his remarks in fun, and that, like Joe Muggins' donkey, he had caught it over the head and ears. I hoped that, like the donkey, he would mend his ways on his return.

“We had some first-rate songs, and rode home to our different camps in a deluge of rain. I think I never heard ‘God Save the Queen’ sung better, or more lustily. Billy Russell dined with Jerry Meyrick a night or two after, and he says everybody chaffs him, and tells him it is quite time to be off. I begin to think I shall be an orator, after all. It will be a nice change for me, won't it? as a speech used to affect me as much as sea-sickness. We had Lord Rokeby in to dine with us three, and asked our Colonel and Dunkellin to meet him; and we gave him a deal better dinner than he ever eats *chez lui*; he talked for the million, and enjoyed himself no end. It is pouring again in true Crimean form, and the mud here is beyond belief. The

whole camp, with the exception of the paved roads, is one quagmire, and as heavy as a ploughed field ; but we are all very well and jolly now. The wind is the only bore ; the hospital huts have been blown down, and the Coldstream officers' hut went last night.

“Fraser, who lives in the corner compartment of our big hut, declares one particular gust of wind which he heard coming (he being a very heavy sleeper) lifted the roof up and down like a bit of newspaper. Our hut is very comfortable and snug, and it is admitted on all sides that the ‘early rabbit’ style of architecture that I adopted is out-and-out the best ; and now I must put on my long boots and plunge across the few yards that separate our two premises. It’s a curious business wading from your sitting-room to your bedroom, but we shall soon have a raised path. I call this a tidy letter.”

CHAPTER XV.

Execute a Deal—Men Frost-bitten—A Snow Redoubt—Shooting in Baidar Valley—A Flight of Turkey Bustards—Mincemeat in the Mail-bag—Theatricals in the Fourth Division—Colonel Foley does the Avalanche Trick—The New Year of 1856—Contemplated Trip with Saunders—Red Tape still in Stock—Leave Granted by Six Officials—Loss of our Baggage-Horse—Forty Pounds to the Bad—Lazy Beaters—British Argument—Return to Balaclava—Trophies sent home in the *Meteor*—Race-meetings and “Army Games”—Theatricals in our Brigade—Sefton and Malet—Armistice—Sports and Racing—Peace Declared—Grand Review—Match against Time.

ON December the 14th I did rather a good stroke of business in the sale line, for a Maltese hut which I had ordered the previous August made its appearance at last, and I borrowed two carts and fetched it up to camp; however, as Jerry Meyrick offered me a tenner for my bargain, I let him have it.

Hard frosts and cold winds had transformed the quagmire outside our abode into solid foothold, and snow was no stranger to us in those days which closed the not uneventful year of 1855. I find that on the 29th of December we experienced thirty-six degrees of frost, and on that same morning I

recollect finding six men of a working party, to which I was attached, with their fingers frost-bitten. A man of the 31st Regiment was frozen to death in one of the new "Government huts"! and our old colonel (Walker) had his water-pillow frozen into a block of ice under his head!! Our "boudoir" was the only place in which the beer did not freeze and burst.

One day we made a huge snow redoubt, and it was garrisoned by officers of the Grenadiers and stormed by those of the Coldstreams and Scotch Fusiliers. Thrice was I sent a regular cropper when I had just gained the top of the glacis, but the fourth time I went slap in and we turned every man of them out. I went one day with Goodlake to the Baidar valley, and got a lot of Tartars to beat for us, but the bag was only light. We had a windfall about this time, in the shape of a flock of turkey bustards, which alighted one evening, after a long flight, close to the 93rd camp; and we easily killed twenty or thirty, and splendid eating they proved. I remember that the officers were just coming out of mess at the time the birds dropped among the huts. On Christmas Day our mess of three dined with F. Lambton and Tottenham, and they gave us some real genuine mince-pies, the mince-meat having been sent out in the "*mail-bag*."

The Fourth Division got up some capital theatricals, and young Saunderson (son of Lady Maria) acted a female part right well, and much resembled his sister, whom I recollect as a very pretty girl. The Grenadiers erected a large hut, and all messed together, the whole thing being managed by Colonel Foley (one of the best), who worked it admirably. One day he had—what might have been—a very nasty fall, for, as he was on the roof of the hut, clearing the snow off, he slipped and did the avalanche trick; but as he was very light, and the snow soft, he was not hurt. The next day, when I went to inquire after him, I found him very busy tidying the hut and dusting the furniture!—a duty which he would allow no one else to perform—and assuredly no paid domestic could have done the work more efficiently.

Now for a new year. On January 9th, 1856, I dined and slept with a battery of Horse-Artillery, in which was one Billy Saunders, a great pal of mine. I learned that he was contemplating a trip to Asia Minor, on sport intent, and he wanted a mate to go with him; so next morning I rode off to Balaclava and found that a cattle steamer was starting for Sinope on the morrow, and if I meant going I should have to put in a good bit of work before I managed the necessary leave. Off I went to the front, and got my leave approved and signed

by no less than *six* swells—viz., our Colonel, Brigadier, and General of Division, then the Military Secretary, Quartermaster-General, and Adjutant-General—thus clearly demonstrating that we had not left the *whole ball* of red tape in England. Well! I hustled it all through in two hours, and, having packed up my kit, consisting of my rolled-up bed, india-rubber tub, small bullock-trunk, gun and revolvers, a nice lot of ammunition, and the trusty Punch, I embarked on the following morning on board a nasty, dirty, narrow, little screw-steamer, and started, with Bill Saunders and his servant for a thirty hours' passage across the Black Sea.

It blew above a bit during the transit, and with me it was of course a case of *sic(k) transit* without the *gloria mundi*; but we got to Sinope at last, and had some rough quarters while there, for the very hungriest and most bloodthirsty vermin infested pretty nearly every house. The first morning, we rode out to some woods about five miles from the town, and as I was passing through a very narrow street I found the way blockaded by two mules, both suffering from the very worst form of glanders. I at once loaded both barrels of my gun and shot them dead, right and left, and at night when we returned by the same road they were still lying where they fell.

On getting into the country we came across a sort of *ranch*, where cattle, horses, mules and camels had been collected from the interior and brought to Sinope for transportation to Balacava ; but as the wretched small steamers could not carry half the animals that had been purchased hundreds and hundreds were lying dead or dying, I presumed from starvation as well as disease. All I know is that flocks of huge vultures were gorging themselves on the carcasses, and the stench was appalling from the putrefying garbage.

When we got clear of these abominations we found ourselves in a finely wooded country, with here and there cultivated stretches of maize. The contrast to the climate we left behind us was astonishing. Most days we hired some of the natives to beat the woods for wild boar and roe-deer, of which (from their tracks) there were evidently plenty ; but these said beaters proved a set of idle toads, as they were full of money from the sale of their poultry at (to them) fabulous prices. One day, after patiently waiting in our passes, the shouts and yells of our beaters did not seem to get nearer, and as nothing came our way, Saunders and I thought that we would do a little reconnoitring on our own account ; so we set out in quest of the beaters, and, presently, came upon the lot of them,

all sitting round in a circle, jabbering to each other and smoking their long pipes, while every now and again they shouted, and fired off some powder in their pistols to make us believe they were rousing the game and driving it our way. We both set to work and gave the two head men a real good kick or two, sufficient, as we judged it, to interfere with their sitting on any hard substance with any degree of comfort for some time to come.

They stood it like lambs, and as most of them carried a long gun, and had one or two pistols in their belts—to say nothing of some ugly looking knives—it was perhaps just as well for us that they took it so nicely. On other days we went with only our servant and one or two men to some beautiful rough ground with a stiff undergrowth of briars, hollies and heather, where we found plenty of woodcock and not a few real wild pheasants. Poor Punch, he had a bad time of it; for there were many masses of briars and creepers that the dog could not possibly get through; so I used to take him up in my arms, and chuck him as far as I could on to the top of these thick clumps of creeper, and before he arrived at *terra firma* he usually managed to put up something in the way of game.

We remained about ten days in Sinope and its

neighbourhood, and then took ship to Samsoon, where we hired a horse, to carry our baggage, from the Commissariat officer there, agreeing to pay forty pounds for it if disaster overtook the animal by the way. We started off very early one morning for a village some miles off, and our route lay along the top of some cliffs which descended almost precipitately down to the Black Sea, and were more or less covered with timber and underwood. The track had been much poached upon and cut up by the droves of camels bringing merchandise of all kinds from the interior to the seaboard ; but just on the verge of the cliff the natives had worn a nice smooth path with their sandalled feet.

While we were walking along this very path we observed that our hired native was coolly riding on the top of our kit, which was piled up on the pack-saddle. Of course we made him dismount and lead the horse ; but the stupid idiot went too near the edge of the cliff, and we suddenly heard him shouting out. On looking back we saw that the ground had given way beneath the unaccustomed weight of the horse and his load and there was the poor brute clinging in desperation to the top of the cliff with his fore feet, while his hind quarters and pack were over the side. Before we could get to him he fell backwards and plunged through the

underwood right down to a small sandy nook on the beach, and there lay dead. Our beds and bullock-trunks were scattered in all directions, some were hitched up in the trees growing upon the cliff-side and it cost us a lot of labour and trouble to free them, while others were half-way down the slope. Fortunately, a fishing-boat was passing, and its occupants got our traps together and rowed with them to the nearest village. As luck would have it, not much damage was done ; but we had to pay forty pounds for the horse, which was rather a bad look out. The native, of course, had bolted at once and we never saw him more.

We killed several pig and a few roe in a splendid stretch of forest, in the neighbourhood of which ran a stream flowing into a lake, where we had some rare sport with the duck. We had to gralloch our pig ourselves, for the natives would not touch them. These said natives were very clever at catching the duck in large mesh nets, which they elevated on poles and stretched across the stream at flight-time. Before leaving we bought a lot of wild-duck to take back with us, and, curiously enough, every one of the birds was minus its head, which, I believe, was invariably done to prevent any chance of a victim escaping and flying off to tell his pals "to beware of the net."

On the expiration of our leave, we went on board a steamer chock-full of cattle, and, with two wild boar, two roe-deer and a lot of duck, we duly arrived at Balaclava again. We had enjoyed our trip in every sense of the word, and I never want a better pal than Billy Saunders. He was a bit too fond of his bed in the morning; but, once up and out of his tub, he was full of go for the rest of the day. He was blessed with a fund of good nature, and possessed an extraordinary appetite—both good points in their way. We distributed our game amongst our pals, not forgetting those in high quarters, and our sport was much appreciated.

Nothing authentic had been heard at that time with regard to peace, but the odds had increased considerably that it would be declared before long. It has just occurred to me that I annexed a couple of trophies soon after my return, in the shape of an old gun which I pulled out of the harbour with the help of my “Sardine” (horse) and a few men, and one of the granite steps from the docks at Sebastopol. Both of these I got on board the *Meteor*, an ironclad commanded by Beauchamp Seymour, now well known to most of us as Lord Alcester, and he very kindly took them home for me, and they are now at Elsham (Lincolnshire).

About the end of February, 1856, our Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Codrington, sent for me to talk over a scheme for some "Army Games," giving me an excellent luncheon at the same time. I had also to assist at another "Race-meeting," so I was pretty busy. We got up some theatricals in our Brigade which were most successful. Sefton and Malet were our two girls, and we turned them out right well. Sefton made quite a pretty blonde, I recollect, although it is getting on for forty years ago since these theatricals took place.

We experienced considerable difficulty with regard to the lady's figure, which was not quite sufficiently developed; so we had to practise a certain amount of ingenuity—with the limited wardrobe at our disposal—to give her that plumpness so generally admired by the military! The great difficulty we found was to make one pair of stockings, when artfully rolled up, exactly the same size and nature of the other; however, we finally succeeded so well that no one could tell "t'other from which."

After the performance was over, the snow being deep, we had to carry our frail charge from the theatre to the supper hut, in order that her white satin shoes and lovely silk stockings should not get wet. This was the only piece I ever performed in, and

my part was a very simple one, inasmuch as I had to play the village ruffian—a character I easily assumed by donning an old velveteen jacket and a voluminous red cotton choker. Most of the time I was on the stage, I was seated upon a rickety old stool, with a damaged billy-cock hat stuck jauntily on my head, a pot of beer by my side, and a long churchwarden pipe in my hand, while, between the whiffs, I made use of the said pipe to give the two girls a sly poke in the ribs, and blurted out my intense admiration for the pretty dears.

Early in March an armistice was signed, to last till the ^{*}end of the month, and the Russians came down to the river Tchernaya. Many of our fellows fraternised with them, but I let them run loose; for I could not forget how many of my poor wounded pals had been bayonnetted by them while lying wounded and helpless on the ground.

Jerry Goodlake and I rode over to dine and sleep at the camp of a battery of Horse-Artillery commanded by a genial friend from Devonshire, and a terribly rowdy night we had of it; but as I was by way of training for the Army Games, I played “possum,” and emptied my “heel taps” into the wood-box, instead of down my throat. My

host gave me a shake-down in his hut, and after we had both turned in between our respective horse-rugs, he discovered that he had forgotten to put out a candle at the other end of the hut ; so he sat up in bed and, with a remarkably unsteady aim, shied all his boots and shoes at it ; but the candle still kept dimly burning in spite of all. His last available projectile was his glass flask encased in wicker-work, a valued and trusty friend ; with this he made a lovely shot and "doused the glim," but smashed his highly prized flask to smithereens, and amid his groans and expletives I fell asleep. Next morning the junior subaltern brought his C.O. his usual "pick me up," consisting of a glass containing two thirds brandy and one third cayenne pepper (poor chap! he lived to get home, but died soon after). About forty gunners turned out one day to beat the woods for us ; but, though we saw a few roe and some woodcock, no one got a shot, as far as I remember.

The same evening I sent my servant, Penfound* (a capital fellow, who lived afterwards with other officers till he had accumulated thirty years' service), on my white mule, with my gun and valise, back to camp, and as he was passing in the

* I shook his hand, in a last good-bye, on his deathbed in the autumn of 1892.

dusk near the French hay stores, over some very rough ground, a French sentry challenged him with the usual "*Qui va là ?*" and, as no notice was taken of his demand, the man brought down his firelock so close to the mule's nose that he swerved and fell, pitching Penfound over his head, and both barrels of my gun (which he had stupidly carried loaded) went off into the ground, about two inches being blown off each barrel; but, the sentry thinking the shots had been intended for him, was within an ace of bayonetting the prostrate body of my poor frightened servant. However, the sentry contented himself with conveying him to the French guard-tent; while the mule, I presume, "made hay while the *moon* shone," for, on reaching my hut the next morning, I was horrified to learn that neither servant, mule, nor any of my property had yet arrived. It was not without some difficulty that I at last discovered my faithful retainer, half dead with fright, in the guard-tent; but after he had told me his story, and I had explained matters to the French officer on duty, Penfound was released, and most thankful he was, as he had passed a wretched night distraught with visions of a French firing-party all aiming for his heart, and only waiting for the word of command to hurry him into another planet.

Shortly after this little episode, the "Army Sports" came off, and I had a most successful day; as, though I had taken but little trouble to get myself fit, I carried off the hundred yards champion belt and the quarter of a mile (open to the world). In this last race there were forty-three starters. The French and "Sardines" went off a cracker, as if they had only fifty yards to go. At two hundred yards I was only about half-way through the crowd of competitors; but as I lobbed along, they all came back to me, and when about thirty yards from home I found myself with only one opponent in front of me, and I happened to be pretty well acquainted with his form; so I ran up to him and shouted out "Go it, Ward!" and came in a very easy winner.* Ward (Sergeant of the 34th) was a good second, all the others being beaten a long way. I saw the good old Sergeant at Glasgow only last year, and we talked over old times and this very race, jogging our memories with a glass of "best Scotch." I believe I should have won the hurdle-race as well, only I overjumped myself and fell.

The week after the "Games," came the "Race-Meeting" on the Plains of the Tchernaya, and

* Since writing the above Sergeant Ward has gone over to the "majority."

never shall I forget that wondrous sight. The "Ruskies" came down in vast numbers to the river side, and there could not have been less than one hundred thousand spectators from the Allied armies, including the three commanders, Codrington, Pelissier, and La Marmora. I was again clerk of the course, and had my work cut out to keep the track clear; but soldiers are far easier to handle and keep in order than civilians, and everything passed off in first-rate style.

On one of the early days of April the welcome news arrived that peace was signed,* and there were salvos of artillery fired by "Ruskies," French, "Sardines," and English, and we all expected that we should be sent home at once; but we were somewhat premature in this supposition as things turned out. As soon as peace was declared, several T.G.'s (travelling gents), as we called them, came out to see the place. The one I saw most of was the late Lord Methuen (a rare sort), one of the most powerful men I ever knew. He had brought out his regiment of Wiltshire Militia as far as Corfu. He and I took many a long walk together, for he would not ride. Mrs. Dalrymple and Lady F. Fitzroy also came out to see their husbands, and

* Peace was not proclaimed in London till 29th April, 1856, although it was declared on 2nd of April in the Crimea.—EDITOR.

stayed in camp some time, riding all over the country.

At this time, expeditions to various parts were all the rage. Most of us started inland to Simpheropol and thereabouts, but, for reasons I mentioned previously, I did not care to take a friendly glass with the "Ruskies;" so Hepburn, Sefton, and Gipps accompanied me in a trip along the under-cliff as far as Aloupka, where stood the beautiful palace of Prince Woronzoff. Our first night we slept at Phoros, where some French were quartered, and we dined with them and had rather a pleasant evening. Under the influence of some fair liquor that we had brought with us, our Gallic allies became quite talkative, and what astonished them most appeared to be the amount of money paid by us for our commissions. It was indeed funny to listen to their exclamations of surprise when we told them that if a captain of a company had purchased all his steps he would have paid close on eight thousand pounds, and would not deem he had expended too much.

Before parting for the night, one of the French officers, a "*grand chasseur*," told me in strict confidence that if I would but elevate myself at "*beau matin*" on the following day, he would personally conduct me to a spot where I could enjoy "*une*

chasse magnifique." I thought that I had best inquire concerning the nature of the "*gibier*," when he observed, in a voice swelling with triumph and emotion, "*Les grenouilles avec les cuisses énormes, et parfaitement blanches, excellentes, et délicieuses.*" Poor dear! he was terribly disappointed when I declined his invitation, and, I fear, turned up my nose rather at his kindly offer.

The scenery along this under-cliff was hard to beat, and the Tartar inhabitants were not only very civil, but apparently pleased to see us; so, after four or five days out, we returned to camp thoroughly well satisfied with our trip.

On the 17th of April, Sir W. Codrington ordered a review of the whole British army, and about thirty-two thousand men turned out. The Russian General (Luders) must have been considerably struck with the appearance of our force at the fag end of over two years' campaigning.

Gipps and I had purchased a steeplechase horse from one Smith, of the Artillery, yclept "Muster-Roll," and we ran him once or twice, with only moderate success, at the various meetings. We made a couple of matches with him against two horses belonging to Jerry Goodlake, and one I think I may venture to tell you about. It was to be a "pounding match," thirteen stone each, two miles,

over eight fences, four of which were to be made by Goodlake, while I was to erect the other four obstacles, and it was agreed that they were all to be fair hunting fences. The two animals were a wonderful contrast to each other, Muster-Roll, our horse, standing sixteen hands high, and The Toy, Jerry Goodlake's cob, being fourteen two. He was not only clever as a cat at jumping, but very careful withal; so I took a lot of trouble in making a fence that I thought would bring him down. This fence consisted of a double ditch with a wide bank in the centre, and I simply dug out the soil of the two ditches and threw it up in between them, thus forming a bank which was naturally quite soft and loose; for I felt certain that The Toy would try and take on and off the bank and, I fondly hoped, come down, but I knew that "Muster-Roll" would jump the whole thing in his stride.

Jerry Goodlake put up one real tricky fence, a double post and rail, very stiff and not above ten feet between them, while the further rails were all a foot higher than those on the take off side. Colonel Edmund Peel, of the 11th Hussars, was referee, and he rode round the course; but, though I objected strongly to the double post and rails, as there was not room for a horse to go in and out, unless he was clever enough to do it sideways, the Colonel

decided that they were all fair hunting fences. Yelverton of the Artillery rode Muster-Roll, and Henry Blundell The Toy. Jerry himself was unable to be present, as he had some very pressing staff-work to do; he, therefore, deputed Morris of the Artillery to act on his behalf.

The course was near the French camp, so crowds of their officers were present. The flag dropped, away went the two competitors and all proceeded smoothly till they came to my double ditch, which Muster-Roll flew like a bird; but the tricky Toy dropped his hind legs on the loose bank, which promptly gave way with him and down he came flop on his stomach; however, matters were soon equalised by Muster-Roll falling at one of the other fences. Now came the post and rails, and as I was cantering along the inner circle of the course, I shouted to my jockey to trot; Morris did the same. So I told Yelverton to pull up and wait for The Toy to show us how this fair (?) fence was to be negotiated; but Morris would not let Blundell go at it, and so there the two competitors remained for close on twenty minutes, the referee finally deciding that it was a draw.

I was very angry with Morris; for it was clearly their business to jump first over a fence of their own construction, and Blundell was quite keen to go at

it. The worst part of it all was that the French passed a good many uncomplimentary remarks regarding the pluck of the riders and the English generally, and I know that I rode home in high dudgeon.

Shortly after this The Toy won a race at the "French Meeting," and Marshal Pelissier presented Jerry Goodlake with the cup, which pleased him much. One night after supper, Jerry bet me sixty pounds to forty that I could not walk a mile, run a mile, and ride a mile in twenty minutes. This match came off on the 24th of April on the Woronzoff road. I had been practising a bit, but I was a lot too big at starting. I walked and ran a mile on the afore-mentioned road and had a nice bit in hand; but, by the carefully worded terms of the match I was to have a pony handed me—not held whilst I mounted. The pony was a very fast one of poor Jack Paynter's, but a fidgety little brute, and, what with his being very fresh and much astonished—not to say alarmed—at my light and airy costume (for I was nearly as naked as when I was born) as well as nervous at the large crowd of nearly ten thousand French soldiers all shouting at the top of their voices, I thought that I never should get on him; but at last I threw myself across his back, and, as luck would have it, he tore across

the plain pretty near straight for the winning-post, which was on the same ground where the celebrated Balaclava charge had taken place. I gradually righted myself on the saddle as we went along, and won with one minute and a half to spare—not bad work considering all the difficulties that I had to contend with !

CHAPTER XVI.

Curly Knox gets a bad Fall—Expedition to Scutari—Entertained by the Inniskillings—The Sultan's Cups—Jim Coleman—Dutch Courage—Roger Mostyn—No Luck, no Winnings—Sell our Horse—Barringtons and Hunters—Back at Balaclava—Valentine Baker's Arab—The Rugeley Poisoner, Palmer—Embark on board *Princess Royal*—Arrive at Malta, 17th June—Gibraltar—In the Bay—Life on board the *Princess Royal*—Hare—Festing—Portsmouth—Looking back on the Winters of 1854-5—Moralising—Losses by the Allies and Russians during the Campaign—Mortality from Cholera and other Diseases—Land at Portsmouth and Train to Aldershot, July, 1856—Review in Hyde Park—Untimely Death of Peter—My Pony "Jim"—Pose as Model for a Corbel—Goodwood, 1856—Tull, the Lock-keeper—Lady Hashley!—Athletic Sports, Aldershot, October, 1856—Sweep the Board—Beat W. Beach.

IN one of my letters written home about this time I find the following: "One of our fellows, little Knox, got a bad fall the other day and has been more or less insensible for three days, but is mending now, poor little fellow!" As the burly General ("Curly") Knox now weighs within a few pounds of my own weight, these expressions relative to his diminutive size read to me as very funny; but *tempus fugit*, and we all put on weight, I suppose, as

the years roll on, if inclined that way. Poor "Curly" was uncommon dicky for several days from concussion of the brain, but all who know him must be satisfied that his tumble was productive of more good than harm.*

As I had been asked by several Cavalry men to pay them a visit at Scutari, I started with Muster-Roll, and, after a very pleasant passage, arrived in the beginning of May with three or four other fellows whose names—bar Roger Mostyn's—I forget, on the shores of the "Golden Horn." I got a shake down with the Inniskillings, and they had a capital mess. The Sultan had given three cups to be run for and very pretty little *objets d'art* they were. Though not much bigger than egg-cups they were studded with precious stones, and were said to be worth the best part of a hundred pounds each. Having brought no jockey with me from the Crimea (mine having gone amiss) and as all the best cavalry jocks had to steer their own horses, I had a great deal of difficulty to get any one to ride for me at all; but at mess, after the wine had circulated, dear old Jim Coleman (who used always to take his whack) became so valiant that he

* Since these lines were in print, poor "Curly" Knox has passed from amongst us, I regret to say, and I attended his funeral only the other day.—J. D. A.

offered his services for the morrow, which I gladly accepted.

After breakfast next morning, Jim and I rode out to have a look round the course, and the first fence was a very stiff one, which would stand no attempt at "brushing through;" so I particularly exhorted Jim to go steady at this obstacle, and cautioned him to be careful. There were several very good-looking horses in the field, the one that made most impression upon me being a dark chestnut called "Baronet." I believe he belonged to Gunter, who is fit and well, and now living near Wetherby. Just before starting, and much against my will, I was obliged to hand a flask of brandy to my jockey, and the dear old boy took a long pull at it; then the flag dropped to a good start and away they went.

To my horror I saw Muster-Roll going forty miles an hour at that terrible stiff fence; he hit it very hard and turned end over end. I galloped down and found poor Jim groaning a bit; but on my saying that the horse had got away too far to remount, he picked himself up, and I was rejoiced to see that he was only a bit shaken; but when I announced to him that Muster-Roll had been caught, and was being ridden back for him to get on again, down he flopped with severe spasms, and

more brandy was demanded ; therefore all hope of that cup was dispelled.

As far as I recollect, the races lasted three days ; at any rate, Muster-Roll, being no worse for his fall, I started him in another race, and this time got Ellis (now Howard de Walden), a very good rider, as "coachman ;" but again we had bad luck. I think the horse fell at the water, through overjumping himself, and got loose, and we did not find him for some hours ; but at length, he and Jerry Goodlake's mare Bathsheba, who had also fallen, were found up to their middles in a sort of nullah, having drunk enough water to wash a "bus." Next day, Muster-Roll started again (I think with the same jockey in charge) ; but bad luck followed him, for there was a sort of lane to cross, with steep banks on each side. My horse jumped too big and shot Ellis on to his neck, and before he could right him he had lost a lot of ground. Tom Townley (a perfect horseman), who rode the winner Pathfinder, slid his horse down the first bank and scrambled up the opposite side—I can see him doing it now—and won in a canter.

The last day there was one more chance : it was a hurdle-race, and I got the "artful" Roger Mostyn to bestride the unfortunate Muster-Roll. To my intense satisfaction and—as I fondly hoped—for my

pocket's welfare, horse and rider came sailing along with the race apparently well in hand ; when, at the last hurdle but one, he ran out, jumped the last hurdle and passed the post with a good lead. I, with assumed bravado, at once rushed down to lead him in ; but was met with storms of reproach, which I vainly endeavoured to quell, and the officials had the audacity to refuse to weigh him in. This was a most disastrous finish to what I had trusted would have turned out a brilliant "week's out;" so I sold our horse for two hundred pounds (cheap as rags) to Teddy Hunt, an excellent pal and a good man to hounds, and I am glad to say he enjoyed many a good run on the unlucky Muster-Roll in the shires after he got home. Notwithstanding my run of bad luck, I spent a most enjoyable week with the dear old Cavalry, who entertained us right sumptuously.

As Percy Barrington and his wife, and Sir Paul and Lady Hunter were going up to the Crimea, I took ship with them, and returned after another smooth passage to Balaclava. I forgot to mention that, either on my way to or from Scutari, we put in at Eupatoria, looked up the 10th Hussars, and had lunch with Valentine Baker. He showed me what I believe to be the most beautiful animal I have ever seen—an almost pure white Arab

stallion, that he had brought with him from India. It had the most lovely head and neck that I ever beheld, and its mane and tail were of that delicate texture peculiar to high bred Arabs. Through its glossy coat could be seen large blotches of black in the otherwise pure white skin ; and, if I remember right, I was brute enough to declare that I had never seen even a woman so perfectly beautiful in make, shape, and expression as that Arab horse—of course, I was young then, and that remark does not hold good *now* ; so the ladies will let me off, I hope.

We had a very jolly time in camp this May, for the weather was lovely, and I played in several cricket-matches. One day I took Mrs. Barrington and Lady Hunter, with their husbands, down to Sebastopol, and we had luncheon on board the *Gladiator*, commanded by Captain Hillier, and afterwards went in one of his boats to see the forts on the north side of the harbour. At the end of the month I made a trip along the under-cliff with Foley, Montessor, and a cousin of mine. The first day we rode to Aloupka, forty-three miles, and slept there, riding on next morning to Yalta. The country was now much more beautiful than when I last rode along the same line, as the leaves were all well out on the trees, and hedges of roses, laburnum

and Judas, besides flowering shrubs of all sorts, were in their full glory.* It was too delicious to one who had been pent up in a noisy, dusty, and parched camp. The birds sang, and the frogs croaked as if they were real glad to see us; in fact the whole scene was heavenly.

The ships now commenced to come in fast, and we hoped every day to get an order to start for home. On the 9th of June a telegram arrived to say that H.M.S. *Princess Royal* had put into Karatch Bay and that we were to start on the 11th. It was just at this time we got the news of that worst of villains, William Palmer's trial for poisoning his friend Cook at Rugely in Staffordshire, and I was real glad when I won a couple of "the best" over his being condemned to death.

I managed to get my pony Jimmy on board one of the transports, also a pet pig named Peter, whom I had rescued from the knife, and had been my constant companion when in camp. The rest of our kit was sold by auction, and we duly embarked on board H.M.S. *Princess Royal*. She was a very fine ship, and we had much better accommodation than we ever found on board those narrow transport steamers. I was allowed to sleep in my camp bed on the lower deck, and a good bit of luck for me too, as most of

* Judas-tree, a flowering shrub common in the East.—EDITOR.

the other fellows were slung up in hammocks, and some of them had a very rough time of it, as the hammocks were frequently cut down at night, and the poor dears had only a very moderate night's rest on those occasions.

We stopped at Constantinople five or six hours, and got to Malta on 17th June. We had hardly anchored (about 9 P.M.) before Gipps and several other fellows began bathing by moonlight, and it was very odd to watch them splashing about under the bows.

As far as I can recollect we did not stop long, but started the next day and in due course anchored off Gibraltar. A lot of us went ashore, and mounted on donkeys, rode up the "Rock," exploring the galleries cut in the solid stone, which are well supplied with big guns. Still, I would not care to be a gunner in those stuffy chambers were the guns to be fired in anger, for the smoke would be suffocating, the draught being so deficient that you could light your cigar with a wax-match without fear of the latter being blown out during the process. After rambling along on the top of the "Rock," we mounted our "Jerusalem ponies," to ride down the zigzag path, and some excitement was caused by one of the rearmost donkeys evincing an uncontrollable desire to keep company with one of the

foremost of the cavalcade, and he came charging down, with his trumpet in full blast, shoving those in his way right and left, and so alarming his rider that he promptly jumped off, and as we gave the high-spirited moke some good whacks as he passed, he soon disappeared out of sight.

Across the Bay of Biscay—that bay so dreaded by those whose vocation is not that of the sea—we were fortunate enough to experience a charming spell of fine weather, and we played at a lot of games peculiar to shipboard. There were also some lively bouts at single-stick amongst our party. Festing of the Marines (afterwards Sir Frederick, of West African fame) and little Dick Hare (then a middy and now I presume an admiral, or he ought to be by this time) were much applauded; for they cut at each other with a will. Hare never cared how often he was hit on his helmet if he could only get in a good cut at Festing's thighs, and, mind you, there is no more tender spot than the inside of your thigh; but Festing was a very game chap, and took all that the middy could give him with rare good humour.

Well, one day on board ship is very much the same as another, providing the weather remains fair, and so I will only add that, after a remarkable pleasant passage, we arrived at Portsmouth, where

we disembarked, and thus ended the Crimean campaign as far as I was concerned.

I am afraid that I have been somewhat prolix at times, and may have wearied my readers with many trumpery incidents, some few of which I have found very difficult to commit to paper in an amusing form ; though over a pipe and a glass I have found them tickle the risible faculties of my hearers to some tune when doing the "*vivâ voce* trick." However, I always feel very glad that I was given the opportunity of seeing a certain amount of foreign service ; for sure I am that no man can tell what he is worth till he has been tried, and I have come to the conclusion that the bravest man is by no means always he who by nature is devoid of fear, but he who naturally being *really timid*, yet performs his duty fearlessly and well.

I feel like moralising a little on this subject, so here goes ; the reader can but skip it if he don't care to follow my argument. I know a man whom I verily believe would go up in a balloon, though he well knew that the silk was so worn and thin that it might split at any moment, and by so doing hurry him through space to instant destruction ; or he would descend a mine many fathoms deep, notwithstanding his knowledge that the chain by which

the cage was suspended was so unsafe that its snapping was not only possible but probable ; or he would take up a live shell and throw it over the parapet when the sputtering fuse had burnt down to near contact with the explosive matter inside it. That man I call *devoid of fear by nature*. When such a man is exposed to danger, he positively enjoys the excitement, proportioned by the risk he is running ; but, on the other hand, I know many men who *inwardly* undergo extreme pangs of fear, and would hate to find themselves exposed to such catastrophes as I have mentioned above, and yet would risk their lives calmly, if not cheerfully, providing that they thought it was their bounden duty so to do.

In both these instances we will admit that each man has done his duty equally well ; but, to my mind, it is long odds that the timid one is the bravest of the twain. Now one word as to the incentive which urges a soldier to risk his life for "Queen and Country." We will take the case of a man who becomes a soldier simply because he has nothing much to look forward to (as far as he is aware). He has no relatives able or willing to leave him a ten-pound note ; so that man argues, or is convinced, that, if he can only get the opportunity to distinguish himself by "doughty deeds," he will

some day be comfortably off and well rewarded for his prowess by a grateful country.

On the other hand, take a man who is heir to large possessions, and perhaps only one aged life stands between him and the enjoyment of his wealth : will not the thought of his being prematurely cut off by disease or a bullet, or by one of the many vicissitudes of a campaign, at times cross his mind and prompt him not to risk his glowing prospects by needlessly hazarding the life that he has hoped to enjoy, if he can only return home safe and sound again? Let us allow, for the sake of argument, that both those individuals are equally plucky ; but yet the poor man has everything to gain. He goes for the gloves, or, I should say, to win his spurs, and once won, they mean to a certain extent a life of ease, if not luxury ; and he must be but a poor tool if he does not try to do a bit to earn them. On the other hand, the man with good expectations is actuated by strong sense of duty *only*, and lacks that incentive which urges the other on to make himself a name.

I fear that some of my readers will scoff at my feeble powers of reasoning, but I will chance that and say a few words as to the pleasures of campaigning. I cannot imagine a pleasanter life for any poor, or even rich, man of sound constitution,

youth, and good animal spirits, than a campaign in a picturesque and rich country, blessed with a good climate. My mind reverts at once to the Peninsular War. What could a man wish for more, than roaming about such a country as was the scene of that campaign,* and more especially if, five times out of six, the army in which he served proved successful, and opportunity was afforded him of demonstrating what a good physique allied to pluck, was capable of carrying him through?

Now for the other side of the picture, the Crimean campaign. The young man blessed with the many advantages previously mentioned—full of energy, anxious to draw his sword for his country's good, and fondly hoping that in a month at the most he will have an opportunity—suddenly discovers that he is humbugged about between Malta, Scutari, and the pestilential shores of Varna for six months, during which time he has never seen an enemy or smelt powder (as the saying is), and even if he escapes himself with slight fits of seediness from time to time, yet he has to experience the horror of seeing his splendid battalion, well-nigh decimated with disease of the most virulent and malignant

* I venture to think that some of the old Peninsular men would hardly agree with Sir John as to that campaign being quite so enjoyable as he suggests in comparison with the Crimea.—EDITOR.

form, and with nothing earthly to do to fill up his time or employ his brain. After a time perhaps he is fortunate if he finds himself landed at last in the enemy's country, and at the end of the first week is regaled with a sharp, short, and decisive battle, in which, if he has not the luxury of being wounded and so incapacitated for duty, he has, after a short march in a sterile country, the privilege of sitting down on a bare bleak range of rocks, and—if his health permits his sticking to duty—being exposed day after day to danger that no pluck can avert, and at one time chilled to the marrow by frost and snow or deluged with rain and covered by mud, with nothing to eat but salt provisions and tinned meats—with little enough of either—and nothing to drink possibly, but indifferent rum and green coffee ; his only protection from the horrors of a Russian climate being the flimsy shelter afforded by his bell tent. I have not said a word too much, or exaggerated in the slightest degree the hardships that my poor battalion and the army generally, went through during the winter months of 1854 and '55, in proof of which I need only state roughly that our losses in the Crimea, independent of about 3500 men who died from wounds or were killed in action, was—died by cholera, upwards of 4000 ; other diseases, upwards of 15,000 ; while the French lost altogether close on

41,000 men, and the Russians are supposed to have suffered to the tune of nearly half a million of men.

When spring and summer came round again, and the sun once more tried its best to cheer our gallant little army, its rays beat down on the same arid spot where the snows of winter had locked us in their icy embrace; but to cut the picture of misery short—there sat our army from September, 1854, to September, 1855; and even when our enemy surlily gave in and moved out of range of our guns still there we sat for another nine months on that infernal plateau.

However, everything comes to an end in this “vale of tears,” and at last this campaign did so too, and the lucky survivors landed again in “Good Old England,” though their joy was much tempered with sorrow at the thought of those many loved comrades, whom we had buried and left behind us in that detestable Crimea.

As I remarked a few pages back (before I commenced to moralise), we disembarked at Portsmouth on the 6th of July and went by train to Aldershot, a manœuvre that I hated; seeing that I was longing for the swagger of a triumphant march into London. However, as soon as we got our accoutrements straight, we took train to Nine Elms Station, and had a fine time marching through the London

streets to Hyde Park, where we were reviewed by the Duke of Cambridge, in the presence of our good Queen, and Prince Albert.

We had a very long day, and, as far as I recollect, did not reach St. George's Barracks till well on to 6 P.M. It was very shortly after this review that I met Lord Rokeby, who commanded my regiment, and with one of his pleasant smiles he remarked: "I suppose you know you will soon have to pass an examination for your company, as you are first on the list for the step?" At first I was a bit staggered, but, pulling myself together, I replied with considerable decision: "Not *me*, my Lord; I will leave the army sooner than be examined. If I do not know my duty as a soldier, what is the use of active service? Besides, I made a vow when I left Oxford that I would never open that infernal Euclid book again, and, what is more, I never will!—so that is straight."

The good old gentleman remonstrated with me, but without effect; however, as good luck would have it, I was fortunate enough to get my company without the humbug of an examination, and I believe that I was about the last man who did so.

I think I told you that I had brought home two animals with me from the Crimea, and that one of these was rather a peculiar style of pet—namely, my

intelligent pig, Peter. I had saved his neck from the knife one day when he was a porker, and had been brought into our camp before Sebastopol to be sacrificed on the spit; but there was something so taking about him, and the expression of his face so amiable and lovable (my readers must remember that lovable articles were scarce before Sebastopol on those barren heights) that I took compassion on him and saved him. He returned my good feeling by following me about like a dog, and eventually was located in St. George's Barracks, where the men made a pet of him, and he had a high old time.

Alas! one day Peter was playing about with one of the soldier's children, and, either by accident or design, he had the bad taste to mistake the infant's hand for his dinner, and he was then and there sentenced to death. Gipps had also brought home a pet—to wit, a horned sheep—who was quartered at the Magazine Barracks; but I fancy he became decidedly morose in disposition and knocked all the children about; so he, too, was finally killed and eaten. My pony, that had carried me so well in the Crimea, I used frequently to ride in the Park or when making calls, and in the latter case I would often leave him loose in the street; but the boys would not stand this method of being done out of

their lawful dues for holding hacks, so they had the audacity to pelt poor Jimmy, occasionally, with stones; but he never moved far away and would come to me directly I called him. He was a real intelligent pony, and when his fore-legs began to give way I put him in a light trap, and very useful he was. He lived to a good old age and was buried with all honours. I have the bones of his fore-legs yet, and it seems to me that the texture of the bone is more like ivory than is usually the case with our nags.

As the Chichester folks were very keen at this time to get the Guards to bring down a team to play the "Priory Park Club" a match at cricket, I got up an eleven for the Monday before Goodwood, and a real good reception they gave us. I never enjoyed cricket more, and swaggered above a bit with my Champion belt (won for foot-racing in the Crimea) round my waist. In the evening, the citizens of Chichester entertained us at a public dinner, the good old Duke of Richmond being in the chair. He said all sorts of pretty things about us, and I had to respond. The newspaper of the day reported that: "The gallant Major spoke in a *familiar* manner, and said that, however much he might have improved in the art of soldiering, he had made but little progress in speaking." You may

bet your life that was true enough ; for I was not a great orator by any manner of means.

During the day, the parson or churchwarden (I forget which) insisted upon my accompanying him to one of the churches which had been recently restored, and, pointing out a corbel at the base of one of the arches of the roof, he remarked that "The sculptor had intended it for a representation of my head-piece," adding that "every one considered it to be a first-rate likeness." Well ! it might have been, but it struck me as wonderful like the ordinary representations of St. Peter, and I did not feel specially flattered, though at Rome it is looked upon as a great privilege to kiss his toe. Besides, I cannot quite make him out a *real truthful* party, and, if all we read is correct, he had no particular turn of speed either, for John easily outran him, and we don't know for certain that his time was anything near the "record." Still, I suppose I must consider it an honour to have my hoary old head pointed out to visitors to this sacred edifice.

What a delicious sensation it was to attend Goodwood races once more !—for I had missed doing so very much during the past two years—and wonderful pleased I was with the warm and hearty greetings of all my old Sussex friends.

This was the year of the fearful accident which occurred during the race for the Goodwood Stakes. It took place close to the turn at the Craven starting-post. Chevy Chase, a three-year-old, ridden by an unfortunate little boy named Hearnden, 4 st. 11 lbs. (that being 4 lbs. over his handicapped weight!), ran up the bank and fell into the course, bringing down seven other horses. Happily the only fatality was the mare that caused the accident; but two of the jockeys were in Chichester Infirmary for several weeks, and Bartholomew carried the marks of the severe injuries he had sustained—by being cut about the head—to his grave.

Monsieur Aumont's good horse Monarque was only third in the Steward's Cup, won by New Brighton, and in the Goodwood Cup won by Rogerthorpe. George Fordham, then five stone four, rode second in the Steward's Cup and Goodwood Stakes, and rode the winner of the Goodwood Cup and the Chesterfield Cup, riding only five stone seven in the latter race.

When leave came out I went home to Everleigh, and was most enthusiastically welcomed by all. Athletic sports were organised, and a jolly good spread provided for all the villagers.

Nothing could be pleasanter than paying visits to

old friends after having been away so long, and no matter the walk of life they occupied they were one and all delighted to welcome me back. One day I went down to Windsor and paid a visit to old Tull, who kept the Lock at Windsor Weir; he was a great pal of mine, and so was his good lady, and I had often stopped to have a chat with them when passing through locks in either punt or boat. Just before I had started for the Crimea, I bought Tull a nice well-bred Berkshire gilt, and I felt curious to know what family she had produced. Now in times past, my good mother had more than once taken a room at Tull's cottage, and had there executed some very pretty sketches of Eton, the playing fields, and Windsor Castle; so the old man was proud of his acquaintance with her ladyship.

After hearty greetings had passed between the old boy, his good lady, and myself, I inquired about the matronly pig, and asked what luck he had had with her progeny; when, with a solemn air, he exclaimed, "Oh! it's Lady Hashley as you means? Why, *there* she is!" and elevating my eyes to the ceiling at which he pointed, I beheld reposing upon the bacon-rack two prime flitches. The old wretch had fattened and killed that high-born lady pig, and had added to his audacity by calling it after my respected mother. When the shock of this discovery

had passed away and we were taking a friendly cup of tea together, old Tull asked me if I had seen his son "Bill." I said no, where was he. "Why," said he, "he has been fighting the Rooshuns same as what you 'ave, and I made sure you would 'ave seen 'im"—here he gave me a severe look, as much as to infer that he doubted my having been in Russia at all—adding later: "Why, Bill was aboard the *Billy Ruffon* [*Bellerophon*] somewhere outside Cronstadt, I can't make out how it is as you ain't seen 'im." After some time I managed to explain to him that, though the Baltic and Black Seas both washed the Russian shores, they were an enormous distance apart, and so I left him fairly pacified, though much disappointed that I had not seen Bill!

In October, with Gipps, Goodlake and others, I paid Lord Methuen a visit at Corsham Court, and a very pleasant time and excellent shoot we enjoyed. On the 23rd of October there were some athletic sports at Aldershot open to the army, and as I had entered in pretty well all the running events, I left early in the morning by train, taking with me my faithful little henchman, Jimmy Patterson, the "Flying Tailor," with whom I had been doing a bit of running most mornings, and was, in consequence, pretty fairly fit.

We stopped to breakfast at Reading, and there

met a very queer character, old "Drinkwald," the owner of Black Tommy, who ran second to the celebrated Blink Bonny for the Derby of 1857. He was freshening himself up on his way to see his horses at Lambourne, and I told the old boy that if he would entrust me with some "ready," I would invest it well for him, as I was going to Aldershot to run in some races, and, as an investment, my two legs were far safer to put the money down on than any of his four-legged racehorses; but the old boy was a long way too fat to believe in human speed.

Our second battalion was then quartered at Aldershot, and, after a bit of luncheon with them, we went down to the ground where the various courses were staked out, and a goodly muster of officers, many ladies, and a host of soldiers were already assembled. The first race that I competed in was 100 yards on the flat, and that I won comfortably enough. Bob Sayer (now General, and brother of my former antagonist, poor Fred of the 23rd) was second, and when we pulled up he suggested that I had no chance for the next race, as he had a brother officer in it who could give him a lot of start, and added, "As you only just beat me, he is sure to do you." But I told Bob that in reality I beat him very easily, only, as I had three other races before me, I had kept a bit up my boot! This next race was 200 yards,

and the prize a cup given by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, which trophy I annexed easy enough, Bill Bathurst was second, and Bob's flyer nowhere. Then came a quarter of a mile race, and that I took quite comfortably.

Now came a severe task—200 yards in full uniform and heavy marching order. This race I hardly expected to win, as I had not my uniform with me, nor had I practised running with all a private's kit and accoutrements on; however, I changed clothes with one of our privates who was somewhere about my size, and duly paraded with the other competitors. I forget who inspected the squad, but I know he said to me, "You are not properly dressed, sir; you have no stock on." I replied that there was no room in my coat-collar for a stock, but his answer was, "You cannot start unless you are properly dressed!" So, with much difficulty, one of those very stiff old-fashioned deep leather stocks was procured, and forced inside the tightly-hooked collar of my borrowed tunic, and it precious near choked me, for I found it impossible to move my head either way. However, off we went, and I just got up in the last few strides and won, beating "Duck" Phillips, of the Grenadiers, by half a yard. He had been practising much for this race, and having his own uniform on, and the kit well fitted to

his body, he had a great pull over me with my impromptu get-up.

As soon as I passed the post I threw myself on my back and yelled out for some one to cut my collar open, for I was wonderful near choked. I do not know whether the present method of arranging a soldier's kit and accoutrements on his person, is better adapted for a speedy burst, but I *can* swear that the arrangement in the year 1856 was never meant to hurry in, especially when the individual was unused to carrying a knapsack, with full kit inside, weighing twenty-one pounds, a great-coat rolled on top of that, a rifle and sixty rounds of ammunition, and a fine old bearskin on top of all.

Having resumed my civilian attire (how delicious it was after the ill-fitting costume which I had restored to its rightful owner!), I felt really proud of myself, for I had won the only four cups to be competed for by officers of the *whole* army, and I had hardly dared to hope that a veteran (I was only twenty-eight) who had during the last two years been plugged with a bullet, and touched up by cholera morbus, fever, and dysentery, could monopolise all the plate. However, it is right enough, for are not the said four cups on my sideboard to this day?—mounted on a pedestal encircled by the champion belt (for running in the foot-races in the

Crimea), and inside the largest cup reposes the neat little silken garment, made of our regimental plaid pattern, which encompassed part of my body in most of my races, of which little garment more anon!

An old friend of mine in the Windsor district, whom I had almost forgotten to mention, was the old railway inspector at Slough Station. He was well known to many of the regular passengers by G.W.R. to Windsor, and was said to have rarely, if ever, missed more than one train a day for years. His duty was to shout out, as each train arrived at Slough: "Slough and Windsor only." They do say that on his wedding day he asked permission to miss three trains, so as to have time to get properly "tied up," but was back at his post in time for the fourth. His next application for leave was on the occasion of the christening of his first-born, and, as the story goes, when the clergyman demanded of the parents the name of the child, he, in his usual loud and distinct tones, immediately replied, "*Slough and Windsor only.*" Poor old boy! many a time have I chaffed him about his zealous attention to his duty, and he used to tell a story about my having jumped the seven-foot gates at old Paddington Station when they were shut, because the train was just on the move.

His version of the affair is not, of course, quite correct ; but I did climb on the top of the gate, and when a porter ran up to stop me, I jumped clean over him and ran up the platform, getting into the carriage through the window as the train was moving out ; but the fussy inspector on duty stopped the train and proposed to pull me out. I informed him that it was no easy job for one man to pull even a buck rabbit out of his hutch, so that it would take several men to get *me* out of the carriage. He, seeing the force of my argument after a bit, wisely desisted, and left me in peace.

It was during this winter or following spring that I received another challenge from W. Beach to run for the third time 150 yards on the flat, as he was not satisfied as to my superiority. I was nothing loth, so it was arranged that we were to run for a pony (£25) a side on the turnpike road at Salt Hill (same place as that where I had run poor Fred Sayer before the Crimea). Beach particularly specified that we were only to have six friends each, present to witness the match, and I fancy his reason for this clause in the agreement was that, like many of our equine racers, Beach was a trifle nervous at the post—in fact, he once told me that he was yards better in private than in public, whereas I believe it was exactly the

contrary with me, particularly if there was plenty of music and lots of ladies.

Knowing the peculiar temperament of my friend, I am afraid I was a wee bit tricky at the start, and kept him on the scratch some little time—in fact, as long as I decently could—by making sundry false starts. At last we got off very evenly, and I made running, with Beach close up, and at 120 yards I fancied that he could pass me when he liked, at 130 he was evidently doing his level best and we ran neck and neck; but, after a regular ding-dong finish, I just won by *half a yard*. The form was wonderful true, and showed that the Crimea had done me no harm, and the rest at home had done him no good, so at last W. B. was satisfied; and I don't think he ever ran again, but settled down into a steady conscientious Senator and has well represented part of Hampshire in the House of Commons for many years past.

CHAPTER XVII.

Match with J. P. Taylor—In the Emerald Isle—I Win easily—Horse-dealing by Gas-light—Cobble Stones *v.* Flesh and Bone—The Result—Julian Hall sends back my Winnings—Match with Captain Smith, 71st Highlanders—My Last Appearance on the Running-path—I Win—I Contemplate Matrimony—Courtship—Married at St. James'—Start for Foreign Parts—Paris—Special License Wins Liverpool Cup—On the Way to Rome—Rome—Birth of my Son and Heir—Some Account of my Florentine—St. Peter's—I Turn an Honest Penny—Leave for Marseilles—Railway Accident—Not much Damage—Arrive in England—Paulett Somerset's Cottage at Englefield Green—Sell the Florentine—Englefield Green—A Real Bit of Luck—Barber and Saxon.

I AM now going to take my readers across to Ireland, to relate the particulars of a match I had with J. P. Taylor, an inhabitant of the Emerald Isle, and one who had shown himself to be possessed of even more than the ordinary agility of his countrymen.

Some time in November, 1857, I received a letter from Major Brine, R.E., a real active and plucky soldier, as every one is aware who knew him in the Crimea. He was as much at home in the advance sap under a heavy fire, as he was subsequently

sailing away through space in his balloon, with half a gale of wind behind him, bustling his frail conveyance along at perilous speed. He could run well, too, and was real fond of it; he and I had several spins together, and he entertained a high opinion of my turn of speed. He wrote from Cork, where he was then quartered, to tell me that there was a bit of "ready" to be picked up if I would go over and fetch it; inasmuch as a nimble dweller in Cork styled himself the champion of Ireland, and he felt cock sure that he could vanquish England's amateurs as well as Ireland's. In those days, mind you, an amateur meant a gentleman, whether he ran for money or honour, or both—I used to combine the two. After some correspondence had passed between us, the following announcement appeared in the columns of *Bell's Life*:

"AMATEUR RACE FOR £200.—Captain Brine, R.E., on the part of Lt.-Col. Astley, Scots Fus. Gds., has made a match with F. Leigh, Esq., for J. Taylor, Esq., of Passage, in the vicinity of Cork, to come off on or about the 18th of December. Colonel Astley is expected at Cork from London with Mr. W. Johnson, his former competitor (late of the Rifles), this week. The betting is even, as Mr. Taylor, who lately beat Mr. Machell

(14th Regt.), has twice beaten Mr. Johnson, and the latter once beat Col. Astley a foot, but had a yard start."

To explain the reference to Machell and Taylor's race I quote from *Bell's Life*: "On Nov. 29th, 1857, a match took place between Lieut. Machell, 14th Regt., and J. P. Taylor, Esq., distance 100 yards on the 'Mandyke Walk,' for stakes of over £200. Taylor won by about a yard."

With the assistance of my faithful little "Flying Tailor" I went through a nice preparation (as they say of the Derby winner), and a few days before the race, crossed over to Cork accompanied by Jimmy Patterson ("The Flying Tailor"), and in addition to my ordinary luggage, I carried in my right hand trousers' pocket (the best and safest receptacle a man can stow anything valuable in) a lovely fat roll of crisp Bank of England notes for £500, which, being short at my banker's (an ever-present complaint with me), I had, with commendable forethought, borrowed of my dear old tailor, Henry Hill, of Old Bond Street, one of the old-fashioned sort, who felt a pride and pleasure in furnishing a good and faithful customer, not only with clothes, but with something to line the pockets with at a reasonable percentage. We (Jimmy and I) landed at Cork in due course, and

put up with Johnson of the Rifle Brigade (who had been a pal of mine in the Crimea, and could run well too) at Passage, just outside Cork, and, curiously enough, I took my breathers every morning before the race in the same public gardens that my opponent Taylor took his, although I never saw him. He had a brother, a "middy" I think, on board one of the men-of-war in the harbour, from whom he borrowed a couple of ship's chronometers, one being placed at the start, and the other at the finish of the 100 yards. Two of his friends used to take the mean time of his trials (a very primitive and unreliable test). However, it was confidently reported that he could beat even time (10 seconds), and as I knew that I could not do the distance under $10\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, I felt pretty sure that I should have the opportunity of going double or quits for my bonny crisp "monkey."*

When the day arrived for the race to take place, we drove to Cork barrack-yard, where the *élite* of the town and district were already assembled, and running my eye over the female portion I thought that I had never seen a handsomer lot of girls. The soldiers hung out a right good luncheon to all comers, and the band played delicious music. There were two other matches, I think, run before mine,

* £500.

and then Taylor and I were told to get ready. The 100 yards was roped and staked on either side, and the gravel was nice and firm, as well as smooth. I won the toss and took the right-hand side, and then I observed that Taylor wore indiarubber shoes which fitted him like gloves, but they had no spikes, and when I found that he was going to run in these shoes I made quite sure that he would be second; so with my betting-book in my hand and my "monkey" in my pocket, I ran down the course offering to back myself, but, much to my chagrin, after I had bet a level pony (£25), I had to lay odds, and though I chaffed the Paddy boys well, I could not lay more than £100 to £50. I finished up with offering to lay two sacks of potatoes to one, as they seemed to be so precious short of coin. I had to give up writing down the names of those I bet with, as their pronunciation of their names was beyond my ken altogether. However, I do not believe that it made a bit of difference to me, for, whatever they may be now, the sporting inhabitants of Cork on that day were a real honest set of men. Well, we started off, and the little man (Taylor) got a bit the best of the start, and went fast for fifty yards; but when I once got to him it was all over, and I won anyhow. I should have liked to have gone double or quits and given him five yards, but

he wouldn't have it at any price. I received a jolly good ovation, and those with whom I had bet came clustering round me to pay their debts in nasty dirty one-pound notes; so I kept my crisp monkey intact.

After a glass of "pop" I foolishly offered to run any one over hurdles, and a good soldier, Captain Shaw of the 36th Regiment, offered to take six yards in one hundred over four hurdles. I just caught him and made a dead heat of it, but in the run off I slipped and was beaten easily. *Bell's Life* says that I weighed 12 stone 10 lbs., and Taylor, 9 stone 12 lbs. I only know that I never was better than I was on that day, and am equally certain that Machell could not have been himself when Taylor beat him; for I have never seen a gentleman that could beat Machell, if as well as he was when he defeated poor old Johnny Chadwick at Newmarket, when his trainer assured me that "the Captain could do even time."

I took the train to Dublin, had "a bite and a glass" with the Coldstreams, and, finding I had time to spare before starting by the mail-boat from Kingston, I went to a horse-dealer's yard, being desirous of possessing a real good Irish hunter, and meaning to invest the £150 that I had won. A good-looking mare took my fancy, and, to the

astonishment of the dealer, I asked to have her saddled and bridled, and took her out into a square near at hand, which, I believe, was paved with cobble stones, and, whether it was the Cork music, the Dublin "Pop," or the novelty of trying a horse by gaslight, I sent that poor mare round the square hard all, and then returned her to the dealer's man. I handed my bundle of dirty Irish notes to Julian Hall of the Coldstreams, and asked him to have the mare out in the morning, and, if sound, to transfer the notes to the dealer and send the mare to me; but, if she was not sound, to send me a cheque for £150. I then went off by the boat. Subsequently I heard that the poor mare came out very feeling and Hall enclosed me a cheque for my money. My beneficent tailor duly received back his crisp monkey; but it was only for a time, as the little animal was soon required again for some supposed safe investment, and on this occasion broke loose and took refuge in some other person's pocket; at any rate it fairly quitted mine. Old Hill's monkeys were of the roving sort—at least those that I had the privilege of handling, and as I never like tying animals up too tight, I used to give mine a run, and if they came home to tea (especially of a Monday*) it was an exception that brought them, as they

* Settling day at Tattersall's.—EDITOR.

never seemed to attach themselves to their kind master, who doted so fondly on them.

I had no sooner arrived in town, than Captain Smith of the 71st Highlanders was backed by his brother officers to lower my colours at 100 yards, and, according to *Bell's Life*, we met on the 26th of December, 1857, at the running grounds at Garrett Lane, Wandsworth. This was the first and only time that my good old dad was present at any of my matches; he was always predicting that I should injure myself by bursting a blood-vessel, or straining a sinew, or something of the kind; but I always told him that such accidents didn't happen when men were real fit. I could see by the twinkle of his eye he was proud to see his boy when stripped; for, though I am a clumsy old toad now, yet on that sharp, cold Boxing-Day, I was a tidy specimen of humanity at 13 stone. Two or three of my brothers were also present. Captain Smith had taken a lot of trouble to get himself ready, but to my mind he had overtrained, and lacked the ruddy glow which a man in perfect condition ought to show, after he has set his circulation in motion by a preliminary or two to counteract the effects of a biting Christmas breeze.

The match was for a pony,* and, to show that we

* £25.

both felt very confident, we wagered a friendly tenner together as we met on the scratch. *Bell's Life* thus describes the race: "After a very level start the Colonel got ahead despite the strenuous efforts of the gallant Captain, and ran in a winner by a good yard. Much praise is due to Jimmy Patterson for the splendid condition in which he brought Lieut. Col. Astley to the scratch." Before putting my clothes on I gave the "guv'nor" a show, and ran a quarter of a mile against time, doing it in about 54 seconds. I never could do it any faster, but that was good enough to beat most amateurs of that day. I recollect once making one of three men who timed Harry Reed, the professional, and he just beat 48 seconds—that was record time then, as was 4 minutes 20 seconds for the mile. I believe the above match was the last I ran, and as my 30th birthday came off on February 19th, 1858, I had pretty well made up my mind 'it was about time I got wed, and changed the cinder-path and spiked shoe for the polished floor and the varnished pump. Moreover, two or three of my most intimate friends had been tied up about that time, and I had of course assisted at their nuptials.

At one or more of these festivities I had been fortunate enough to spot a lass who happened to have been a bridesmaid on two occasions, and,

mutual friends having been kind enough to bring us together at the cheery dinner and the amusing play, I soon felt that I could not live without her, and, mind you, she possessed all the essential qualities that not only attract, but give promise of happiness in the future. She was comely to look upon, ten years younger than I was, a beautiful mover, and a perfect horsewoman, fond of music, good-tempered and cheery. "What more can a man want?" I hear you say. "Well! right you are;" but still there are other points, minor details I admit, yet not to be despised. She was the only child of a well-to-do and well-born squire, who was not only a perfect gentleman but rode straight to hounds, and was as highly respected at Quarter Sessions as he was in the House of Commons, and, may I add without prejudice (as lawyers have it), he was a widower; consequently, I had only to win the affections of daughter and father. Still, the prize was one much sought after, and though (as a soldier ought) I felt brave and hopeful of winning the lady's hand and heart, I was decidedly timid on the subject of obtaining her father's consent, seeing that my personal recommendations were only average, and my banking account mean in the extreme. Still, I had what soldiers term a "clean sheet," no enemies to crab me (that I was aware of), and lots of true,

good friends to help me ; so I pulled myself together and fairly went in for the gloves.

I had never set foot in Lincolnshire and, consequently, knew very few of the inhabitants of that county ; but, having discovered that my girl was going to two or three balls in her own immediate neighbourhood, I one evening took train to Sleaford town. I felt that I must have a comrade to see me through it, and my trusty and well-tried brother officer, Reggy Gipps, succoured me. We duly arrived at the principal hotel the night of the ball, and, there being no vacant room, we had a screen drawn across one end of the coffee-room, and there donned our dancing kit and hied us to the ball-room. What I suffered I shall never forget ; for, though nimble enough on the running track, I was wonderfully ignorant of how to glide through the simplest quadrille. Just as I hoped that I was really improving and making fair running with my partner, I suddenly heard a crack and found that I had stupidly taken a tuck out of her lovely ball-dress with my great clumsy hoof. Oh dear ! oh dear ! would she forgive me and give me another chance, or only dance with her other admirers who *did* know how to move ? At any rate we saw it out, and a dear good lady who was giving a dance at her own house the following night, seeing how the cat

jumped, asked me to dine, dance, and sleep there. Oh! it was pretty of her, and you bet that I accepted right off.

The next day I ordered a fly and pair, and told the post-boy to drive me to Aswarby. I directed him to go by Fulbeck, and I had some trouble to convince him that I was not off my head, for the two places lay in precisely opposite directions; but "*she*" was staying at Fulbeck, and, though unacquainted with her hostess, yet my boy Gipps was there, and I dropped in for luncheon, and a pleasant stroll afterwards, and then on to Aswarby, and, though I moved yet another tuck during the dance, I felt I had gained ground; and, with the help of another visit, when a good old gentleman lent me a hack to ride with her, I got so far that her father asked me to Elsham. After some jibbing, he too, consented, and on the Saturday of the Derby week, May 22nd, 1858, we were married at St. James' Church, and all agreed that it was a right jolly wedding. Poor Jerry Goodlake was my best man, and we spent the honeymoon at one of the most beautiful places in this or any other country—namely, Stourhead.

After a short leave, I had to come back for duty in London, and my battalion was (I think) quartered in the Tower of London. There were

no regular barracks or officers' quarters in that old fortress then, the men were all stowed away in some caverns or recesses in the battlements, and the officers hired rooms in the houses of the various officials. My wife and I secured the Chaplain's house for the short time we were there; but, excepting when I was actually on duty, we didn't spend much time inside the portcullis.

In the autumn I got leave, and we decided to winter in foreign parts; so we started early in November. Our final destination was to be governed by circumstances over which I had no direct control—first, we had to find out how the many discomforts of long journeys might suit my lady; and, secondly, how long our very limited supply of cash would last us. Anyhow we duly arrived in Paris, and ensconced ourselves in some very comfortable but expensive apartments, and, after doing all the sights and trying the various *chefs* at the best dining-places, occupying boxes at the opera and most of the theatres, and, English-like, buying a lot of trumpery jewellery and *objets de luxe*, I became painfully convinced that, unless we had extraordinary luck, it would be our bounden duty to travel no further, but to return and economically pass the winter with my respected father-in-law.

Now it so happened that I had invested a

considerable sum on a horse of Mr. Merry's called Special License, for the Liverpool Autumn Cup; but why I had sagaciously selected this animal to be the means of bringing us the much-needed winter keep I know not, except that he had won the Liverpool Cup once, if not twice, before, and thereby shown that he liked the course, and that his clever old master liked the Cup, or rather the brass attaching thereto; but no matter. On the evening of the day that the Cup was run for we went to the Opera, accompanied by a good sportsman, and I will not disguise it that—if you believe me—my undivided attention was not set on what I heard and saw, but my thoughts were almost wholly engrossed by visions of a boy in yellow, and I longed to know whether he had been successful in catching the judge's eye—in fact, I was real glad when the pageant was over. I believe we did the correct thing and risked our night's rest by partaking of a *petit souper* at some café, where the merits of the *prima donna* were being freely discussed with much excitement and many feverish gesticulations on the part of the natives; in fact, they made such a fuss about this *prima donna* that, I almost feared it was the name of the winner of the Liverpool Cup, and if so, we must be off home on the morrow. However, we were soon *en voiture*, and as we had

to drop Sir Henry (the sportsman alluded to) at the French Jockey Club, I begged him to find out what had won, and he did not keep us long in suspense. Special License was the *primo cavallo*, and the *donna* was not in it this time. I gave a yell of delight which startled our *cocher*, and spirited up his old quadruped into the bargain. I had won £1500 of a good man, I am not sure that it was not "Sir" W. Marshall (of Billingsgate Hall); at all events we could now extend our tour southward in comfort, not to say luxury. Very soon afterwards we left Paris and took the train to Marseilles, where we hired a *voiture à cinq chevaux* and travelled at the rate of some thirty or forty miles a day, along a road running parallel with the seaboard, for the most part enjoying lovely scenery under a cloudless sky, stopping for a day or two at any town that looked attractive,

Monte Carlo was not the fashionable resort in 1858 that it is now, and I forget the names of most of our halting-places, and a good job, too, for my readers; but Nice, Mentone, Genoa, Pisa, Leghorn and Florence I liked best, especially the latter, which I thought a very pleasant place.

Here I was taken in by a horse-dealer. We were one day driving in the Cachini—a charming park—and amongst the many fine-actioned horses

that were being put through their paces I was much struck by a grey, a grand mover and fast withal. Our driver knew where the owner's stables were situated, and was much pleased when I acquired the animal for eighty pounds. I flattered myself that he was cheap as old rags, and inwardly pitied his owner for having been tempted to part with him at so mean a price. However, we started on our journey to Rome the next day, and I thought it would be rather fun to take our new purchase with us. So I bought a nice strong head-stall and side-rope, and tied the gallant grey to the back of our carriage ; and a nice time he had of it, for our driver used to always spring his five horses into a gallop on arriving near the bottom of a decline, so as to carry us well up the opposite incline, not a bad plan either ; but my grey was not prepared for this sudden dash of speed, and, though he was never actually pulled on to his knees, he must have had some very narrow squeaks for it, his splendid action and fine shoulders alone saving him. As it was, he only just escaped having his neck dislocated, and his throat and jaws were very tender when we unhitched him at the end of our day's journey. For the remainder of our drive I hired a boy who was tied on to the luggage behind, and with a long rope

attached to the grey's head-stall he paid out line every time our driver sprang his horses up a hill ; so by this means we landed the grey in Rome in fine fettle.

Possibly not many of my readers have ever sat behind five stallions for days together, as we did, and it may therefore interest some to hear more about them. They were fairly bred, thickset animals, all bay browns and under fifteen hands in height, real hardy in constitution, legs, and feet, and seemed to enjoy their task. The two wheelers were, of course, attached to the pole, and the three leaders abreast. Whilst at work you would have supposed them to be the best of friends ; but as soon as they were unyoked they went for each other like mad things. Our road ran by the sea-shore nearly the whole way from Marseilles to Florence, and at the termination of each day's journey, our coachman, with my assistance and that of another man, after unharnessing the horses, led them down to the sandy beach, and the moment our little steeds arrived at a suitable spot, down they went on the sand and rolled with keen enjoyment for five or ten minutes, then got up and shook themselves like a dog does on coming out of the water ; after which they walked off contentedly to their stables ; but during this rolling process if one

of them happened to lug the rein or rope out of the hands of the man who was leading him, he went open-mouthed at one of his comrades and it was no easy task to separate them again.

The only drawback to this otherwise pleasant way of seeing new country was that occasionally we had to put up for the night at some wretched, uncomfortable roadside-inn. Ill-regulated beds were often inhabited by most voracious and disagreeable insects; but they possessed wonderful powers of discrimination, for they seldom, if ever, meddled with me, but attacked my lady in the most ruthless fashion, and sometimes half the night was taken up in hunting for these little wretches, and, when captured, consigning them to a watery grave. The food, too, at these abandoned halting-places was very moderate; for, usually, our meal was deferred till a rooster had been captured and consigned to the stewing-pot; however, as a rule, fair macaroni was to be obtained, and a decent savoury omelet.

Well, we arrived in the "Eternal City" on Christmas Eve, and soon got comfortably fixed in a house upon the Pincio, and thereby hangs a tale. It is this, gentle reader. I was born here (as I have already told you) on February 19th, 1828, and, right or wrong, I was wishful that my

son should be born on or about the same day on the same spot. If I had not bought that grey stepper at Florence, I verily believe that my forethought would have been punctually rewarded, and I should have been handed down to posterity as a man of extraordinary intellect. But, alas! the first time I put the grey into harness and attached him to a T-cart I had hired, I soon discovered why it was that his owner had parted with him at what I thought was only half his value ; for, no sooner had I got nicely settled on my driving-seat, with my lady beside me, and my waistcoat almost bursting with conscious pride of how I would show the Roman bloods the way a horse ought to move, when the instant I gently intimated to my Florentine that he might start off, he, with a snort of defiance that I never shall forget, spread out his legs and looked round as much as to say "Just hit me, if you dare!" He then straightway gave three successive bounds forward, and it was by sheer good luck alone that he did not land us in a shop-window.

The wife of my bosom gave a shriek which went clean through me, and then, lo and behold! the grey stepped off and went as quietly as possible ; and this little episode happened nearly every time we took our drives abroad. But my wife was

wonderful game, and as I never was particularly nervous we got used to our nag's little ways, and only on one occasion did we come to grief, and that was when the grey slipped up and broke one of the shafts.

We had a curious experience one day on the Campagna, when I proposed that my good lady should hold the watch and testify to the grey's speed between two milestones. The Roman birds and dogs were not used to horses doing their mile in three minutes, I suppose: for, when I pulled up, we had managed to run over an unfortunate dog and, *mirabile dictu*, had killed a duck. But you will be tired of Florentine; I only mention his pranks because to them I attribute the birth of my son and heir on February 6th, 1859, instead of February 19th, as I had intended.

Never was a man prouder of his first-born than I. Some of my friends who were in Rome at the time, never met me in after years without going into fits of laughter, and reminding me of the fuss I made, and how I alarmed some of the shaky ones by rushing into their rooms before they were fairly dressed, to announce the glad tidings. This excitement had considerably abated by the time that number eight arrived on the scene (can you believe it?): for, though we read that "Happy is the man

that has his quiver full" (*i.e.*, his nursery, I take it?), yet you cannot feed, clothe, and educate said "quiver full" for nothing.

I did not, I fear, properly appreciate Rome; to me it was a dull and not over-healthy spot. I did go out shooting once, as the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh had organised a grand day's *chasse* in the Pontine Marshes, which we were told were full of wild boar. Consequently, our party were all equipped with weapons of precision, and we fully anticipated some good sport. We were posted by the *grand chasseur* in the most likely runs, and the tracks of pigs were certainly apparent, and kept up our ardour for some two or three drives; but no game was seen, and we were all very glad when luncheon was announced. Our dusky host had provided everything of the best, and we did ample justice to it. All would have been well had not the Maharajah volunteered to concoct a syllabub, of which cream and brandy were the principal ingredients, and, though the mixture seemed to suit the "Oriental" admirably, it fairly settled me, and I never recollect having such a violent headache in my life as that queer stuff produced. I was roused from my state of stupor later on, and had to take part in a sweepstakes, each of us being allowed, as a great treat, to shoot at our empty champagne bottles—a childish amusement at

best, but a horrible bore when blessed with a throbbing brow.

On the Feast of St. Peter, I and two or three friends went to see the function. On either side of the brass foot of the statue of St. Peter stood a Pontifical guard with a drawn sword, and the thousands who came to Rome for the holiday passed in a long line, one at a time, by the sacred relic, and kissed St. Peter's metal toe. I was told that the toe of 1859 was the third that had been subjected to similar osculations, the former toes having been kissed clean away. One of my friends suggested that I dare not kiss the toe; so I said, "I do for a dollar," and it was a bet. I fell into the single rank—formed much the same as on a crowded day at a railway-station when you want to get your ticket, and (may be?) are a little late for the train—and went through the same performance. As my turn came I stooped, as the rest had done before me, and rubbed off, with the cuff of my coat, any moisture which the previous visitor had deposited on the toe. I then put my lips to the now warm metal, passed on, and was duly paid my wager. I must say that I was glad when I ascertained that the custodian's sword was still pointing to the roof of the building, instead of lowered towards my—shall I say?—sacrilegious body.

I made yet another investment connected with St. Peter's. One day some of us stood watching some ten or twelve nuns doing penance by going up some steep steps on their knees. I, with an eye to business, said that I fancied the action of the leading nun, and offered to back her against the field to arrive first at the topmost step, and again the dollar was wagered. As the feat was a most laborious one, it was some time before my fancy passed the post; however, she won. I found out afterwards that I had, in all innocence, been betting on a certainty; for, supposing the leader kept well, it was not etiquette for any of the others to pass her—in fact, it was a one-horse race!

Well! good-bye to the city of my birth; we left it without regret, and journeyed to Naples. There, of course, we did Mount Vesuvius, which was quiescent, worse luck, but nevertheless a wondrous sight. We spent a day or two at Sorrento, a lovely spot, from which Naples and its bay makes a charming picture. At Sorrento we enjoyed good food, really well served, and a capital glass of wine. Shortly after, we embarked on board a steamer for Marseilles, but were real unlucky in the weather; it blew so hard that we had to run in under the shelter of the land just south of Corsica, and the proper nourishment for my baby boy falling short, I had to

bribe the sailors to go on shore through the heavy surf and procure me a nanny-goat in full profit ; but it cost me a fiver, and a pretty job I had to coax the ill-conditioned old brute to give down her milk.

After much delay we arrived at Marseilles, and took train, one of *première vitesse* (about 20 miles an hour) for Paris. About half-way we had a smash, which might have been far worse. As we approached a small station, I heard loud shouts and shrieks ; so, putting my head out of the window, I saw another train motionless, some two hundred yards off. I thereupon popped my head in again, and told my wife, and the nurse who had the baby on her lap, to kneel down quickly ; and lucky they did, for in another instant we were covered with broken glass from the windows. I forgot to mention that we were in a *coupé* facing the engine, and a nice little family party we were, consisting of self, wife, and a fat old French nurse, the baby boy, two spitz puppies, and a canary in a cage. We ran slap bang into the stationary train, and, the crash and recoil being over, I looked about most anxiously to see what damage had been done. My wife and I both had our faces cut by the broken glass of the windows, which were shattered to pieces. Fortunately, the corpulent old nurse had laid the baby on the seat, and interposed her well-rounded person

between it and the front of the carriage, so the baby came off all right.

When I had helped my belongings out, I looked in vain for the canary, the cage which was hanging from the roof of the carriage was smashed, and at length I espied my darling dicky-bird flying about in the open. Luckily he took refuge in the guard's van, where I caught him, and he lived to warble many a sweet note for years after. We got some plaster for our cut cheeks, and I had much trouble to persuade the old nurse that we were real lucky in not being more hurt; nevertheless she was not to be comforted, and with low moans kept complaining of much pain on the side of her—well! person. It is hard to believe, but a goods train had run off the line and another slow train had come up and stopped in rear of it, and, though all this had happened more than two hours before our train was due to pass through the station, the officials had never put the danger signals up or given our driver a word of warning; in fact I had considerable difficulty to induce the station-master to send an old woman down the line with a red flag to stop the traffic.

Another train was soon provided for us, and we reached Paris very late, but without further mishap. Next day I attended at a notary's with a view to

compensation for our injuries, but I never got a cent.

Beyond being uncomfortably stiff and very nervous at crossings for the next day or two, my wife and I were no worse for our shaking ; but the old nurse was very keen that I should see how black and blue she was ; but I had not nerve enough to face the sight ! and we reached England without further *contretemps*.

I found my battalion quartered at Windsor, and we took Paulet Somerset's cottage at Englefield Green, and spent a pleasant summer enough. Like a flat I paid for my Florentine's passage to England, and he was the cause of my being late for parade on more than one occasion ; his manners got worse, instead of better, and from his mad plunges, our pretty garden in front of the cottage was considerably cut up. At last I hardened my heart and sent him to Aldridge's, where he was sold for a very small sum.

It was during this summer that I experienced yet another bit of luck over the Liverpool Cup. For some reason or other I fancied a horse called Ancient Briton would win the Cup, and one morning, the Windsor baker having come out with our bread-supply, I asked him to send a wire to my trusty commissioner at Tattersall's to put me £20

on that horse. Now it happened that Messrs. Saxon and Barber were joint, as well as separate, owners of several racehorses trained in the same stable. They had two animals in this Liverpool Cup, Defender, who was first favourite at 3 to 1, and belonged to Barber, and Ancient Briton, the property of Saxon, and who was only occasionally quoted in the betting at 10 to 1. It was generally supposed by the public, and poor Jimmy Barber confidently believed, that his confederate Saxon was, like himself, backing Defender, and that, even if Ancient Briton ran, that he would not interfere in any way with the success of the favourite; hence the nice price of 10 to 1 forthcoming against Saxon's horse, a price that I believe that cunning old sportsman took to a goodly sum. Well! my commissioner wired me from Tattersall's: "*Have taken you 800 to 80 A. Briton; am sorry to say you are on the wrong one, Defender is their horse.*" I was horrified to find myself with £80 on the wrong one, for it was a lot of money for me to lose, particularly just then, and as I had wired to put £20 only, I drove to the telegraph office and tried all I knew to find out how the £20 I had written on a scrap of paper for the baker to copy on the telegram form, could have turned into £80, but this I never could discover. I went round the sportsmen

of Windsor and tried every way to transfer part of my bet, but only succeeded in laying 100 to 10 to the landlord of the "Merry Wives," and he took it as a favour to help me out of the scrape.

Well, the day after the race, my wife and I walked to the post-office at Englefield Green to get the newspaper, which at that time arrived about noon (mind you, there were no special editions in those days), and as we toddled along I fully expected to find I was the loser of £70 of the best; but, skimming over the racing column, my eagle glance hit on Ancient Briton as the winner of the Cup, and I was a richer man by £700—a clear £500 more than if my instructions had been accurately carried out! So, though I had been desperate down on the baker, the telegraph clerk, and my commissioner, I now, in the most versatile and benign of humours, turned round and blessed them all round.

This was really one of the best bits of sheer good-luck that I think I ever experienced. Saxon and Barber had a deadly feud over this event, and never were friends again; but that did not concern me. What do you think?

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Foot-races in which I took part subsequent to the Crimean campaign :—

LIST OF MATCHES

367

Against.	Distance.	Place.	Result.
Army (all comers)	{ 200 yards (in heavy marching order) }	Aldershot	W.
Ditto	. 100 yards . . .	Aldershot	W.
Ditto	. 200 yards . . .	Aldershot	W.
Ditto	. 440 yards . . .	Aldershot	W.
W. Beech, Esq.	. 150 yards . . .	Salthill	W.
J. P. Taylor, Esq.	. 100 yards . . .	Cork	W.
Capt. Smith, 71st Highlanders }	100 yards . . .	Wandsworth	W.

Started, seven times ; won, seven ; lost, none.

My match with Captain Smith, of the 71st, was the last that I made, and took place on December 26th, 1857.

END OF VOL. I.

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